Collier's

Gen. Quesada: How to make peace at the Pentagon

THAT OLD MONROE MAGIC

AUGUST 3, 1956 FIFTEEN CENTS

GAZA STRIP 12 pages

of exclusive color photos
on the Middle East Tinderbox

By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

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Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those who have these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

"It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been one of Mrs. Evans' activities in the Venture Club—an organization of Oakland (Calif.) business women.

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Former star quarterback of Northwestern University and the Cleveland Browns

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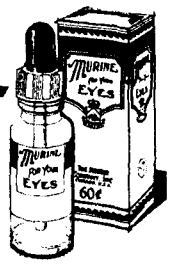

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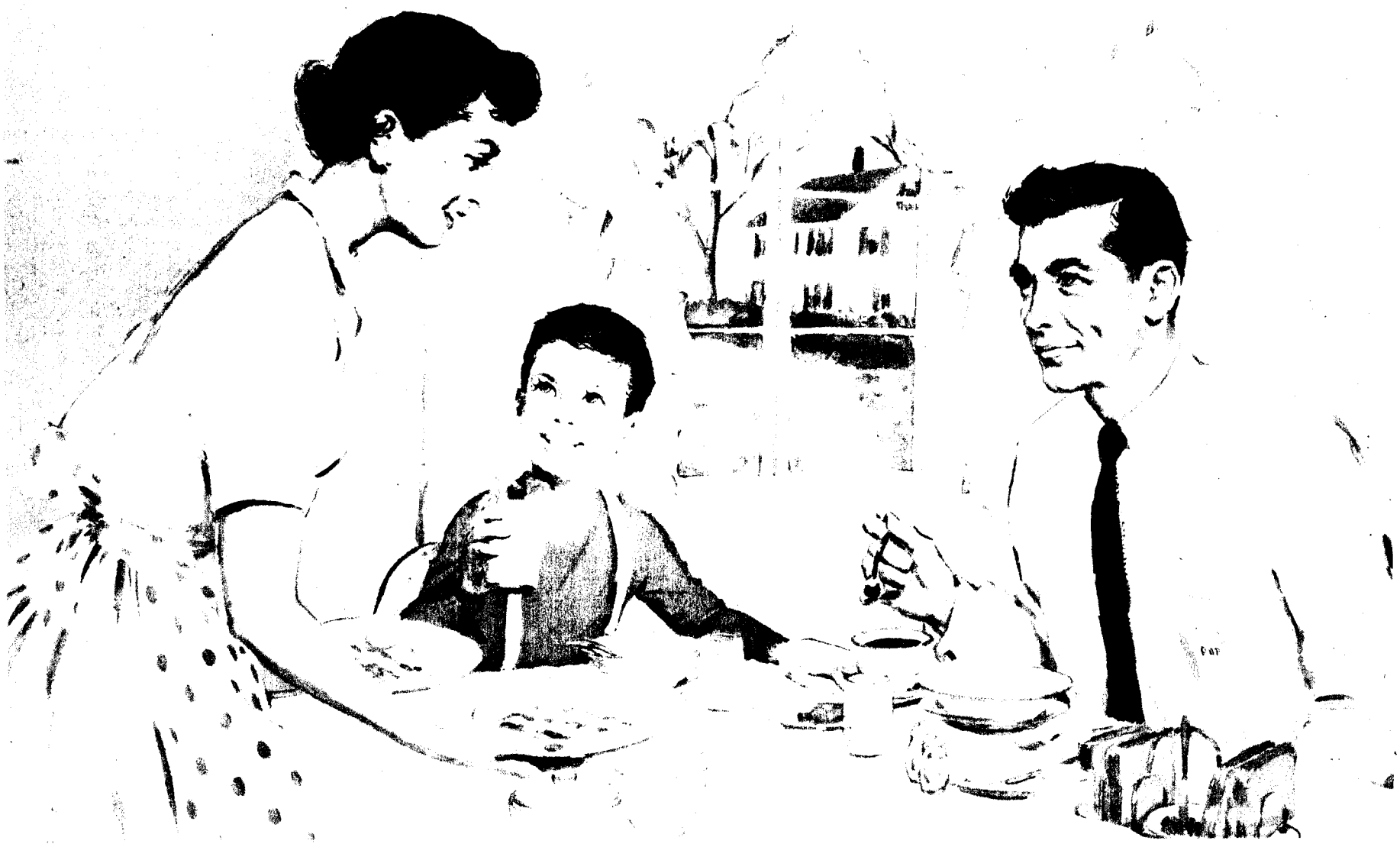

Here's a good way to start a good day!

EXCUSES for skipping breakfast entirely . . . or eating a sparse one . . . are legion, familiar to every housewife and mother.

Whatever the so-called reasons, nutrition authorities say that both adults and children miss many healthful benefits if they fail to eat a good breakfast.

Without breakfast, mid-morning fatigue sometimes occurs . . . along with irritability and difficulty in concentrating on work or studies. So, a good breakfast is the best way to begin the day.

What is a good breakfast? It should supply 25 to 33 percent of the vital nutrients that everyone needs for the day. It should include the following: fruit in some form; bread made from whole-grain or enriched flour; cereal or eggs, meat or fish; and milk either to drink or use on cereal or in a cooked dish.

A breakfast planned around these foods, in addition to other things you like, provides "pick-up power." You need this energy after having fasted some 12 hours from the meal the night before until breakfast the following morning.

Moreover, every item on a wholesome breakfast menu supplies important nutrients. Citrus fruit or fruit juice helps fill your need for vitamin C. Whole-grain or enriched bread and cereals yield energy, B vitamins, iron and other minerals. Milk is important for both its calcium and its proteins, and eggs and meat for their high-grade proteins, vitamins and minerals.

A breakfast that gives you these food elements *helps you to avoid overeating at lunch or dinner*. This is why overweight people need well-balanced breakfasts.

If you or members of your family seldom feel hungry for breakfast . . . if your appetites are not aroused by the tempting aroma of sizzling bacon and eggs . . . you might get into a good breakfast habit if you try some of the following suggestions:

1. Start the day at least 15 minutes earlier. This will allow more time for the family to eat unhurriedly without risking tardiness at school or lateness at the office.

2. Try to take a bit of light exercise before breakfast, preferably in the fresh air.

3. Vary breakfast menus as much as possible. New flavors, new ways of cooking and serving can make breakfast a looked-forward-to meal.

If the leisurely, well-balanced breakfast habit is followed, every member of your family may be helped to feel better, think more clearly and work more effectively.

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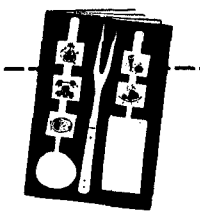

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Appointment with O'HARA

WHEN I WAS a young fellow chasing after show girls and hoping to get a nod from Al Jolson, most people in the world of the theater were Christian Scientists. Even some who were Catholics or Jews were Christian Scientists. Ask any old-timer—and by old-timer I do not refer to contemporaries of Sothern and Marlowe. We don't have to go back beyond Clark & McCullough, Frances Williams or Ann Pennington. In the nineteen thirties the theatrical-racing paper called The Morning Telegraph, on which I was a two-time loser, used to print Christian Science tracts, and it would not surprise me to learn that there were more Practitioners on the Sun Time and the Pan Time than in the whole city of Boston.

But it isn't that way any more, and not only because there is no Sun Time or Pan Time (vaudeville circuits, my dear). Instead of Christian Scientists the people of the theater have become medical students. Or so it would appear. Practically no performer is not conducting a crusade against some disease. The early ones grabbed the obvious ailments like cancer and heart trouble, but the late-comers made up for their tardiness by adopting polysyllabic complaints that two years earlier they wouldn't have known how to spell.

If I were to be called back to my old job of movie press agent (a call which I would respond to only after my wife and daughter had reached advanced stages of malnutrition), the first thing I would do for my artistes would be to provide them with loathsome and obscure maladies. Not, you understand, by exposure or inoculations, strong though the temptation might be. I would merely instruct them in the awfuller aspects and mortality rate of some killer or other, so that when my tiger lily went out on a personal appearance tour she would be able to convince the people that she was more worried about hepatitis than by the imminence of the H-bomb.

I would prepare for my $1,500-a-week starlet a four-minute speech so that when she won $35 on What's My Line? she could get the cameras to hold on her while she warned this sleeping giant called America of the perils of Bang's Disease. I know that the alarm against Bang's would more appropriately be sounded on the Farm & Home hour, but show folk are using up diseases even faster than modern medicine can rename them, and let us not forget that the Cow is a terribly good friend to Man.

I may have stumbled on something there. Irene Castle, Marion Davies and Bette Davis are the only show people, emeritus or otherwise, who come to mind as defenders of our four-legged chums. I am under the impression that the American Bison is no longer in short supply, but any imaginative press agent can dream up an animal campaign. "I would like, if I may," says Kim Gorgonzola, "to earnestly ask you lovely people to help save the whooping crane." But there I must caution the public-relations men who are instructing their clients in animal diseases. If your horse-loving doll were to scream "Down with spavin!" she might have every Irishman in Middlesex County picketing her.

WHEN A MILLION DOLLARS—give or take a small fortune—has been made available for the advertising, publicity and exploitation of a motion picture, the result is often a lot of foolishness that can make you forget that what is being sold is actually pretty good. Marty was a fine picture, but I am told that about $400,000 was concentrated on a campaign to win for it the Academy Award. The result there was that Marty's various Oscars are not as bright and shiny as they would have been if the picture had been allowed to win them without the propaganda.

A million, they say, is being spent on Trapeze. I personally would be glad to pocket the difference between the announced million and the actual expenditure, but let's just concede that the 7-digit figure is accurate. Part of that money was spent on me, and I enjoyed every cent and every second of it because it meant my having dinner with Sir Carol Reed, who directed Trapeze, and I would be perfectly willing to go Dutch or pick up the tab to dine with Sir Carol. Moreover, I would have recommended the picture regardless of or perhaps in spite of my being made to feel that I was one of the many opinion-molders on whom a million was being spent. I went all out for Marty without being corrupted to the extent of a single cup of coffee. Indeed, I told 20th Century-Fox more than a year ago to sign Ernest Borgnine for a film I had a hand in, long before Hollywood people had seen a print of Marty.

A picture directed by Carol Reed is going to be intelligently and imaginatively done, and Trapeze was that. Gina Lollobrigida is now so well known for her face and form that, as in the case of Lana Turner, little attention is paid to the fact that she is a more than merely competent actress. I never thought I would be saying a kind word for Tony Curtis, any more than I ever thought I would be saying an unkind word, but both he and Burt Lancaster are quite good in Trapeze.

The story is about some circus performers. Curtis wants to learn to do the triple somersault, Lancaster wants him to learn it, and they both are understandably bothered by the signorina, who wants to get into the act. The greater part of the picture was shot at the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris and is so authentic you can smell it. There is one Reed touch that I asked him about: In a sequence in the stable I noticed in the background a rat crossing the cobblestones from one row of stalls to another. "Was that a real rat?" I asked him.

"No, but I'm glad you noticed it," said Reed.

Well, it's the kind of detail you learn to expect of the director of Odd Man Out, The Fallen Idol, The Third Man and other noteworthy films. The rat is a fake, drawn by an invisible wire, but it looks like a rat and it moves like a rat and while it's on screen for only a few seconds, it does just a little more for realism than the actual horses.

The rat, I may say, was better directed than Lancaster and Curtis when they appeared on the Ed Sullivan show as part of the aforementioned foolishness. If I had seen only their Sullivan capers I never could have been persuaded to go to see Trapeze.

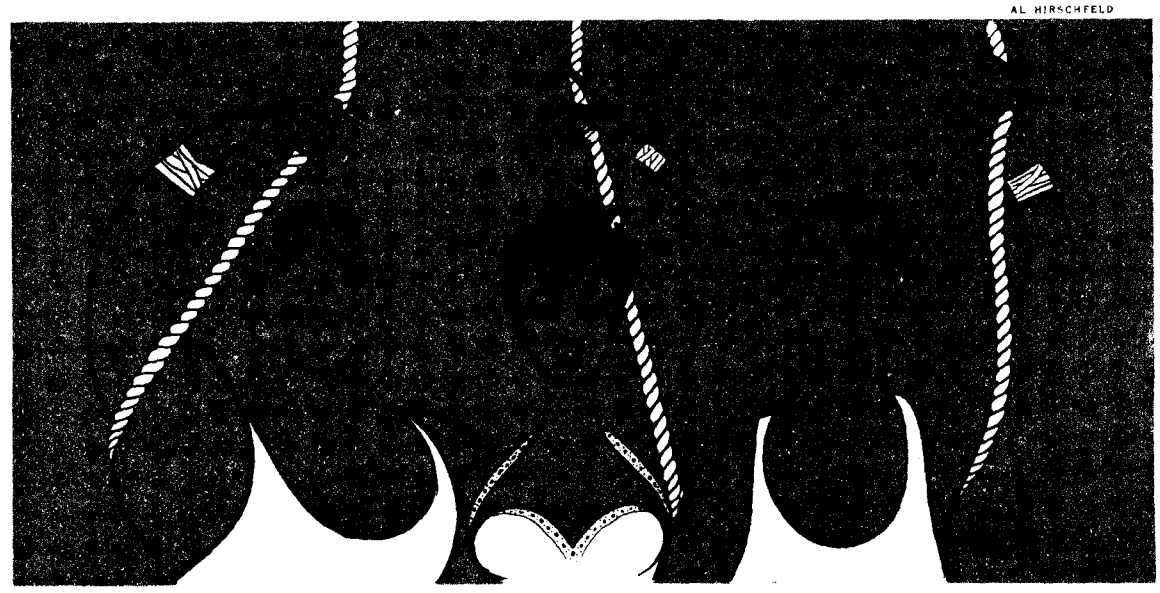
GISELE MacKENZIE is not tiny; she is five feet six inches tall. And she is pretty.

I make these statements to correct a wrong impression or two wrong impressions I had, and which I passed on to you faithful or dilatory readers. You worthwhile, reliable ones will recall that some weeks back I spoke admiringly of Miss MacKenzie, but reported that I knew her only on the TV screen, where she seemed diminutive and not demandingly beautiful.

I met the young lady at a gathering at which she was designated Father's Favorite Female and I was named Literary Father of the Year. She is pretty, which never hurts, but she is also charming, which all too seldom happens.

I don't know why the hell I was chosen Literary Father of the Year, any year, but I am a good father and I certainly am a loving one, so I took the medal with a clear conscience. Gisele MacKenzie was as clearly entitled to hers. —JOHN O'HARA

AL HIRSCHFELD



Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis are quite good in Trapeze; Lollobrigida is a more than merely competent actress

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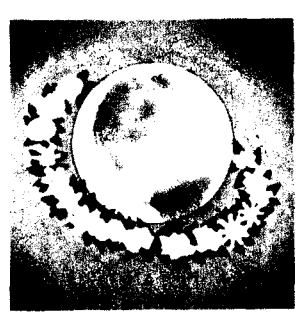

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* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

By WALTER DAVENPORT

If any of you readers yearn to bet that the upcoming campaign will produce any basic change in the grand and glorious American way of life, we will be pleased to give you the name of a columnist who will be overjoyed to take your money. And, I might add, a very deserving guy he is, too.

* * *

The Milwaukee Journal has discovered a lady who has solved an ancient and durable social problem. On the most prominent chair in her living room there is always a coat or light wrap, a pair of gloves and a handbag. Visitors bound to see them. Thus, if someone she doesn't like drops in, she can say she's just too sorry for words but that she was just going out. If her caller is desirable, however, she says she's so glad she just got home.

* * *

Sorry we missed that panel discussion in Chicago, Illinois. A mixed but powerful group of anthropologists met, determined to fix "the place of pinball machines in American culture." The moment we hear from our investigator, Mr. Isaac Leatherman, we shall slip you the group's findings. In the meantime, we'll get a handful of nickels and look into the matter ourself.

* * *

Fearful that some rival column might beat us to it, we hasten to give you the rumor that a Detroit engineer has just completed the model of a car with a built-in parking space.

* * *

Ever alert for solutions to the farm problem, we present Mr. Wilbur Renk, of Sun Prairie, Wisconsin. Mr. Renk is a farmer. He is also a regent of the University of Wisconsin. He says that

IRWIN CAPLAN

this country needs more 180-pound women. Our 130-pound ladies simply don't eat enough pork, potatoes and bread. Result: food surpluses. All right, all right. What's your idea?

* * *

It took us quite a while to break down the secrecy barriers, but we've managed to discover what that long, behind-closed-doors session at the California legislature was all about. The Assembly was about to vote on a hotly controversial bill, the purport of which is still a mystery. A member rose to say: "As I see it, there are only two ways to vote on this measure—for it or against it." This naturally threw the chamber into confusion, so the public was ejected while the boys debated the possibility that there might be some other way to vote.

* * *

Let's see; where were we? Oh, yes. About Mr. Amos Toughall, proprietor of the Restyohat Motel down Albuquerque way in New Mexico. For reasons of his own, Mr. Toughall sends us

a newspaper clipping which says that most people have only one per cent of what they see conveyed to their brains. A bit obscure, perhaps, but something to be thankful for, too.

* * *

We ask you now to turn your attention to the Ozarks where, according to Mr. Otto Ernest Rayburn, in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, a thrifty farmer fell into the well. He announced his mishap in rather strong language and his wife came running. She said she'd call the hired man from the field. "Don't bother," he replied after a quick computing of time and wages. "It's eleven thirty now. I'll just paddle around down here until he comes in at noon."

* * *

Vermont is our next stop. And there, in Wells River, we meet Mr. John Hart Macy. He has just come from Mr. Ralph Masten's feed-and-grain store, where he heard something. Customer filled with genuine Vermont misgivings had inquired about horse feed. Mr. Masten admitted he had some and went further to say that, in his opinion, it was better than pretty good horse feed, too. "How do you know?" snapped the customer. "Ever et any?"

* * *

Determined to learn the business from the egg up, a new resident of Oklahoma asked Mr. Joe Deupree, of Oklahoma City, how he was to determine the sex of two-day-old chicks. Mr. Deupree, always eager to be helpful, told him: "Take the chicks one at a time. Place a bit of corn meal in front of it. If she eats it she's a hen. If he eats it he's a rooster."

* * *

Saw a headline ourself in a Utah paper the other day: "Local Girl to Marry Man." Anything for a thrill.

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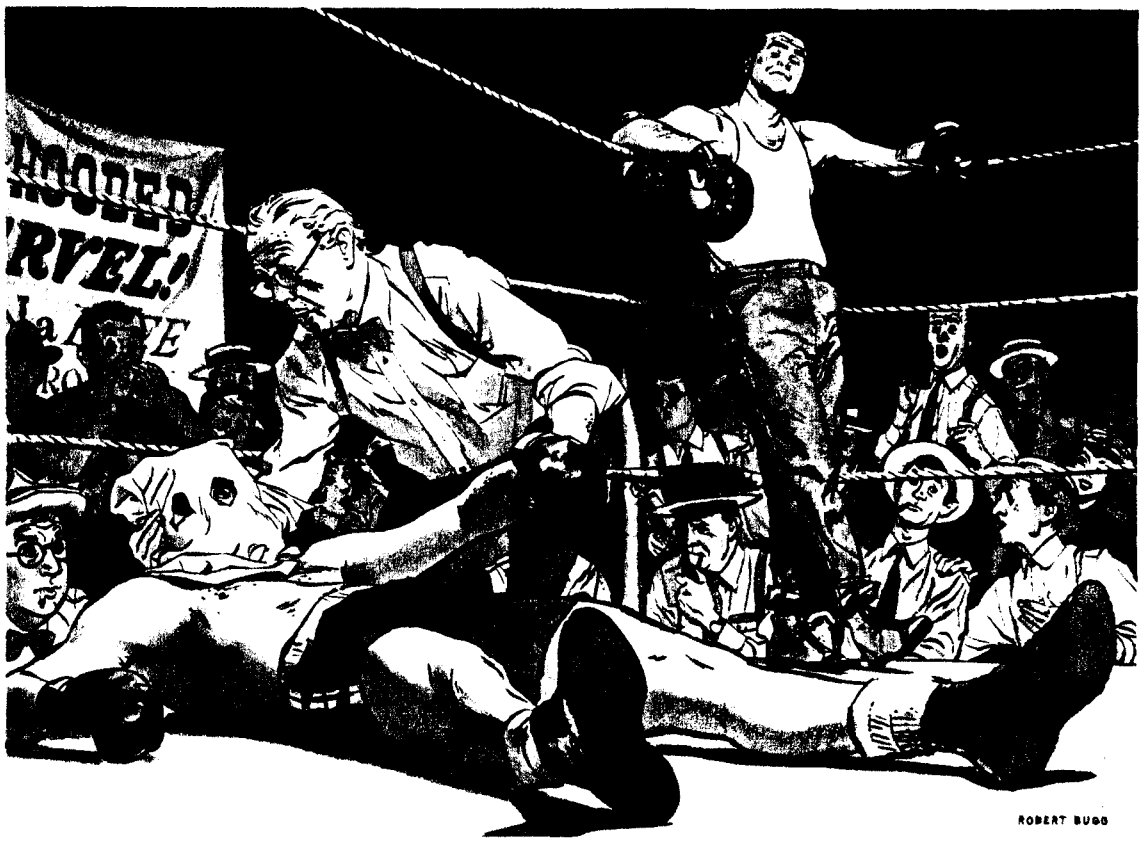

My grandfather bent over Uncle Leon. "Get up!" he said. "Mind your own business," Uncle Leon said weakly

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

THERE are three words we never mention in my father's presence. These three words are Fall River, Massachusetts. I might add that the ban dates back more than a quarter of a century to the night when my Uncle Leon fought a draw—he won one and lost one.

If I add, too, that Uncle Leon fought with a pillowcase over his head, you will see that the episode was not only memorable but complicated—too complicated for my father, which was why he got sore.

Those were depression times, and my father was sore anyway—sore at Uncle Leon, who spent three dollars a week working out at a gym off Beacon Street in Boston, where we lived. Actually, it cost five dollars a week at the gym, but Uncle Leon was going with a girl whose family had a grocery store, and he used to give the man at the gym part payment in the form of fruit and vegetables.

"He must think oranges grow on trees," my father complained bitterly to my grandfather, but my grandfather was inclined to be indulgent about it. They weren't *his* oranges, and besides, he liked the idea of a son of his working out at a gym.

"You should build yourself up like your brother Leon," he said to my father.

"What am *I* going to pay the man at the gym with?" my father said. "Free slides at the Fun House?" My father's advertising agency had Revere Beach, the amusement park, as a client in those days: or at any rate, his agency had the Fun House at Revere Beach, if not the total beach.

How the idea crystallized, I don't remember; it may have been my father's tie-in with the amusement park or it may have been the argument he had with my grandfather about Uncle Leon's physical condition.

"He's a regular Dempsey," my grandfather said. "Isn't that right, Leon? Tell your brother what you do at that gym."

"Shoot baskets," Uncle Leon said.

"Baskets," my father said. "Baskets. Bas— wait a minute!" It was unholy the way his eyes lighted up. "Leon, you think I could beat you? Boxing? In the ring?"

"Not a chance," my grandfather said.

"You keep out of this," my father said to him. "Don't you see? What is it people nowadays want more than anything else? Food! A basket of groceries. We'll offer a basket of groceries as a prize to anybody who can knock Leon out."

"Wait a minute," Uncle Leon said.

"One-night stands," my father said. "The summer season's starting. Fairs and carnivals. We could—"

"—lose a whole lot of groceries," my grandfather interrupted.

My father looked at him. "I thought you said Leon was a great boxer."

"For a basket of groceries, *I'd* knock him out," my grandfather said. "My own son."

"No," my father said. "Be practical." He started gesturing as he explained his plan. "We'll charge admission, see, and advertise that the first man to knock Leon out—any man, chosen at random from the audience—inside of, say, three rounds wins the big basket of food. Then I'll be in the audience. I'll be the stooge. You"—he pointed to my grandfather—"pick me for the first contestant each time. I'll go up, belt him out, and we get to keep the admission money and the food too."

My grandfather shook his head. "People would get suspicious after a while."

"While schmile," my father said. "I already told you. One-night stands. We'll be leaving town every night. Who'll catch up with us?"

My Uncle Leon said, "Wait a minute."

"Aha," my grandfather said to my father. "How you going to fix the other thing? You're brothers."

"I won't hit him hard," my father said.

"But you look alike," my grandfather said. "People would know."

Thus they decided to put the pillowcase over Uncle Leon's head, with holes for the eyes. It added to the promotional value of the whole business, anyway, because my Uncle Leon became known as the Hooded Marvel.

"Wait a minute," Uncle Leon said, for the last time, but nobody listened to him. Instead, my father went out to line up bookings and Uncle Leon was assigned to lift a basket of groceries off Eunice, his girl friend.

I MUST SAY, the project went fine. It only took three or four hours of everybody's time, evenings, because fortunately the city of Boston has more suburbs than any other place in the world, and the Hooded Marvel showed up at a different one each night, got a cluster of willing comers inside the tent at fifteen cents a head, mixed it up a little, while everybody was cheering my father, and then took the bye-bye shot on the chin and dropped for the count. Grandfather was the referee.

For the final couple of weeks of the campaign, the tour branched out a little. The boys had worked Greater Boston over pretty well by now, and there was always the Taunton-Attleboro-New Bedford circuit, so off they went and wound up for the grand finale in Fall River.

Everything went as everything always went, with one minor exception in format: Uncle Leon's friend Eunice decided she wanted to see him fight. She didn't tell anybody, but she took me along with her—mainly, I think, as a ready excuse for being there, since she hadn't been invited. She and I sat together in the audience, and it wasn't till my father bellowed out his answer to the challenge and mounted to the ring that Uncle Leon saw us. I gather he saw us—you couldn't see his face, but his head was turned our way and all of a sudden the pillowcase seemed to come to attention.

The next thing you knew, he was out there battling away like he'd never fought before. My father couldn't figure it out. He delivered two of his standard knockout punches in a row, but Leon just kept swinging away. It was one hell of a fight, especially with my grandfather in there refereeing and shouting, "How do *I* know? How do *I* know?" at my father, in between blows.

The only thing that saved my father from a knockout was the bell ending the third round. He came weaving down the steps from the ring, with a glazed look in his eyes, and then he saw Eunice and he understood.

He came over to where we were. "Who," he said, breathing horribly, "told you where we were going to be tonight?"

"Your father," Eunice said to him. "He thought—"

"Uh-huh," my father said, and kept on going, out into the night. You can see why he was sore. He didn't say two words to my grandfather for a month or more.

Of course, he missed the best part, stalking off like that. He hadn't knocked Uncle Leon out, so somebody else was entitled to a chance, and the biggest guy you ever saw got into that ring and started chasing Uncle Leon. You never saw a pillowcase go around a squared circle so fast in your life. Uncle Leon kept yelling, "*Take* the groceries! *Take* the groceries!" The big guy did take the groceries, but only after catching Uncle Leon an awful right-hand swat to the chops, sending the Hooded Marvel to the canvas.

My grandfather bent over Uncle Leon and said, "Get up."

"Mind your own business," Leon said weakly.

"Eunice is here," my grandfather said.

"I know," Leon said.

He didn't talk to my grandfather for a month or more, either. And Eunice didn't show up the way she used to. It was a real quiet place for a while.

But it was a lesson in thrift, too. Uncle Leon didn't go spend three dollars a week at the gym any more. THE END

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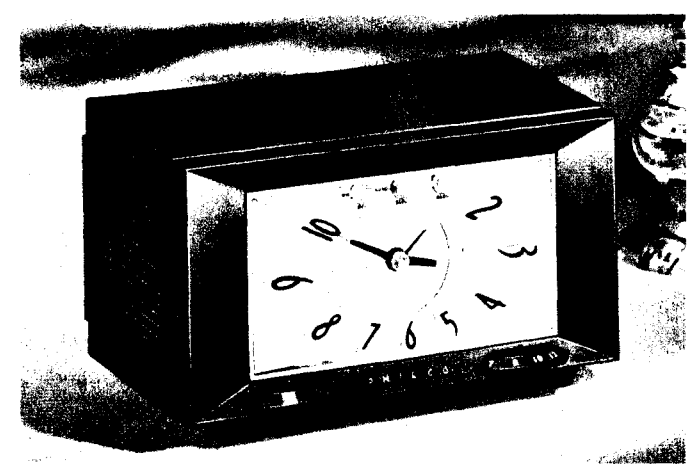

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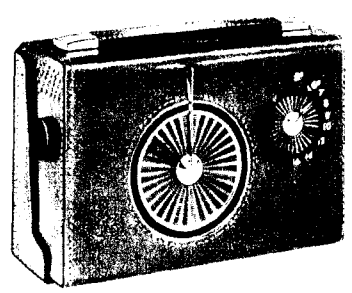

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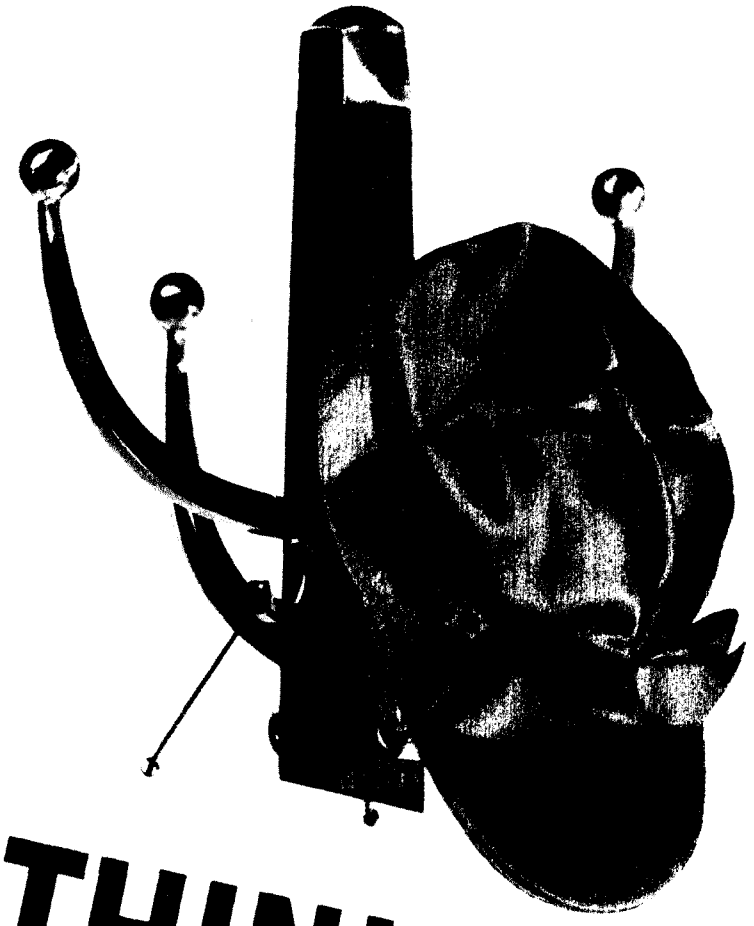

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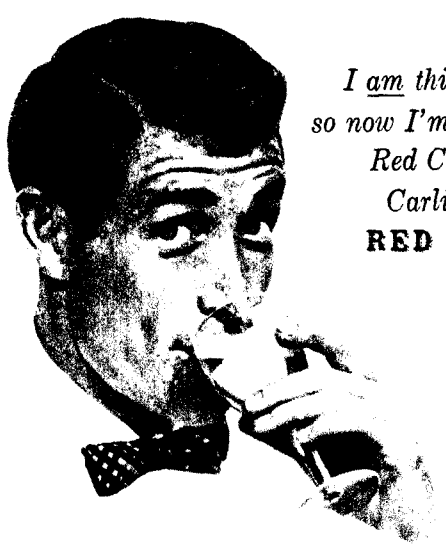
Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking
Red Cap . . .
Carling's
RED CAP *Ale*

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

Photographer Duncan with the Sudanese cameleer, Sgt. Suliman Saleh Ahmed, in Gaza Strip, a tough soldier also pictured on our cover

COLLIER'S CREDITS

ONE SUMMER 20 years ago, a young college student on vacation in Acapulco took a snapshot of a Mexican fisherman throwing his net, sent it to the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York, and won second prize in a national contest for amateurs.

In 1950, the same fellow was invited to come to Rochester and accept the U.S. Camera Award for the outstanding photography of the year, for his Korean war photographs.

In between those two prizes David Douglas Duncan had become one of the outstanding photographers of the world scene. Right now, at the height of his career, he has joined the staff of Collier's as Special Photo Correspondent, roving the world to cover the significant stories of our time.

Duncan was born in Kansas City, Missouri. "I was the one who wandered," he says of his family. He studied archaeology at the University of Arizona for two years and switched to the University of Miami, where he was graduated in 1938 after majoring in marine zoology and Spanish. He spent the years before the war on the land and waters of Latin America, taking pictures and writing stories—about turtle-hunting in the Caribbean Sea, jungle expeditions in Brazil, the life of a Nicaraguan dictator—and selling them to American magazines and newspapers.

In 1942, Duncan joined the Marines, earned his commission, and was sent out to the Pacific as a photographic officer. He covered action as it took place, starting with Guadalcanal and ending with him seated on a gun turret of the battleship named for his home state, shooting pictures of the Japanese surrender.

Duncan went on inactive duty in 1946, and began working for Life magazine. He literally traveled the world, from Bangkok to the Dardanelles to Tokyo, and in between. While in the Japanese capital, in fact, the Korean war broke out and Duncan was the first photographer to reach the scene of action. When the Chinese entered the conflict he managed to fly north to where the First Marine Division was cut off and photograph the march out and evacuation by sea. "I was the last guy out," he recalls. "Five men mined the beach; I took their picture and then jumped in the boat after them."

Duncan's Korean photographs were collected in a highly successful book, This Is War. (All the royalties went to a Marine Corps fund for widows and children of the dead.) Then he returned to peacetime reporting of matters such as the iron curtain or Ava Gardner.

Duncan's first story for Collier's is in this issue, and is the result of his having been the first American photographer the Egyptians have permitted to enter the dangerous Gaza Strip.

★ ★ ★

IN A BIZARRE CIVIL WAR episode, a group of Union soldiers in civilian clothes stole a train in Georgia and raced north through enemy territory, intent on burning and wrecking all communications in their wake, while the abandoned conductor of the train steamed in hot pursuit behind them.

Right now you can see all this in CinemaScope and Technicolor in Walt Disney's motion picture, The Great Locomotive Chase. There have been all sorts of versions over the years, but for a thoroughly documented account see Robert Minton's story on page 22.

One of Minton's main sources of material was Wilbur F. Kurtz, Sr., an Atlanta citizen who has spent more than 50 years gathering material on the subject.

"Kurtz's interest in the raid is a passion," Minton tells us. "He has half a dozen notebooks filled with letters and interviews of participants and witnesses, and with sketches and paintings of key objects and locations involved. He started all this when he was a youngster in Indiana. Eventually he met six survivors of the raid, and traveled to Atlanta to interview William Fuller, the intrepid conductor who foiled the Union plot."

That was in 1903. Kurtz settled there, married Fuller's daughter and inherited his ticket punch!

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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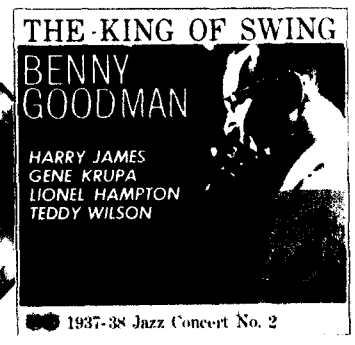
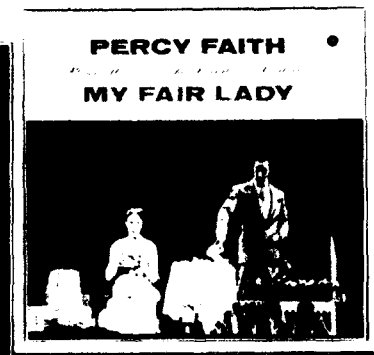
EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor
RAVEL: BOLERO DEBUSSY: CLAIR DE LUNE
LA VALSE CHABRIER: ESPANA
PAVANE IBERT: ESCALES PORTS OF CALL
PORTS OF CALL





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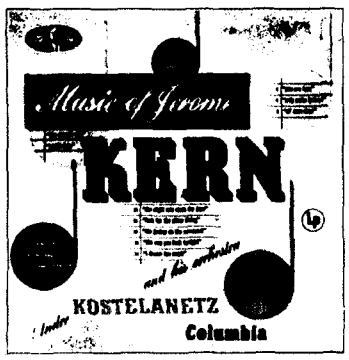
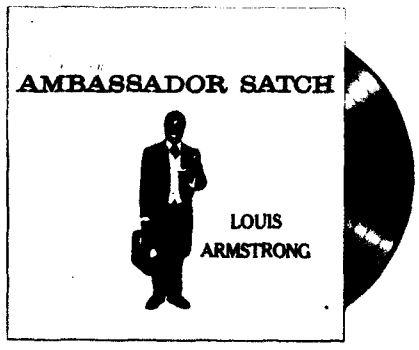

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LETTERS

Trouble in the South

EDITOR: I read with a great deal of interest your article Troubled South, by C. A. McKnight (June 22d). I think you did a wonderful job of presenting the facts on this controversial question. . . . A. D. ROSE, Marshall, Tex.

. . . From the year 1619 up to the present time has been a long road of exploitation for (the Negro). . . .
DONNIE PERDUE, Muskogee, Okla.

. . . The white Citizens' Councils need help desperately. . . .
AURORA CHESTNUT, Richmond, Ky.

. . . Excellent article. . . .
CORDELL A. DICKEY, ROANOKE, Va.

. . . I feel compelled to sit down and write . . . as one of the so-far-silent people of the South. . . . Many of us are afraid to speak out and tell the leaders of the South that we believe integration can and will work. . . .
MRS. JOANNE KUSANDER,
New Orleans, La.

. . . Magnificent. . . .
G. S. P. HOLLAND, Miami, Fla.

. . . Why not . . . co-operate in making Mr. McKnight something of a "czar" in this field? . . .
W. BENJAMIN WEST, retired former missionary to Rhodesia, Tampa, Fla.

. . . I vehemently protest the classification . . . of C. A. McKnight as a "moderate" on segregation. . . . Mr. McKnight's Charlotte Observer is notorious throughout Dixie as being pro-integration. . . .
DAVE EDWARDS, Tallahassee, Fla.

. . . I assume by moderates he means Southerners who have either forgotten their upbringing or just aren't Southern enough to have any blood pressure. . . .
MILTON MCCOOL, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . Segregation yesterday, today and forever. . . .
CHESTER GRIFFIN, Atlanta, Ga.

One Side Open

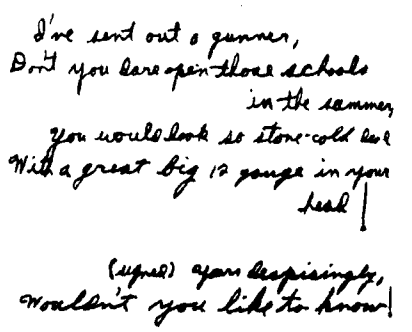
EDITOR: In regard to the article about Arthur Burns (Ike's Minister for Prosperity, May 25th):

Today, because of low prices for the products of land, land is not contributing a fair share to the national wealth, and the people dependent on land . . . are not receiving a fair share of the national income. . . .

Mr. Burns had better remember that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. We cannot expect to contain prosperity in a square that has one side open.
HERMAN L. DIERKING,
Washington, Mo.

The Small Fry Strike Back

EDITOR: After reading Harry Henderson's Why Close Schools in Summer? (June 22d), I wonder if the author . . . ever thought about "the good old summertime"?
J. W. WILSON, Alameda, Cal.


I've sent out a gunner,
Don't you dare open those schools
in the summer,
You would look so stone-cold bare
With a great big 12 gauge in your
head!
(signed) yours despisingly,
Wouldn't you like to know!

The above doggerel came to Collier's from an anonymous correspondent in Glens Falls, N.Y.

. . . We do enough in winter, and think how hot it would be. . . .
RALPH MARIELLO, Fourth Grade,
Edward School, New Haven, Conn.

. . . Down with Harry Henderson. . . .
ROGER K. MILLER, Binghamton, N. Y.

. . . Numskull. . . .
HUBERT MARSHALL,
JACK BURCH, Seventh Grade,
North Fulton School, Atlanta, Ga.

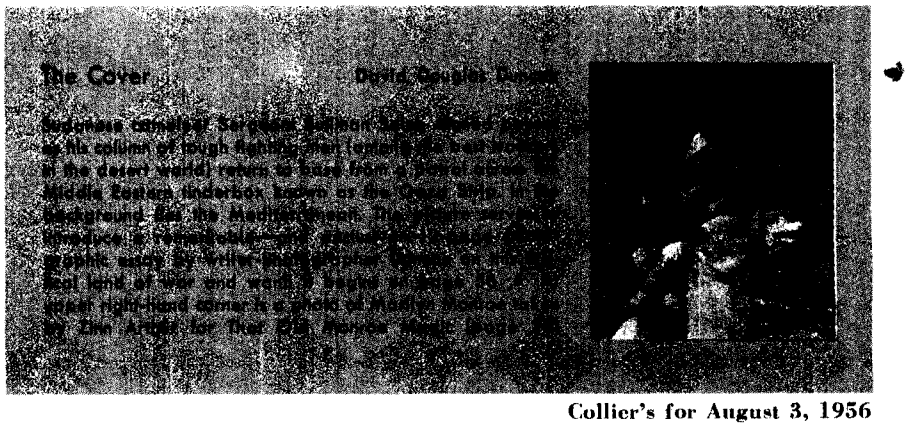
. . . Harry Henderson is a calamitous sadist. . . .
J. CLEMENT SWEENEY, JR.,
JOSEPH P. ANZALONE, JR.,
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

How Naïve!

EDITOR: . . . Your "travel expert" (20 Budget Vacations for 1956, by Norman Ford, June 8th) counsels Midwesterners, and all others, to see the San Juan Islands in the Pacific Northwest via Los Angeles. . . .

How naïve can one get—and what about the budget? . . .
CHARLES ROE, Seattle, Wash.

As Mr. Ford and Collier's editors explained in the article, for the purposes of budget vacations the country was divided into five areas. Los Angeles is the base for four of these vacations, including the San Juan Islands trip; time and costs are computed from Los Angeles.



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Screen Play by JOHN PATRICK · Based on a Play by Philip Barry · Music Supervised and Adapted by JOHNNY GREEN and SAUL CHAPLIN
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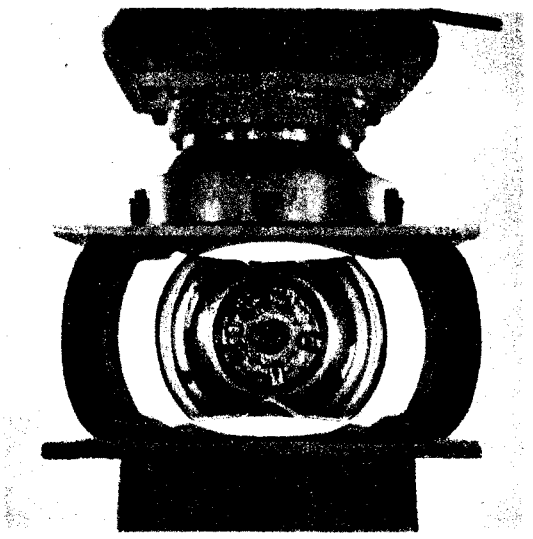

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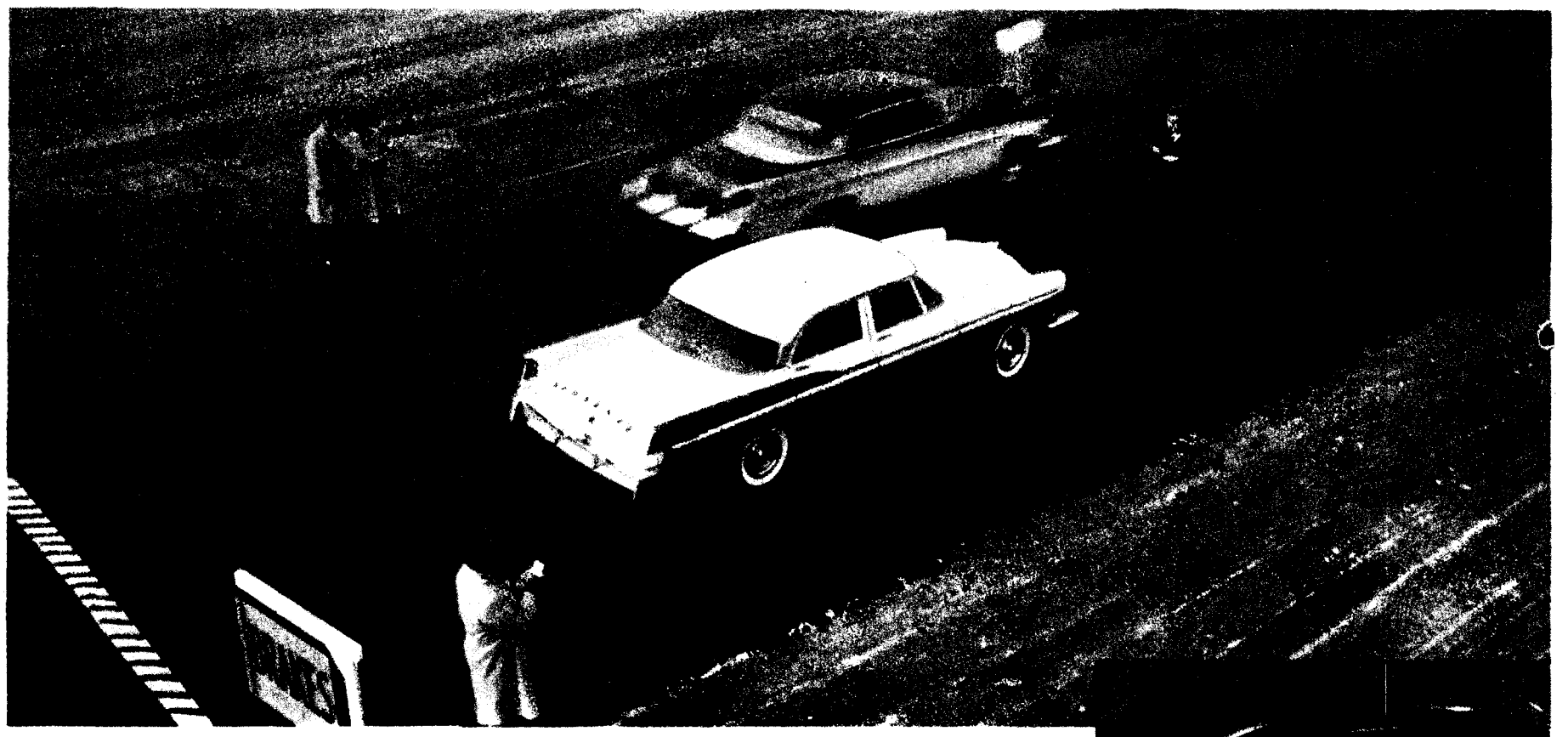
gives you the extra safety of 3-T Nylon and a new tread that stops 24% quicker at 40 miles an hour!



Safer on the outside! Goodyear's new Twin-Grip tread gives you up to 24% more stopping ability. You can see how this improved traction kept Goodyear Engineer Mel Wilson from harm; while the car equipped with new tubeless tires having ordinary-type treads crashed into the dummy set up in its path. New 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions give you an extra margin of safety that can save a life! That's a margin of safety you need on today's crowded highways.

Make your Goodyear dealer's sign your good luck sign. Enter the Goodyear $150,000 3-T Sweepstakes now!

We suggest you take to the road in a set of tubeless Nylon Custom Super-Cushions. You get the extra safety of 3-T Nylon and the extra safety of a new tread design with up to 24% more traction.

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This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ANY OTHER KIND!

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Styled for today's fine cars — The new Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion—standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars—has a modern, clean-lined, smart design—complementing the functional beauty of the car itself.

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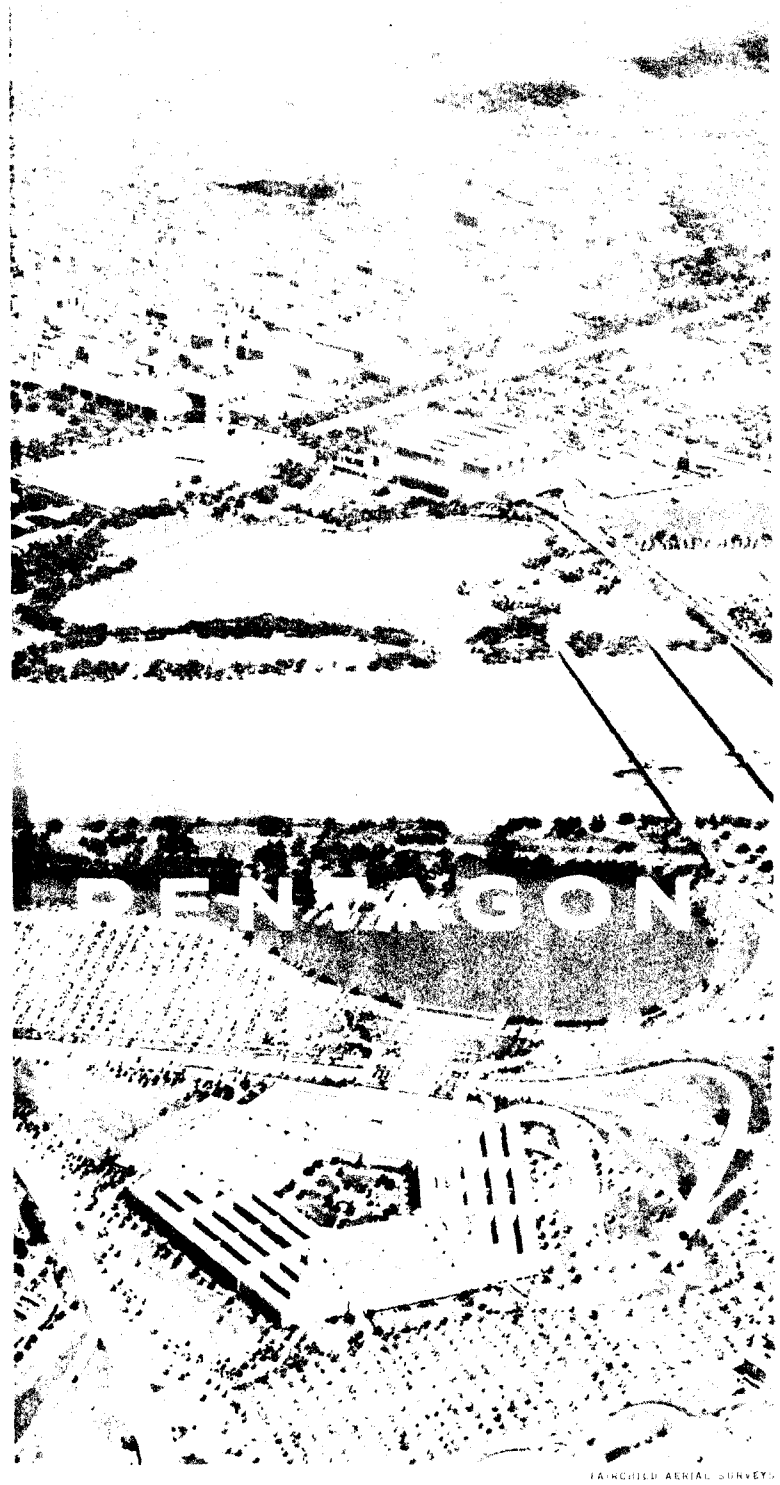
Collier's, August 3, 1956

HOW TO MAKE PEACE AT THE PENTAGON



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

What lies behind all the feuding among the Army, Navy and Air Force? Here's an authoritative look at the Defense Department rivalry—and a solution

By **ELWOOD R. QUESADA,** Lieutenant General, USAF (ret.)

A FEW weeks ago, the Pentagon exploded in another scalding public row between the services. That is one reason why I am writing this article. For I am convinced that the unending rivalry between the services is only a symptom of a larger disease which is undermining confidence in our able military leadership and our whole defense structure.

The disease, I believe, is actually *built into* our defense system, so that it can only be cured by changing, in a simple but basic way, the system itself. I do not want to set myself up as a diagnostic expert. But I do believe that my twenty-seven years of military service, from Army private to Air Force lieutenant general, have given me some insight into why our defense establishment does not work as well as it should.

I am not going to criticize any individual officers of our armed services. They are conscientious and even dedicated men who often do not get the credit they deserve. But I *am* going to criticize the system under which they are forced to operate—a system which produces, automatically, two related and enormously damaging phenomena: *uncontrolled rivalry*, and *uncontrolled investment* in manpower and equipment.

The Pentagon fight this spring was only the latest in an endless series of examples of uncontrolled service rivalry. Another was vividly symbolized by a widely published photograph which showed an Air Force general proudly planting a flag on an island of floating ice in the arctic.

He had reason to be proud: he had faced real dangers to reach the ice island, and the island provides a useful weather station. But the flag in his hand was not the American flag; it was the flag of our Air Force. And the flag-planting represented not victory over an actual or potential enemy of this country, but, in a sense, victory over our Navy. The Navy, eager to share the prestige of the conquest of the arctic, had also been racing to reach the area.

Our present defense system, far from controlling service rivalry, actually promotes it. The damaging effects are obvious. A race between the services to do the same thing first, whether to reach an ice island or to make a missile, wastes both money and manpower. But far more damaging, uncontrolled service rivalry makes any truly national approach to defense planning—on which our security squarely rests—difficult if not impossible.

Take, for example, the history of a plan proposed back in 1947. The plan called for a Theater of the United States, to be commanded by a single commander responsible only to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and through them to the civilian authority.

Behind the plan was the obvious theory that in any future war the United States will no longer be a secure zone of the interior. It will be subject to devastating attack. In this ultimate peril, our ability to survive and fight back will depend on no single service, but on all three, working together under a unified command—a principle accepted in all theaters of operations abroad.

Because the reasoning was unassailable, all three services agreed in principle to the plan. Yet for *more than seven years*—five years after the Soviets

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"What is needed is a prudent and indeed a downright ruthless control of manpower use in the services," says General Quesada. "Such control is now lacking"

THE AUTHOR

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Lieutenant General Elwood R. (Pete) Quesada, USAF (ret.), appraises the Pentagon imbroglio from a background of extensive and highly pertinent experience.

As Deputy Commander of the Northwest African Coastal Air Force and later as Commanding General of the Ninth Tactical Air Command in the European Theater during World War II, Quesada was in charge of joint operations involving not only our own naval and air forces, but also the French Air Force, the British Navy and the Royal Air Force. He showed notable skill in producing from these widely disparate parts a smooth-working team.

Two years before he retired in 1951 (he is now board chairman of Topp Industries of Los Angeles, a manufacturing, engineering and scientific firm), Quesada was put in charge of the 1950 nuclear-bomb tests at Eniwetok Atoll—a joint project involving not only all the military services but a new and equally delicate component: civilian scientists from the Atomic Energy Commission. "All I knew about nuclear energy," he later recalled, "was how to spell 'energy.' I had trouble with 'nuclear.'" Despite this modest disclaimer, scientists rated Quesada as one of the "most imaginative" of high-ranking military men.

Perhaps his finest accolade came as a result of his collaboration with General Omar Bradley during the critical Normandy days in 1944. Bradley, as chief of the First Army, and Quesada, as head of the Ninth Tactical Air Command, lived in two trucks backed up to each other and worked out an air-ground strategy whose contribution to winning the war is now history. Of the Bradley-Quesada team one famous expert later wrote: "The mutual confidence they developed, the systems and methods they worked out for battlefield co-ordination, and the spirit they infused among all their subordinates were in pleasing contrast to other cases that I had encountered early in the war." The book in which those lines appeared: Crusade in Europe. The author: Dwight D. Eisenhower.

got their first atomic bomb—nothing was done *because the services could not agree on which was to supply the theater commander.*

In 1954, a compromise was at last devised by the establishment of a Continental Air Defense Command, which in effect put all Navy, Army and Air Force "air defense forces" under one command. This was a big stride forward, but it was a compromise all the same. Personally, I should be much happier if *all* our combat-ready domestic forces, in all three services, had been placed under one command. If an attack comes, it is most likely to come by air, and I am an Air Force man. But I do not think it would really matter whether an Army or Air Force general, or a Navy admiral, commanded the domestic theater. What is needed is the best man, and I don't care whether his cap is Navy blue, Air Force blue or Army brown.

At any rate, in the case of the plan for a Theater of the United States service rivalry caused a very long and very dangerous delay. Again and again, service rivalry has caused dangerous delay, or unsatisfactory compromise, or total inaction. Until rather recently, essentially because of this rivalry, the defense budget was divided up on the basis adopted in The Wind and the Willows—one for the rat, one for the mole, one for the toad, one for the badger. This principle still affects our national planning, and it is not a sound basis for it.

When he was Secretary of Defense, the late James Forrestal made repeated efforts to force the services to adopt an agreed, truly national strategic plan. His efforts broke on the rocks of service rivalry, which broke Forrestal himself in the end. Seven years and four Secretaries of Defense later, the barren struggle over money and roles and missions still goes on.

THE DAMAGING EFFECTS of rivalry deeply disturb responsible officers in all three services. My own military experience, particularly as Commanding General of the Ninth Tactical Air Command with General Omar Bradley's First Army in Normandy, convinced me that wars are not won by any single service but by all services acting in concert. Yet the fact is that we have a defense structure which actually encourages the promotion of the interests of each individual service over the national interest.

Our defense structure also encourages something else that deeply troubles the ablest men in all three services—uncontrolled investment in manpower and equipment. Take manpower first. Let us have a look at a typical phenomenon—the "wing slice" of the Air Force. The wing slice is simply the total number of men in uniform the Air Force uses to support and maintain a single combat wing. Producing combat units like the Air Force Wing, remember, is what the armed services are all about.

The business end of the Air Force consists, as of this writing, of 128 combat wings. There are 910,500 men in Air Force blue. This works out to a wing slice of a bit over 7,000 men. Try asking a few friends how many combat planes they think the Air Force maintains for every 7,000 men in uniform. The answer may surprise them. It is 75—at the most. A typical fighter-bomber wing has 75 jets, each manned by a single pilot. The number of planes in other Air Force wings ranges down to 45 in a heavy bomber wing. In other words, the Air Force enlists 7,000 men to keep 75 fighter bombers firing their guns, and 7,000 men to keep 45 long-range bombers ready to drop their bombs. This ratio of men to planes suggests what I mean by uncontrolled investment in manpower.

There are reasons, as I shall suggest, why the ratio is higher than a civilian might expect. And I want to emphasize that most reasonable Air Force officers are deeply concerned that it is so high, not only because of the pay cost, which eats deeply into the real combat strength of the Air Force, but because of the morale effect of this ratio.

It is only fair to point out that the United States has a far more difficult manpower problem than the Soviet Union. Unlike the American government, the Kremlin has a huge and ruthlessly controlled supply of manpower.

And it has other military advantages. Because the Soviet Union controls most of the vast Eurasian land mass, its armed forces operate from internal lines. By contrast, our Army and Navy must maintain and supply troops over the great reaches of both the Atlantic and the Pacific. And the Air Force must maintain a whole series of bases abroad. It inevitably requires very large numbers of noncombat men to maintain and supply these bases.

Yet, *just because these things are so*, what is needed is a prudent and indeed a downright ruthless control of manpower use in the services. And such close control is now lacking, for reasons which have little to do with individual human error.

The failure to control closely the services' investment in manpower is coupled with a failure to control investment in equipment. The problem is infinitely complicated by the fantastic expense of equipment in the age of the jet plane and the pilotless weapon. Take one example. In the last war we had a switch called an intervalometer which tripped the shutter of a camera on a reconnaissance plane at regular intervals, to record a continu-

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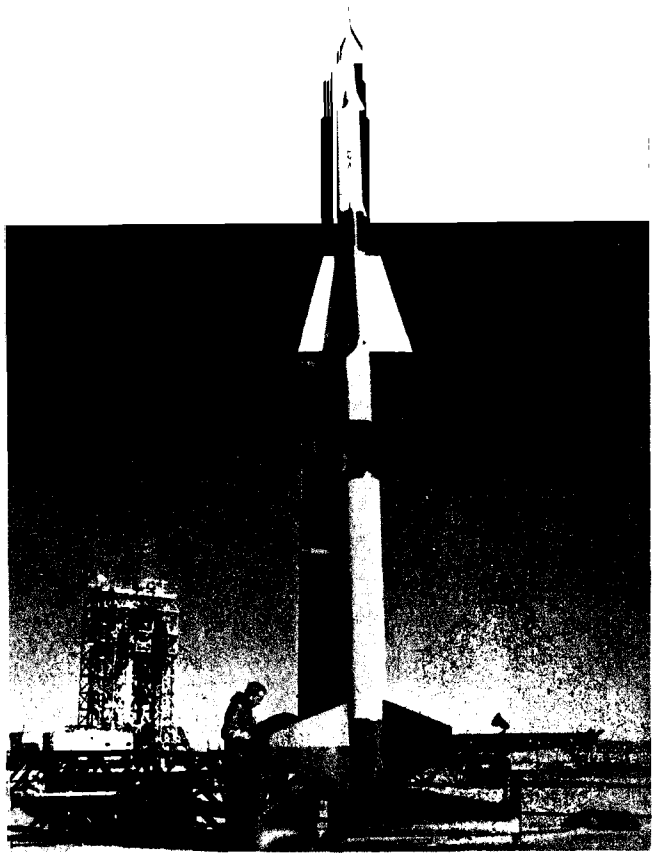
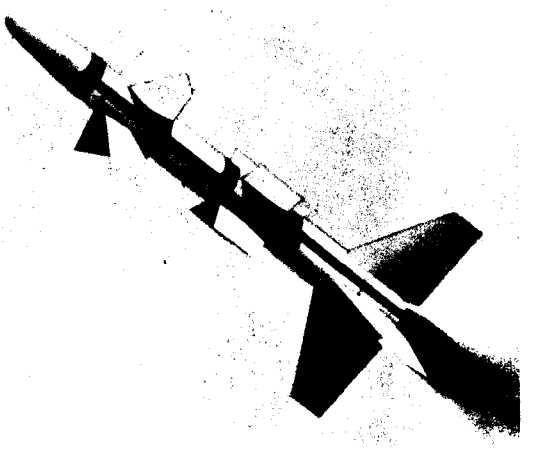


HARRIS & EWING

Says Quesada of the missiles controversy "Whatever the merit of the rival claims of the services for their own missiles—for example, the Army's Nike, the Air Force's Bomarc and the Navy's Talos—the fact remains that overlapping and duplication in the development of the missiles program have . . . resulted in money and manpower waste so vast as to defy concrete dollar estimates." At left: Nike. Below: Talos and Bomarc



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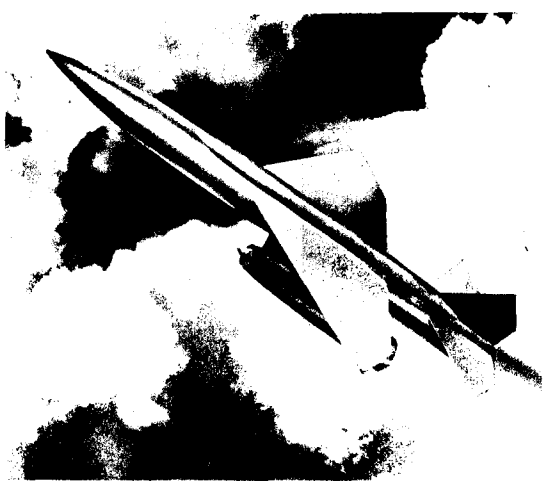

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

ing sequence of the terrain being photographed. The intervalometer did the job very well, and cost about $80. Shortly before I retired from the Air Force, it was decided that modern air speeds made it necessary to substitute a Universal Camera Control System to relieve the reconnaissance pilot entirely of the necessity of controlling his cameras, and do the whole job automatically. Estimated initial cost for installing the system on a single reconnaissance plane: as high as $180,000.

An even more cogent example of uncontrolled investment is implicit in the recent—and still unresolved—service controversy over guided missiles. Whatever the merit of the rival claims of the services may be for their own missiles—for example, the Army's Nike, the Air Force's Bomarc and the Navy's Talos—the fact is that overlapping and duplication in the development of the missiles program have, in some cases, resulted in money and manpower waste so vast as to defy concrete dollar estimates. No one questions for a moment that the American armed services deserve the best equipment in the world. But somewhere a balance must be struck. However rich and productive a nation, there is a limit to what it can spend and produce.

Uncontrolled investment, whether in manpower or equipment, grows by what it feeds on. More and more complicated equipment generates a demand for more men to maintain and supply it, and more men generate a demand for more equipment, and so on in an endless circle.

I want to make it clear that what I have written here is no plea for "economy" as that word is often used. In its present situation, this country needs all the weapons and all the combat units it can get. Personally, I should be a lot happier if the Air Force were building not 137 wings, but double that number. I'd be happier if we had many more carriers and divisions too. But I also believe we can and should get a bigger return in actual combat strength for every man and dollar invested in our defense effort.

I DO NOT, HOWEVER, THINK we can, or will, get a bigger return on our investment in men and dollars under the present defense system. Here we leave the symptoms of the disease we have been examining, and come to the disease itself. The key to its nature lies, I think, in a word I have used frequently in this article, the word "uncontrolled." Lack of effective control from the top is solidly built into our defense structure, as it was set up by Congress in the National Security Act of 1947.

In that year, Congress created the Joint Chiefs of Staff as a corporate body, with the vital responsibility of "advising the President" on matters affecting the security of the United States. The Joint Chiefs have thus become the architects of our global military policy. Their decisions deeply affect the daily lives of all of us as individuals, and our ability to survive collectively as a free nation.

There are four members of the Joint Chiefs. Their recommendations, unanimous or otherwise, are subject to the approval of higher authority—specifically the Secretary of Defense, the National Security Council and, when necessary, the President. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, now Admiral Arthur W. Radford, does not have a vote. His strength rests in his prestige. The voting members—all three able men—are at present General Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff of the Army; Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations; and General Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff of the Air Force. (The Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Randolph Pate, sits in on meetings when Marine Corps matters come up in discussion, although he is not a member.)

These three men are at the same time the chiefs of their respective services. Here we come to the heart of the trouble. Congress has given each voting member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff two hats to wear. These hats are of different sizes. They are designed to be worn by two different men.

WHEN HE IS WEARING one of his two hats, as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Taylor or Admiral Burke or General Twining has a grave and truly national responsibility—one which infinitely transcends the special interests of any one of the three services.

Yet apart from the meetings of the Joint Chiefs, its voting members wear an entirely different hat. For then they are the chiefs of their own particular service. And it is very important to understand their position when they are wearing this second hat—their service hat.

Any huge organization generates an enormous pressure from below on the man at the top. In all three services, this pressure is all for more men, money, equipment and prestige, higher priorities, and a greater share of strategic responsibility.

Such pressure is partly the fault of Congress, and indeed the fault of all of us, as Americans. For we like to put our services on a starvation diet—when we are feeling reasonably safe. Then, if war comes, or danger threatens, we turn to them and demand that they save us, whatever the cost.

Consider the economic gyrations through which our services have gone in recent years—a budget of less than $1,000,000,000 in the thirties; $94,000,000,000 in the peak year of the war; less than $9,000,000,000 in the late forties; over $50,000,000,000 in the early fifties; and now back down to $35,000,000,000. This erratic rhythm inevitably imposes a "grab it while you can" psychology on all the services.

There are other reasons, of course, for the tremendous pressure from below in all the services for more of everything. Any enormous organization suffers inescapably from the empire-building complex which is the curse of bureaucracy. In uniform or not, Americans are ambitious by nature, as they have every right to be. A captain wants to be a major, and a lieutenant commander wants to be a commander. The surest way to higher rank is to have more men under command. More men lead to a demand for more equipment, and thus the ceaseless circle continues.

I don't want to leave the impression that our officers have suddenly all become irresponsible empire builders. Any officer, from platoon commander on up, always thinks he needs more men and more and better equipment. I often thought this too, when I was in (*Continued on page* 52)

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". . . Any great art expression is always a beginning. And I'm only beginning . . ."

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LISTEN TO...

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

"I was peculiarly fortunate," recalls Frank Lloyd Wright. "My mother wanted an architect for a son. Why, I don't know, except that she loved things that were beautiful and artistic. I never had any other idea than that I was to be an architect. I never had to choose a profession. My people were very poor and they couldn't send me to college where architecture was taught; so I took engineering. But I couldn't take it clear through, and three months before I would have received a degree, I went off to Chicago to work for an architect. That's the story of how I got into architecture."

That was in 1887—and the world has not been exactly the same since. Wright designed homes, stores, office buildings, hotels—more than 700, each different, striking, fused to its setting. He has been hailed as "one of the most creative architectural geniuses of all time." He has occasionally been assessed in terms somewhat less kind. Either way, he has maintained an unyielding belief in the rightness of Wright. "Early in life I had to choose between honest arrogance and hypocritical humility. I chose honest arrogance, and have seen no reason to change."

The results are celebrated. In Boston he once said, "What Boston needs is 500 first-class funerals." Of Pittsburgh he said, "Abandon it." Testifying in court one day, he identified himself as the world's greatest architect. A friend admonished him for not being more modest. "How could I?" said Wright. "I was under oath."

A few weeks ago Wright, eighty-seven, paused between projects to look back on his path. He had, he proved, remained honest to arrogance.

—LEONARD GROSS

TO YOUTH The most important advice you could give youth is to choose its parents with the greatest possible care. Because the thing is made or broken very largely right there. I'm a great believer in heredity, that in the seed lies the character or the subsequent unfolding of character. But I believe environment has a tremendous effect upon it.

The proper environment for a child is beauty; a sense of what is appropriate; a love for the beautiful in music and literature, poetry, architecture; the atmosphere will do more for the child than anything else. And I think the greatest thing you can bring home to the child is that there is a quality in life which we call integrity, and to know what it is and how to stay with it, how to live it oneself. That's a never-ceasing program, of course, but it's the only one that really pays off.

LEARNING I always thought a boy was sent to school to find out about himself . . . [for] the proper study of mankind is man . . . [but] when he goes to school he's left to find out about himself as best he can. It's not in the course, it's not in the curriculum. He is conditioned rather than enlightened. The enlightenment is left for him to get, somehow, as he can . . . It costs a lot to achieve enlightenment by experience. I don't know that there is a short cut. I don't know that culture could do it. But if culture and education were on speaking terms today, there might be some hope.

Our educational system has let the country down and has not given to the youth of America the sense of American freedom that it should have really to be American.

The way we get our teachers is ghastly, unbelievable—especially the teachers in architecture. A teacher should be somebody, should have achieved something.

A PLACE TO LIVE The city is medieval; it belongs to a time when means of communication were very hard to come by. People had to get together closely and live closely in order to understand each other and be entertained—not so now.

Our modern cities are one of the great things that's the matter with us. New York I think is a horrid example of neglect of any knowledge of what constitutes principle or integrity. It's a great manifestation of greed. These towers thrusting up into the air, all fighting each other, eating each other up. You look at them from the sea and you think what a wonderful forest—of what? Nothing was designed. They have no relation to each other; they're all competitive; they're all reaching up there for rent.

Today a home is just something to live in until you can sell it or trade it in for something else. It's entirely devoid of the great quality of architecture that can make it a work of art.

WHAT IS ART? Art can be no restatement. It has to be born. Any great art expression is always a beginning. And I'm only beginning. I don't feel I've done anything more than to have begun. Somebody asked me not long ago what I considered my favorite work to be, that I was most proud of; and I said, naturally, the next building I was going to do.

WITH FAITH AND WITH THOUGHT . . . I believe that the thing always happens that you really believe in. And the belief in a thing makes it happen. And I think nothing will happen until you thoroughly and deeply believe in it. I think that's one trouble with America now. I think we really don't believe in ourselves.

We've been trying to substitute money for ideas. We've got to the point where we have so much money and so few ideas that we're willing to use money in lieu of ideas. . . . We've got the dislike of the world because we've tried to buy the world and we failed.

The hardest thing to bear is the interference with the speed which is essential to accomplishment. They call it friction, don't they? Friction is something to be overcome always, no matter where you are or what you're doing. It will never be otherwise.

. . . SUCCESS Things don't come about as rapidly as I thought they might. On the other hand [some] things have come about more rapidly than I ever imagined they could. I've lived to see things happen that very few men have seen happen. I've seen ideas that I was enthusiastic about and fought for when I was dark-haired and a young architect; I see them all now accepted and triumphant. But also I have seen the difficulties that are encountered meantime.

I've seen the price you have to pay for success—unremitting devotion, hard work and an inextinguishable love for the thing that you would have happen. You can't do much in life without this deep-seated feeling for life that we call love.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWELL CONANT

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By ROBERT MINTON

The day they stole the locomotive

The true story of a fabulous Civil War exploit that's fast becoming an American legend

BEFORE the advent of the dining car it was the railroad custom to stop for meals at designated places on the line, just as highway buses do today. About six o'clock in the morning of April 12, 1862, the train for Chattanooga pulled up beside the Lacy Hotel, Big Shanty, Georgia. Most everyone aboard rushed off the train to get a seat at the long table inside the restaurant. But 20 men remained quietly in the maroon plush seats of one coach, gazing at the new encampment of 4,000 Confederate recruits, Camp McDonald. Smoke from small fires rose slowly in the misty air above a mass of damp white tents pitched beside the tracks. A sentry in a blue-trimmed gray uniform stood near the huffing locomotive, appropriately called the General.

Bill Fuller, the goateed young conductor, soon joined his passengers at table, sitting with the engineer, the fireman and a supervisor of the Atlanta train shops, Anthony Murphy. As Fuller was starting to drink his coffee a noise caused him to look out the window. At first he was not sure of his senses. He heard the locomotive chugging, but his train was not moving. "Fuller!" cried Murphy. "Someone is stealing your train!"

Alarmed now, Fuller rushed to the door. His two yellow coaches and baggage car stood where he had left them. But the three empty boxcars and locomotive were out of sight, already around a bend.

Fuller dashed up the tracks as if he hoped to draw back his engine with some magic magnet. Glancing at Camp McDonald, he concluded that his train had been stolen by deserters. He failed to notice that the men in the coaches who had disdained breakfast were nowhere to be seen.

These men, 16 of them, had in fact transferred themselves to the three boxcars. Four more had uncoupled the baggage car, mounted the General and moved the train off without ceremony.

Who were these train thieves and what did they want with three empty boxcars? With two exceptions they were enlisted men of the Union Army

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

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Aboard a Confederate locomotive, conductor Bill Fuller, accompanied by a flatcar full of howling rebel militiamen, gives chase to the fleeing raiders

wearing civilian clothes, and their object was no more modest than their daring. They intended to sabotage the railroad ahead, while Federal forces from the west moved on Chattanooga to cut the Confederacy in two.

THEIR LEADER, a mysterious figure with a silken black beard and an unusually soft voice, was James J. Andrews, thirty-three, a Union spy, not a soldier. Now he stood calmly in the green cab of the General, directing the experienced engineers, Wilson W. Brown and William Knight, and the amateur fireman, John Alfred Wilson. He wore an elegant dark suit with a long coat and a half plug hat four inches high that scraped the cab roof, for he was six feet tall. Across one arm was draped a light leather saddlebag.

The train moved at the schedule speed of 16 miles an hour to avoid collision. Andrews knew the road well from previous trips to Atlanta as a spy and contrabandist, knew its schedules, where each telegraph office was (there was none at Big Shanty), where the nearest engines were (30 miles either side of Big Shanty). His raid was planned with knowledge. It is not hard to imagine the thrill he felt as he looked out at the green cotton plants rising from the red clay that gloomy spring morning. The smoothness of the getaway was a sweet omen. Ahead lay the road to glory.

After three miles, Andrews ordered a halt for the first act of sabotage. The telegraph wire must be cut. This was done crudely with a hammer and saw, and a section was taken aboard to prevent any rapid splicing. Four miles farther on, a rail end was twisted—with some difficulty, owing to the lack of a claw to remove spikes.

Smooth running for half an hour. Then dismay. At the edge of the Etowah River, 16 miles from Big Shanty, a small locomotive stood steaming on a north spur track. Knight started to slow down, but Andrews ordered him on. Knight and Wilson, drawing their pistols, urged that they sabotage the locomotive, but Andrews coolly explained that he wanted no violent action this far down the line. His object was to burn the bridges over the Chickamauga farther ahead. The soldiers were trained for aggressive action; the spy had a gift for avoiding it. The stolen train steamed on past the little locomotive, piquing the curiosity of the few men at the spur, but provoking no pursuit.

Once beyond the Etowah River, the raiders rolled for an hour without a stop until they reached Kingston, a junction with several sidings. Here the remarkable Andrews was at his best. For a real difficulty had to be met. He could not go steaming through. The line was blocked. He ordered his train to a siding and walked deliberately to the station. There were many people there—passengers for Fuller's train, crewmen from two freights standing by, a switchman and a station agent. And there was a telegraph key. To all questions Andrews replied with quiet authority: "I am running a special train of powder through to General Beauregard at Corinth." And he flourished a paper. Everyone was impressed. He looked the epitome of the Southern aristocrat by whom the war was being directed. Only the old switchman seemed unconvinced.

INSIDE THE BOXCARS 16 agonized men sweated out the minutes. Knight, from outside, whispered the bad news. One-hour delay! Special trains ahead. Through the chinks they could see the local militia mustering for Saturday-morning drill, staggering around half drunk, shouting oaths against the damn' Yankees. Cooped up there, the young raiders had ample time to wonder just how they had come to be nearly 200 miles behind Confederate lines.

It was all Andrews' idea. At the outbreak of war

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Thundering north out of Calhoun, Georgia, after running more than 51 miles, the Union raiders smash out the back of the last boxcar and throw ties onto the tracks to block

he was painting houses in Flemingsburg, Kentucky, where he had moved in 1859 after a business failure in Ohio. He was a disappointment to his family, and probably a passion to prove that he could make money prevented him from rushing to arms. Instead he offered his services to Major General Don Carlos Buell as a Union spy, on condition that he be allowed to cover his activities by carrying contraband to the Confederates—quinine and other medicines. His duplicity was boundless. He formed a partnership with a Southern businessman named Whitehead. He took an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. He insinuated himself into the presence—if not the confidence—of General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard at Nashville. He scouted Fort Donelson before it fell to Ulysses S. Grant on February 16, 1862. He made large sums of money. But he failed to impress Buell, who said that Andrews' information was worthless.

UNDISCOURAGED, Andrews obtained permission from Buell's chief of staff to wreck the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga late in March. But this never came off. When Buell moved west to help Grant at Shiloh, the obsessed Andrews reported to Brigadier General Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, a division commander guarding Nashville.

In this impetuous eccentric he found his man. Mitchel was a minor genius. He was a West Pointer and an astronomer with such a flair for self-promotion that he had persuaded the wealthier citizens of Cincinnati to build him America's first observatory. Now he itched for military honors.

Of course, Mitchel knew all about railroads. Among his other activities he had surveyed the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad. He not only endorsed a second attempt on the Western & Atlantic tracks and bridges, he gave Andrews 23 men from the 2d, 21st and 33d Ohio Volunteer Regiments, including two experienced locomotive engineers. He also promised to co-ordinate Andrews' raid with a 10,000-man dash south on Huntsville, Alabama, where he would cut the railroad between Corinth, Mississippi, and Chattanooga.

On Monday, April 7th, Andrews set out from Shelbyville, Tennessee, on foot with his men, many of whom did not know one another and none of whom knew Andrews, who told them only the bare outlines of their mission. In small groups they penetrated rebel country, terrified to be masquerading in civilian clothes as Kentuckians on their way to enlist in a Georgia regiment. But 22 of them made the 80 miles to Chattanooga after exciting adventures, and there they entrained for the village of Marietta, almost 100 miles inside Georgia.

At Marietta station, next morning, they drifted in singly, plunked down anywhere from 40 cents to four dollars for tickets to various points up the line, and when the train came, they boarded as strangers, sitting apart. Two of the men had failed to show up, but in half an hour the others were at Big Shanty, their hands close to their hidden revolvers. Would there be a need to use them? Their orders were to shoot anybody who got in the way.

Andrews, Knight, Brown and Wilson got off on the Camp McDonald side, uncoupled, and while the engineer and fireman mounted the engine, Andrews called into the coach: "All right, boys, let's go!" With that the 16 scrambled into the boxcars and their adventure began.

Was it now to end ignominiously in Kingston?

AFTER AN ETERNITY that lasted an hour the cargo of saboteurs moved on. But not without objections from the switchman, who refused to unlock the switch. Andrews was equal to stubbornness. He grabbed the keys, unlocked the switch in time to throw it as the General came by, and swung aboard the moving train without returning the keys.

Ten miles ahead lay Adairsville. Two specials had already reached Kingston from that direction

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the pursuing Confederate engine

foreseen delays, Andrews, by daring, by guile and by good fortune, had run 51 miles in his stolen train without resorting to violence. The prospect of burning the 11 bridges over the Chickamauga ahead was dampened only by the rain that had begun to fall. But many bridges were covered and would burn well. This was the zenith of Andrews' optimism.

HARDLY WAS CALHOUN behind before a sound, faint but no less awful for its faintness, reached the raiders. It was the eerie wail of a locomotive whistle—not the normal toot-toot, but a constant scream, the railroad signal for danger! And the noise came from behind, a prophetic note of doom that chilled the raiders through. That which they feared most had happened.

They were being pursued. But how? How in the name of all the Union generals did anyone get word this far up the line without the telegraph?

Just as at first conductor Fuller had no idea that Andrews had stolen his train, so now Andrews could not know that this same Fuller was only a few miles behind him aboard a locomotive running backward. Andrews' daring and cunning had met their match in Fuller's stubborn tenacity: Andrews' luck had run its course and now the gods had whimsically thrown their support to the rightful commander of the General.

When Fuller got over his shock at seeing only the back half of his train standing at Big Shanty, he instinctively began to run after his engine on foot. Fuller was an excellent runner due to a railroad practice of the day, which required trainmen to run ahead of any train delayed more than 15 minutes, waving a red flag to avoid collision (in 1860, 600 people died in railroad wrecks in the United States). He was capable of trotting five miles. Furthermore, he was sure that deserters had stolen his train and that they would abandon it shortly.

After trotting two miles, Fuller came upon a section gang, who reported seeing the train steam by under skilled direction. Perhaps these deserters would go farther than anticipated. Waiting for a moment until Murphy, the shop boss, and Jeff Cain, rightful engineer of the General came puffing along exhausted. Fuller now commandeered from the section gang a small flat handcar used to carry ties and sometimes pushed by poles. Four workmen joined the chase, using their feet as a child does on a scooter. Excitement generated incredible energy. Jackson Bond, the gang foreman, was unable to walk the following day because one leg was so used up with pushing.

Once they came upon the broken telegraph wire it dawned on the Confederates that they might be dealing with spies. Down they raced toward Etowah, where possibly Major Cooper's old engine Yonah might be available to them. The average grade from Big Shanty down to Etowah is only 19 feet to the mile, but had the grade been uphill the push car would have been useless and hours would have been lost.

Suddenly, as the pursuers rolled down a steep grade just above Etowah, they spotted the twisted rail. No way to stop the car! Some jumped, others went flying as the vehicle left the tracks and overturned. Nothing serious. The car was set back on the rails and they glided into Etowah, having covered 16 miles in this primitive manner.

The Yonah still stood with its boiler fired up, ready to run back five miles to the ironworks in the hills. For the Yonah had been retired from the main line and was now used for humble shuttle duty.

But a moment of unforeseen glory awaited the Yonah as young Fuller took charge and ordered her engineer to switch her onto the track for Kingston. The little old engine, snubbed by Andrews, now played its role in his undoing by racing the 13 miles to Kingston in a reputed 13 minutes, surely an exaggeration, but a pardonable one. Fuller's over-all time to Kingston from Big Shanty, 31 miles, was about three hours. He arrived only four minutes after Andrews had pulled out.

AT KINGSTON the main track and the siding were now blocked with two freight trains. To get around them would waste time. The Yonah's lap was run. Fuller took off on foot again for a few hundred yards, yelling wildly about Yankee thieves, no doubt giving the old switch tender the satisfaction of saying "I told you so." The middle-aged militiamen, reeling around with their antiquated rifles, took up their version of the rebel yell and offered their unwanted services. Fuller ran to the branch line leading to Rome. Here stood a third freight, engine steaming, headed in the right direction. On the

For 16 miles, Fuller led the chase on a crude handcar in spite of being spilled by a twisted rail

and the prospect of a collision on the single track was not unlikely. But delay made time of the essence. Knight began to speed up, after a stop to cut telegraph wire and remove a rail. The maximum speed permitted by the rulebook was 26 miles per hour. Knight notched up the throttle until they were doing 40! In those days rails were cast iron, bumpy and poorly laid. Curves were frequent and sharp. But the General, a double-dome 4-4-0, had been built by Rogers, Ketcham & Grosvenor in Paterson, New Jersey, only six years before, and its 25 tons of iron hurtled along with less strain to its machinery than to the nerves of the raiders.

They reached Adairsville a few moments before a 20-car freight was scheduled to move into their path. At a respectable speed they cleared this station without stopping, despite a red flag on the end of the freight that indicated that another train was ahead of them. Andrews decided to risk it. Racing heedlessly around blind curves, any one of which might conceal an oncoming train, the General made the 10 miles to Calhoun just as the regular southbound passenger train was to pull out of the siding. The raiders kept on going.

A clear track lay ahead. Behind them the road was clogged with special trains. Even now one might be wrecked by the missing rail. Despite un-

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open furnace door the engineer was frying bacon.

Seven minutes after reaching Kingston, Fuller was again in hot pursuit aboard the Rome engine, William R. Smith. Murphy and Cain were still with him, and in addition there was a flatcar full of howling militiamen, some of whom were crawling about the wood tender like drunken ants. They presented the most terrifying aspect of this part of the chase.

Fuller's sense of triumph was mounting when Oliver Harbin, the William R. Smith's engineer, jammed on his brakes and reversed his throttle—just in time to avoid running onto the spot where Andrews had removed a rail. Fuller leaped to the ground and again hit the ties at a trot. He would not quit, not while Rule 32 was railroad law: "Conductors will have entire charge and control of their trains . . . and will be held responsible for the movement of their trains while on the road." And Murphy dogged Fuller's heels, glad to be leaving the awful militiamen behind.

The two Confederates had not long to run before they came upon the freight out of Adairsville, pulled by a locomotive called the Texas. This meeting probably saved the train from a wreck on the broken track, and Peter Bracken, the Texas' grateful engineer, agreed to back his train to Adairsville, where he dropped the cars at a siding. There was no turntable. The pursuit was taken up by the Texas in reverse. Besides Bracken, his fireman, Fuller and Murphy, there were three other trainmen. Fuller went to the forward end of the tender. Bracken tied down the whistle and opened the throttle.

As soon as Andrews heard the Texas, he gave instructions to begin tossing ties on the track to block the way. His men had loaded the last boxcar with ties during their several stops, and now they smashed out the back end of the car and dropped the pine timbers as they fled.

If luck had not deserted the Federals, the Texas would have been wrecked soon after it started, for a loose rail beyond Adairsville awaited this excellent engine (also, incidentally, made in Paterson, New Jersey—by Danforth & Cooke). Somehow the machine held the track, although Fuller later reported that he bounced a foot when it hit that section and nearly fell off. This was the turning point. From now on, Fuller would press so hard that the Yankees would have no time to tear up track.

BUT ANDREWS was no quitter. As he realized with sinking hopes that his pursuer was simply pushing the ties off the rail, he tried another expedient. He stopped his train on the trestle over the muddy Oostenaula River beyond Calhoun and reversed for a moment before cutting off the rear boxcar, thus hoping to wreck the engine behind him.

Bracken quickly stopped the Texas and threw it into reverse (rather, since it was in reverse, he threw it forward). The boxcar coupled on with a slight shock. The chase continued. At the next siding the boxcar was dropped.

Dismayed, Andrews ordered his men to jam between two ties on the track the 18-foot rail taken up south of Adairsville. This, too, failed to stop the Texas. Another car was cut loose. Again Bracken backed away in time.

Now with only one boxcar, and that with its end bashed out, the raiders roared through the tiny Georgia town of Resaca, later famous for a three-day battle between Generals William Tecumseh Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston. For several miles the General made the unheard-of speed of 60 miles per hour. Later one of the raiders described the sensation: "She rocked and reeled like a drunken man, while we tumbled from side to side like grains of popcorn in a hot frying pan." The beautiful five-foot driving wheels, painted brown and gold, struck sparks from the uneven rails. The boxcar swung about like the tail of a kite. And a few miles back, on came the screaming Texas, in reverse, with 150 pounds of steam up and the throttle wide open. Fuller was like a jockey closing in on the lead horse in the homestretch.

The General needed wood and water. Andrews had to stop or risk blowing the boiler. The gods teased him now. There was a woodpile and a water tower dead ahead at Tilton, 61 miles from Big Shanty. A bewildered attendant watched the frantic loading of fuel and water into this odd train. "Taking powder to Beauregard," Andrews murmured. If the attendant wondered where there was any powder in the battered boxcar, he prudently kept his mouth shut. This strange gang of desperate men did not bear questioning.

The Texas' six-foot smoke stack appeared on the horizon. Off went the General, with half a cord

The scene at Big Shanty, where it all began: Confederate recruits from nearby Camp McDonald drill beside the track as the raiders hide inside the train

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of wood, good for 25 miles. Ahead lay a telegraph key at Dalton. Somewhere beyond that station the wire must be cut.

By no mere chance Fuller was preparing a wire to General Danville Leadbetter in Chattanooga. Wondering why telegraph stations along the line were going dead, the Dalton agent had sent seventeen-year-old Edward R. Henderson down the line on the southbound passenger train to see what was wrong. Fuller had picked him up at Calhoun and now he was dropping the boy at Dalton with a message of distress. Somewhere in the middle of the telegram the wire went dead—Andrews' work—but enough got through to prompt Leadbetter to throw troops across the tracks.

This gesture was needless. Time was running out for Andrews and he knew it now. His men, having knocked a hole in the front end of the remaining boxcar, were urging him to stop and make a fight of it. They had pistols and they had seen only a locomotive following them. They couldn't be outnumbered and it wasn't likely that the pursuers had many arms (Fuller actually had picked up a couple of shotguns). But Andrews, to repeat, was not a soldier. His talent lay in guile. He had no taste for violence and he refused to try it now.

Instead he used his final stratagem. After the raiders had roared through the thousand-foot tunnel at Tunnel Hill—where "it looked as though the General was sailing as it rounded the curve so majestically and as fast as steam could force it," according to Murphy's account of the chase—Andrews told his men they would set the last car on fire and burn a bridge over the Chickamauga.

COALS FROM THE ENGINE were passed across the tender and a fire coaxed in the boxcar. The boards were soaked now and would not burn well. But even smoke was something. Andrews ordered the car cut off as they crossed the bridge and they slowed hopefully on the other side. Smoke filled the shed of the bridge. Would it burn? Needless question. The accursed pursuers appeared, slowly pushed the smoldering car across. The raiders fled, all in the open now, standing in the tender.

The end was near. Steam pressure was falling as the General passed Ringgold, where in two years Sherman was to begin his famous march on Atlanta. With a heavy heart, Andrews prepared to abandon the General. Into the dying fire went his saddlebag and its incriminating papers. He looked over the countryside. It was rugged now, no longer red clay, but scrub hills, very thinly settled. Perhaps the raiders could get through to Mitchel's troops, reported to be in Huntsville. Perhaps.

He turned to his men huddled dejectedly in the empty tender. His clothes were filthy. His voice was scarcely audible. They must scatter, he told them, get away as best they could. They nodded sadly. The fight was gone out of them. Just short of 90 miles from Big Shanty, the Andrews raiders fled into the wilderness of the Cumberland foothills.

A few minutes later, the Texas drew up behind the cooling General. Still the bulldog, Fuller pursued the Yanks on foot into the woods. But finally his stamina gave out and he left this task to the military and to the fierce hillsmen and the bloodhounds with which they hunted runaway slaves. Returning to his General, the only memento of the raid Fuller found were the keys belonging to the suspicious switchman back at Kingston.

And so the great locomotive chase was ended. Fuller had used a handcar, three locomotives and his legs to thwart the raiders, who had merely cut some telegraph wire, damaged a few sections of track, smashed up three boxcars and, for lack of oil, melted a brass journal on the General. Only five hours had passed. No one had been hurt. It was almost like a schoolboy prank.

But the South could scarcely see the episode in this light. The alarm that followed the news of the raid can better be appreciated by remembering how badly the war was going against the Confederacy in April, 1862. Grant had won a great victory at Shiloh only five days before. For this reason, the importance of Mitchel's capture of Huntsville, 200 miles from Atlanta, was exaggerated. The seaports were falling. The North was on the move. Peaceful Georgia feared that war was coming across the Tennessee River into its own rich land and Andrews' raid was evidence of it. Said the Atlanta daily, Southern Confederacy: "The mind and heart shrink back appalled at the bare contemplation of the awful consequences which would have followed the success of this one act. . . . We doubt if the victory of

Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this grand *coup d'état*."

Fuller was the hero of the hour. They awarded him a medal, one hundred dollars, a captaincy in the Confederate forces and an important post for a time on the railroad. What sort of man was Fuller? He was twenty-six at the time, handsome, though quite bald, noted for his manners and his polish. He was the son of a small planter, who boasted among his forebears certain heroes of the Revolution. He had a bug for the railroads that were so changing the land (Atlanta, at first called Marthasville, only came into existence in 1837 when the tracks from the sea ended there). He had been railroading for seven years before Andrews stole his train. And he carried on until the carpetbagging seventies when he was "fired for being a Democrat," as he put it, and went into business, living until 1908.

But Andrews fared badly. His subsequent life was made brief and terrible by a frightened, vengeful people. He and every one of his men were caught within two weeks, even the two who had missed the train and enlisted in the Confederate Army, as they were told to do if anything went wrong. All 22 were thrown into a Chattanooga dungeon 13 feet square, where they somehow survived for two weeks. At a court-martial in Knoxville, Andrews was found guilty of spying and sentenced to be hanged.

He wasted no time in escaping, but was soon captured and chains were cold-riveted to his ankles. In this pathetic condition he wrote to a friend in Flemingsburg instructing that his money, $2,000, be left to the poor of the town, adding:

"I have now calmly submitted to my fate and have been earnestly engaged in preparing to meet my God in peace. And I have found that peace of mind and tranquillity of soul which even astonishes myself. I never supposed it possible that a man could feel so complete a change." Thus, like Stendhal's Julien Sorel, this man, who had lived always on the watch for the main chance, had never enlisted, had profited by the war and had advanced by deceit, went to his execution with a nobility that should be the envy of any man of arms. His raiders worshiped him and wept when he died. "Deceit was exercised in one direction only," said one of them, William Pittenger. "He was true to his comrades."

On the seventh of June, 1862, James J. Andrews was hanged in Atlanta. On the eighteenth of June seven more raiders were hanged. For unexplained reasons there were no more courts-martial. Eight raiders escaped, six were exchanged as prisoners of war the following March.

THE FULL ACCOUNT of all this "daring and suffering" (the phrase belongs to Pittenger) was reported to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, an Ohioan and a friend of General Mitchel, who had died of fever, ignorant of the raiders' fate. Stanton was so moved that he determined to award the raiders the first Congressional Medal of Honor. The six exchangees received their medals from him personally on March 25, 1863, and afterward met Lincoln. Today, the Andrews Raid would not meet the stern test of extraordinary bravery required to earn the Medal of Honor. In the Civil War 1,200 Medals of Honor were given, in World War II, only 29.

Andrews was not awarded a medal posthumously because he was a civilian, but there is today in Chattanooga National Cemetery a monument to the raiders and beneath it lie the remains of Andrews and the others who were executed. The General can be seen in Chattanooga's Union Station, the Texas in the Cyclorama at Atlanta.

It is often said that if Andrews had succeeded, the Civil War would have ended in 1862. This assertion was first made by Pittenger, who wrote a long account of the raid called The Great Locomotive Chase. Understandably, he wished to add significance to the most terrible days of his life. Perhaps the fact that he was an amateur astronomer made him overestimate professional astronomer Mitchel, who he thought might have become commander in chief of the Union Army!

Most historians consider the episode an exciting curiosity. The raid was ill-conceived and poorly executed. Did Andrews think to bring tools to aid in his destruction of track, or powder to blow bridges, or at least some inflammable substance to hasten the burning? He thought only of *stealing* the train. His aversion to violence made Fuller's use of the Yonah possible. And if he *had* burned some bridges, little difference it would have made. There were 10,000 miles of track in the Confederacy. It remained for Sherman to show how a railroad should be destroyed. He heated the rails and wrapped them around tree trunks.

It is in spite of failure that the Andrews Raid will remain a great war story. It is unique in the annals of railroading. It is truly a great locomotive chase. The bungling and ineptitude, the overreaching, the incredible naïveté of Andrews' plan are redeemed by the thrill of admiration we feel when we see him on the platform at Kingston, top hat and saddlebags, announcing that he is taking powder to Beauregard, and by the surge of pity we feel as he stumbles into the woods, leaving the General in the hands of the triumphant Fuller. THE END

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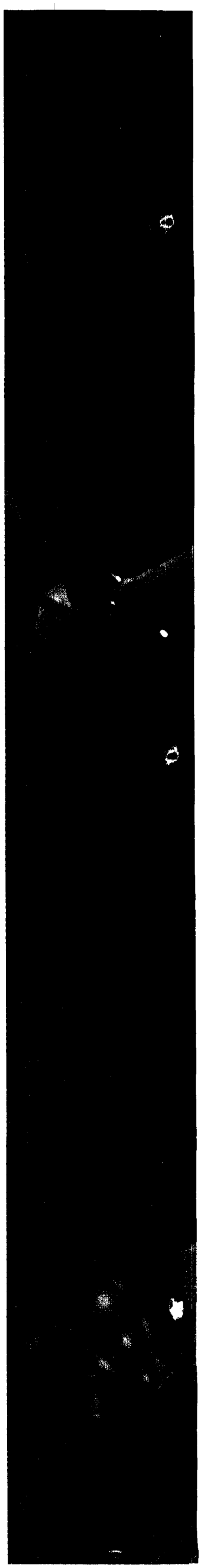
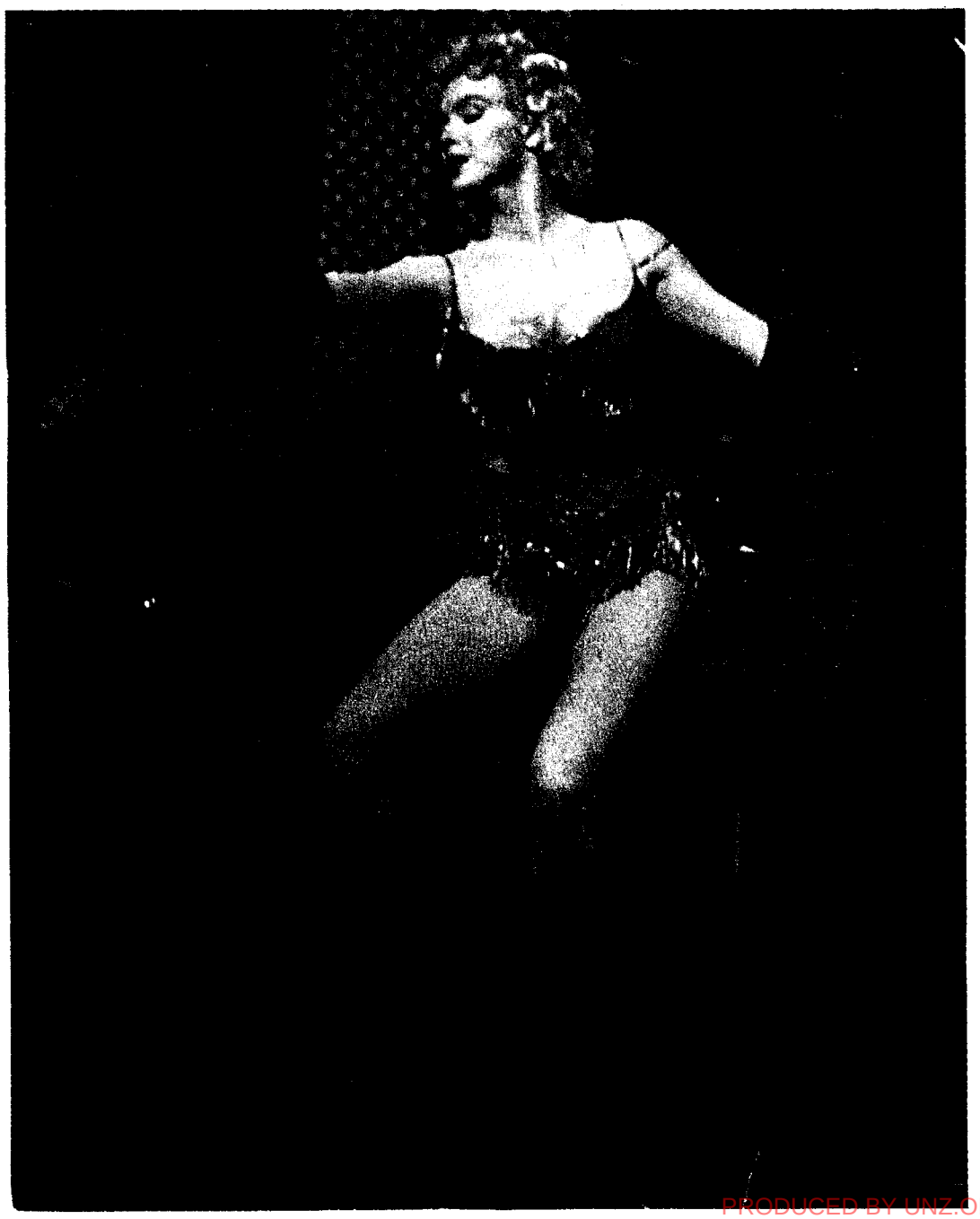
That old MONROE MAGIC

Serious acting may be the new Monroe doctrine, but Marilyn still tosses a wicked curve

THE movie is Bus Stop; the actress, Marilyn Monroe. The occasion: her return to films after a year's absence. At 20th Century-Fox, where she pitched into her role as Cherie, the realistic chantootsie who finds love in the person of a raucous cowboy, Marilyn's home-coming meant the return of the studio's top female star, and an inevitable avalanche at the box office. For Marilyn, it meant the first big move to establish herself as a full-fledged dramatic actress. Tension ran high. Sets were closed to all visitors. Marilyn began nibbling her nails (above). Despite nerves, however, her performance may surprise the scoffers. But as insurance, Fox (which is billing the film as "the return of the one and only Marilyn Monroe") made certain that Marilyn exhibits her old blonde magic. In the song-and-dance number That Old Black Magic, shown here, Marilyn, snugly sheathed in spangles and tail feathers, wriggles rhythmically in and out of a red spotlight. Her undulations may not be pure Stanislavsky, but they are unmistakably sheer Monroe.





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Only ten years ago few people had even heard of soft ice cream. Now it's a $500,000,000-a-year bonanza, with everyone from housewives to truck drivers cashing in. What happened? The answer is a fantastic success story compounded of . . .

cold licks and hot profits

By ALFRED LANSING

LARRY FRIED

Louis Fusaro, who is half owner of a Carvel stand in Irvington, N.J., takes advantage of slack periods to prepare fancy soft-ice-cream products for the take-home trade

CAL BERNSTEIN

Although profits are rewarding, the long workday is exhausting, warns Denver Tastee Freez store operator Ralph Bornemeier. At right, he is pouring ice-cream mix into freezer

GLEAMING white, with glass walls and a flat roof topped by a giant curlicued ice-cream cone, a new kind of roadside stand has been springing up along American highways. By day, it resembles a dazzling iceberg adrift in a sea of parked cars; by night, it's an island of glaring light that beckons motorists from miles around. And day or night, from spring through fall, you'll find the young and not-so-young lining up outside a tiny window in the garish establishment for a chance to buy and lick a cooling, gooey concoction almost unknown 10 years ago.

The concoction is generally known as soft ice cream—sometimes erroneously labeled frozen custard—and the shiny new stands which dispense it are the façade for one of the most surprising success stories in modern American business. In the decade since World War II, the industry has grown an amazing 1,350 per cent—from perhaps 100 stores in 1946 to more than 12,000 today. This year alone, Americans will spend nearly

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Soft ice cream makes big hit with youngsters. The small fry shown here are getting in their licks on double-decked cones sold by a stand in Denver, Col.

$500,000,000 to eat their way through 130,000,000 gallons of soft ice cream —enough to cover a football field to a depth of some 360 feet.

But statistics tell only part of the fabulous story. Even more impressive is what soft ice cream has meant to the people who dispense it—the men and women behind the counters of these streamlined descendants of the ice-cream parlors of grandfather's day. Probably never before in the history of American enterprise have so many people, from so many unrelated walks of life, with so little money to invest, taken such meager business experience and made so much money with it.

Doctors, farmers, shoemakers, mailmen, machinists, clergymen, teachers, lawyers, truck drivers, even undertakers—all these and hundreds more have taken the soft-ice-cream plunge. On a cash investment of as little as $3,500, most of them are now netting from $5,000 to—in a few cases—$25,000 a year. Moreover, although they work far into the night during the seven- to nine-month operating season, they have the rest of the year off to do as they like. Many winter in Florida.

The success stories are myriad. Take Harry P. Beldon, a young attorney who was working for a large law firm in Morristown, New Jersey. Restless and frustrated because he felt he wasn't getting ahead fast enough, he mortgaged his home and car, borrowed every cent he could, quit his job and built a soft-ice-cream store near Hanover, New Jersey. In eight months, the business was returning enough to enable him to leave it in the hands of his wife and father-in-law and set up his own law practice in Millington, New Jersey. "The store now provides an assured net income of $5,000 a year," he says. "It's like owning a sockful of blue-chip stocks."

Then there is Frank Wojack, a truck driver, of Lansing, Michigan. To make ends meet, Wojack and his wife, Elizabeth, used to work nights scrubbing floors in downtown office buildings. Finally, in 1951, they took their

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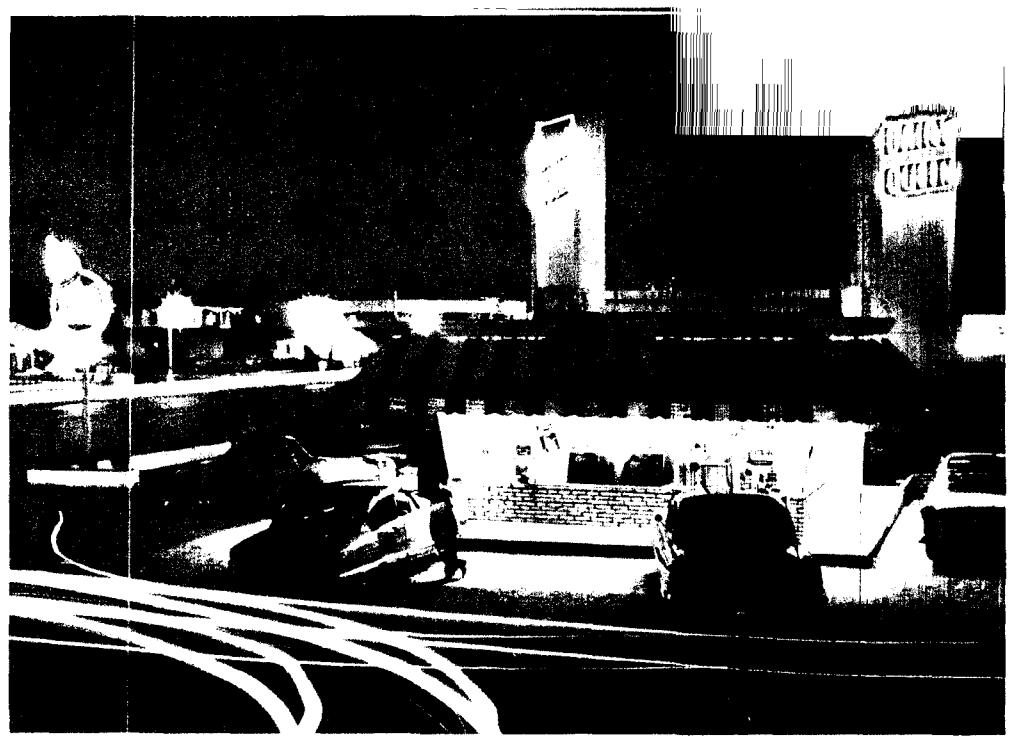
Where's the best location to build a soft-ice-cream stand? Not along a superhighway (who'd stop?) but on a busy secondary road



STAN WAYMAN

By night, soft-ice-cream stands—like this Dairy Queen store in Miami—are islands of light

savings and bought a soft-ice-cream store. Last year, during their seven-month operating season, they netted $11,000. During the five months the store is closed, Wojack still drives a laundry truck—not because he needs the money but because "I just can't sit around in the winter or I'd get fidgety."

Still another variation of the soft-ice-cream success story comes from Ernest W. O'Brien, forty-two, a former Air Force warrant officer. When he retired from the service, he invested $3,200 of his savings in a store at Niceville, Florida, about two miles from Eglin Air Force Base. "We only netted about $4,000 last year," O'Brien says, "but it was our first year and we made a lot of costly mistakes. This year, business is booming, and I figure we ought to net $10,000 at least." If all goes well, O'Brien adds, another three years in the business ought to enable him and his wife to "retire for good."

WHAT IS IT that makes the industry so lucrative? First, let's consider just what soft ice cream is. Actually, in most states the term "soft ice cream" is a misnomer. Under widely varying state laws, about 80 per cent of the product sold in so-called soft-ice-cream stores technically qualifies as ice milk—its butterfat content is lower than that specified for ice cream, but its nonfat milk solids (like calcium) are higher. Where existing laws ban the sale of ice milk, however, the butterfat percentage is hiked sufficiently to qualify the confection as ice cream. To the consumer, the outstanding differences between soft ice cream and the more conventional kind are the texture—soft, rather than firm—and the temperature at which the confection is served, 18 to 22 degrees instead of 8 to 10.

That soft ice cream has a special appeal cannot be denied. While sales of conventional ice cream for the last five or six years have remained fairly constant at 600,000,000 gallons annually, the U.S. Department of Agriculture reports that soft-ice-cream consumption has jumped more than 25 per cent every year since 1945.

In an attempt to find out why so many people seem to prefer this relatively new product, I stood in front of a sun-bathed, shimmering white stand near an intersection on a busy Midwest highway not long ago. Around me were parked a dozen or more cars. Every minute or so, an auto would drive away and another would turn in and park. At the dispensing window were lined up a dozen or more customers, from tiny children in blue jeans to gray-haired grandparents. It was a good-natured crowd, and the line moved swiftly. As each person turned away from the window with his cone, I asked why he had stopped at the stand and what he liked about soft ice cream.

Altogether I talked with 37 people. Thirty-one said, in effect, "I don't know; I just like it." Four replied, "I like the texture better than regular ice cream." And two answered, "It isn't too cold, so it doesn't hurt my teeth."

Obviously, the business phenomenon that is the soft-ice-cream industry cannot be explained away that simply. The true answer to its phenomenal growth probably lies in the fact that the soft-ice-cream people have left nothing to chance in their campaign to woo the public. The planning that goes into opening most new stands might be compared to that which precedes a military campaign.

The first and foremost consideration is the location; it can mean life or death for a store. The soft-ice-cream chains have learned their trade so well that they can predict with uncanny accuracy the locations where customers would stumble over one another getting to the store, where there would be just enough business to get along and where it would be foolhardy to open.

Some large chains, notably the Carvel organization, of Yonkers, New York, which operates more than 500 stores, most of them in the East, use "location engineers" to evaluate prospective sites. If they are dubious about a location, the engineers will string electronic traffic counters across the road and stand on the curb with pedestrian counters in their hands to get an accurate survey of the number of people and cars that pass during a typical day.

Most people think that a superhighway would make the best location. Not so, says Tom Carvel, chairman of the board of the Carvel Enterprises. "People racing along an expressway don't want to stop just to buy an ice-cream cone. Even if they did, they're going too fast. By the time they'd made up their minds, the store would be a quarter of a mile back. And you can go to the other extreme, too. Bumper-to-bumper traffic is terrible for business. People are scared to pull out of line. They figure they'll never get back in."

The ideal location, according to Carvel, is along a secondary highway, traveled by free-flowing traffic moving 25 miles an hour or less and in an area of enough permanent residents to provide a nucleus of bread-and-butter customers.

The next requirement for a successful stand is eye appeal. Here, again, a standard pattern has been established. There are three major chains in the field now—Dairy Queen, with headquarters in Davenport, Iowa, and about 2,900 stores across the U.S.; Tastee Freez, Chicago, with more than 1,500 stores coast to coast, and Carvel—but the roadside shops of all three closely resemble one another.

Most are simple boxlike structures about 20 by 30 feet with their own parking lots, accommodating 15 or more cars. The front and most of the side walls of the buildings are entirely of glass, and the rest is painted white. Inside, one or more glittering chromium tank-shaped freezers are the focal point; most stores have two freezers, a few have more, but small stores get by with one.

SOFT-ICE-CREAM PEOPLE emphasize, too, that stores should have "high visibility"—that is, be recognizable for a quarter of a mile or more in both directions. The reason: to give potential carborne customers, or their children, time to make up their minds to stop. At night, of course, the shops are drenched in light. "For a customer not to notice a soft-ice-cream store," one operator told me, "would be about the same as not noticing a burning building."

But the design of the soft-ice-cream store is utilitarian as well as attractive. Here, again, engineers have taken over to make the operation as simple and foolproof as possible. Most stores, for example, offer service at windows only. That means, according to John Greenley, thirty-four, a successful operator in Teaneck, New Jersey, that "you just give 'em what they want and they make room for the next customer. It does away with the danger that local teen-agers may convert the place into a hangout and monopolize the counter so that paying customers can't get served."

Still other features of the operation, not apparent to the casual observer, work to the advantage—and profit—of the soft-ice-cream entrepreneur. Most shops—actually about 80 per cent of them—offer only one flavor. "That means you can keep your inventory down," explains Greenley. "There's no need to tie up your money by stocking items that you'll only get a few calls for."

Then every store is on a cash-and-carry basis, which eliminates the bane of many retailers—credit: accounts to keep, bills to send, deadbeats to hound. As one soft-ice-cream-store owner told me, "Even if you tried, you

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couldn't run up much of a credit business. Who's going to keep a charge account for 10-cent ice-cream cones?"

And, finally, there is the fact that the store owner is both manufacturer and retailer; he eliminates the middleman. All a shop owner need do is pour the raw material—the ice-cream mix—in one end of the freezer and take the finished product from the other end. How much this process saves in dollars and cents may be seen by a glance at some U.S. Department of Commerce figures. In a survey of 16 other small businesses, the department found that they had to spend an average of 67 cents for each dollar's worth of goods they sold. And how much does the soft-ice-cream dealer spend to produce what he sells for a dollar? Rarely more than 30 cents, less than half the Department of Commerce average.

The little freezer machine also pays off in other ways. During slack periods (during the early afternoon and the dinner hour) when over-the-counter trade is slow, these operators put their freezers to work producing such take-home items as ice-cream bars, ice-cream cakes and pies, and bulk-packaged pints and quarts. Many of these items have proved big sellers, too.

NOT LONG AGO, Dairy Queen, the nation's largest soft-ice-cream chain, introduced an ice-cream bar it called the "Dilly," which looks something like a chocolate-covered all-day sucker. "Before long," says Kirk A. Journy, Dairy Queen executive secretary, "the demand for Dillys had reached such proportions that the outfit supplying us ran out of wooden sticks for the handles. We had our executives running around looking for a substitute. For a time, we thought we might have to abandon the item. Then someone had an idea . . . what about the medical-supply houses? Dairy Queen wound up almost controlling the market for doctors' tongue depressors."

The seeming infallibility of the business might easily beguile people into thinking that it is a gold-paved Easy Street to financial Utopia. But though the profits are high and the risk of failure is comparatively low, it takes backbreaking work to make a store successful.

In fact, the work load is so heavy that the big chains advise people of retirement age to consider carefully whether they are equal to the task. Though they may be open only seven or eight months of the year, most shop owners crowd half again as many working hours into that period as a man on a 40-hour week puts in during an entire 12-month year. Many labor from 12 to 15 hours a day, seven days a week, during the warm-weather months.

"There's one thing about it," says Ralph Bornemeier, who runs a store in Denver, "it helps you save money. You're so bushed by the time you turn the key in the door at night that the mere suggestion of going out and living it up might be enough to bring on collapse."

Once a store gets on its feet, some operators hire other people to help out, particularly with jobs like the morning cleanup. However, seasoned operators try to avoid bringing in outside help; when an operator begins to hire outsiders, they say, efficiency and profits invariably drop.

The chances for success are best, the big chains agree, if a store is owned and operated by man and wife—and perhaps their children, too. Absentee landlordism is discouraged. In fact, the Carvel chain now refuses to sell a franchise to anyone who does not intend to run the store personally. "We have found," says Fred Vettel, Jr., president of Carvel Dari-Freeze Stores, Inc., "that unless the owner operates the store himself, the service isn't as good, the store isn't as clean—and the customers react accordingly. After all, you can't expect a salaried manager and a bunch of employees to take the same interest as an owner who has sunk his every cent into a store."

How can a family with children look after their youngsters and still run the business, especially during school vacations? John Greenley, the Teaneck, New Jersey, operator, has one answer. During the day, he and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Minnie Mann, run the store. After supper on busy days, John's wife, Johanna, reports for duty, bringing their nine-year-old daughter Janet with her. At bedtime, Janet is tucked in on a cot in the back room of the store. When the family closes up for the night, John picks up the youngster and carries her home.

"She's so used to it," Greenley says, "she doesn't even wake up any more."

There are several ways a neophyte can get into the soft-ice-cream business. He can become an independent—buy a store and arrange with a local dairy to get the mix. Total costs will run from perhaps a rock-bottom low of $4,000 (a self-built store and secondhand equipment) to more than $30,000, but the average cost is about $12,000.

More than half the country's 12,000 soft-ice-cream-store owners, however, are franchised operators. Although they may be associated with any of the hundred or more chains throughout the country, most work with the "Big Three"—Dairy Queen, Tastee Freez and Carvel.

Tastee Freez requires the smallest initial investment. The company prevails upon landowners to build stores for the chain on a long-term rental basis. The company signs the lease, and the new store owner takes a sublease. "He needn't lift a finger from the time he places his order until he is handed the keys to the front door, ready for business," says Stanley Conger, Tastee Freez vice-president.

All the new shop operator must purchase from Tastee Freez are his freezers and other equipment—at a total cost of from $6,000 to $8,000. Twenty-five per cent down is usually acceptable, with the balance payable in two or three years.

A typical Tastee Freez store was opened by Mrs. Marie Butler and Mrs. M. B. Huey, of Centreville, Mississippi, in the summer of 1954 with only $4,500 cash. Mrs. Butler, then forty-four and a recent widow with two children to educate, wanted an independent income to supplement her legacy, so she formed a business partnership with Mrs. Huey, wife of a vice-president of the Farmers Exchange Bank of Centreville. After one year of operation, they had paid off all their business debts and netted about $3,500 to boot. Says banker Huey: "I don't know of any other investment that will pay off itself and net a $3,500 profit as well during the first year."

Dairy Queen and Carvel usually require operators to buy both building and equipment. Generally speaking, Dairy Queen says, one of its single-freezer stores can be put in opening-day condition for as little as $11,000, while the cost of a first-class, two-freezer store may reach $16,000. A Carvel store runs a good bit more—easily $25,000. However, the down payment and cash required to begin business naturally is considerably less—$5,000 to $10,000 for a Dairy Queen store and $10,000 to $12,000 for a Carvel operation.

Modes of operation vary, too. The independent, of course, is his own boss. He can buy his supplies from whomever he pleases, and he can sell his ice cream for whatever he can get. He can open his shop for business whenever he likes, and close when the fancy strikes him. Perhaps more important, he need not pay a penny in royalty to a chain.

All franchised operators must buy their mix from a chain-approved outlet, and on every gallon they pay a royalty of 20 to 35 cents. In some cases, the chains also tell their franchise holders when they must open and when they must close their stores.

Clearly, a franchised operator leads a regimented existence. "But it's all for his own good," says Paul D. Graning, executive vice-president of Dairy Queen. "The role of the chain is to act as sort of a benevolent despot—for everybody's good. Look at it this way: if a customer stops in at a store that is clean, provides good service and gives him an appealing product, he'll probably be back to buy again. As a chain operator, if you can provide that identical cleanliness, good service and appealing product in all of your stores, a customer patronizing any one of them, in theory, becomes a customer for all the others."

HOW ABOUT FAILURES? How many soft-ice-cream ventures have folded? No figures are available—but the number apparently is small, certainly among the franchised stores. Carvel claims it has never had a failure. The other two chains prefer not to discuss the subject, but they seem to have excellent records. Most failures are among independent operators who try to cut corners by serving smaller portions, who grow careless about the service and appearance of their stores, or who have chosen poor locations.

Actually, one of the reasons failures are so few is that the soft-ice-cream merchant makes a larger net profit on every dollar of income than the operators of most other retail stores. A survey published in 1955 by Dun & Bradstreet of 35 different kinds of retail businesses showed that their take-home profits averaged 11.6 per cent of gross sales. The soft-ice-cream retailer, however, usually can count on a 30 per cent profit—10 per cent higher than in any business covered by the Dun & Bradstreet survey.

Despite the obvious attractions, some people contemplating entering the soft-ice-cream business have held back out of fear that the saturation point might soon be reached. With 12,000 stores already in existence, how much of a market remains?

"There's always room for one more," says Richard Smith, thirty-six, who successfully operates three stores (in Burlington, New Jersey, and Morrisville and Bristol, Pennsylvania). "Given the right location and the willingness to work, there's no reason why anyone shouldn't succeed."

Tom Carvel, chairman of the Carvel organization and a self-made millionaire who began business selling ice cream from a truck, also has limitless faith in the future. He demonstrated it this spring by opening what he billed as "the world's first ice-cream supermarket" in Hartsdale, New York.

In this unique $80,000 establishment, you can buy 53 different flavors of soft ice cream and more than 200 items ranging from a 10-cent cone to a $500 ice-cream wedding cake. The cake, seven feet three inches high, is delivered complete with a chef and two helpers to cut and serve it.

In fact, as in all budding industries, there's something new cropping up all the time. There's even an outfit in Springfield, Ohio, that's figured out a way to protect a newcomer to the business from going bankrupt as the result of picking a poor location. The gimmick: a portable soft-ice-cream store. If the new operator's chosen spot turns out to be a dud, he need only fold up his store and move to another location. THE END

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As soon as I landed, Nancy ran across the field toward me and knelt and peered through the cabin window. "Darling," she said, "are you all right?" I nodded upside down

PROVE YOU LOVE ME

By BEN MASSELINK

Birds can fly, Nancy said—so can you. Sure, I thought—so can angels

"LISTEN," my instructor said one afternoon after we had landed and pulled up in front of the hangar. He had hopped out onto the ground, but I was still climbing out. Those Piper Cub airplanes were hard for me to get in and out of—I had to double up my legs and twist my feet in order to fit them through the little panel doorway. But the instructor, a pretty small guy anyway, had hopped out nimbly and quickly, and was scowling at me. "Listen," he said, "you'll never solo. If you ever got up there alone, I'd have to shoot you down."

The reason he said this was because of the landing I had just made. First off, I had forgotten to retard the throttle all the way, so we came in at the ground a little faster than you're supposed to. I thought it was a little different from the way the instructor approached the field, but I couldn't figure out just what was wrong.

He probably was sitting there waiting to see if I would know what to do—those instructors really have to have the patience—but then when I just kept coming in fast like that, closer and closer to the ground, he reached behind him and slammed back the throttle. He knew all the time what was wrong. And even I could tell then why my way was different: it was because of the noise. There was hardly any motor noise with the throttle slammed all the way back, only the sound of the wind in the struts—a sound I always liked.

That left us about fifty feet above the ground, coming in close to the field. I headed her nose down ever so slightly, just like he had told me again and again, ready for the landing. But then I misjudged the earth. I thought it was only about a foot away, but it must have been more than that because when I pulled the stick back ever so lightly—the way you're supposed to in order to make a perfect three-point landing—there was suddenly the feeling you get in an express elevator when it drops five floors just like that. We dropped straight down and smacked the runway, then bounced up and then down again. I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing with the controls, because I had never been instructed in this maneuver. The instructor wiggled the stick, which meant that he was taking over. He finally quieted the airplane and soon we were rolling smoothly along on the ground just as if nothing had happened.

That was one of the reasons he told me I'd never solo. Another reason was that I'd already had twelve hours of dual instruction. The CAA says you have to have eight hours' dual instruction before you can solo—and as I

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say, I'd already had twelve. The instructor was always telling me about his other students. "They could solo in two hours' dual," he was fond of saying. "Those guys could. But I had to give them eight because of the CAA."

I really wanted to learn to fly that summer, too. It was the summer after Nancy and I graduated from high school. More than anything else I wanted to fly because of Nancy. Nancy liked airplanes and aviators. But she said the reason I had such a hard time with flying was because I wasn't co-ordinated. She didn't say this in a mean way, just as a fact.

It was one summer night when we were dancing out at Blyfield Country Club. She looked up at me with those eyes of hers, which are set so far apart they look like goat's eyes.

Another thing I like about Nancy is her mouth. The top lip comes out farther than her bottom lip, so that it's like a soft roof.

"You know, Tom," she said that night when we were dancing, "the reason you're having such a hard time learning to fly is because you're not co-ordinated."

I didn't feel hurt or anything because I knew it was true. I was always tripping over my feet, and when I walked I walked like a man carrying a heavy box, taking up the weight of the box by bending his knees. When I'd dance, I'd be a fraction of a beat out of step. That's what Nancy meant when we were dancing that night. My foot would still be a quarter of an inch from the floor, coming down, when Nancy's foot had already hit the floor. You can imagine how this threw Nancy off, dancing.

I WANTED to learn to fly that summer because of Nancy—and because I'd always wanted to be a pilot. Ever since I was a kid I'd wanted to be a pilot. When I was a little younger than that I wanted to be a naturalist, but a kid named Clifford told me that was sissy, wanting to be a naturalist. Clifford was going to be a pilot like Tailspin Tommy in the Sunday edition of the Grand Rapids Herald. From the time Clifford told me it was sissy wanting to be a naturalist, I wanted to be a pilot too. (I still collected leaves and white rats, and watched birds, stuff like that, on the side.) Clifford and I wore leather helmets to school with goggles and white scarfs, and after school we'd sit in my basement and build model airplanes.

Anyway, the summer after high-school graduation I took flying lessons out at the Grand Rapids airport. The main thing about flying I didn't like was that I couldn't be with Nancy. When school let out, before I took up flying, I'd be over at Nancy's house every afternoon and half into the night. Now I couldn't because of the flying and, as the instructor explained something to me, I'd feel my mind wandering off to Nancy, ten miles away. I wanted to be walking in the woods behind her house with her, watching birds through her binoculars, or sitting in her back yard in the sun and eating rat cheese and salt, something we both liked a lot. . . .

As I drove out to Nancy's house that day after my lesson, I made up my mind I wasn't going to tell her what the instructor said about never being able to solo; but actually I knew way in the back of my mind that I would tell her something that evening. I always ended up telling Nancy everything, even when I'd made up my mind not to tell her.

"She's not home," her mother said. Her mother sat in the back yard in the shade of a big apple tree. I had parked my Model A in the driveway like I always did, as if I lived there. And I practically did live there—everything but sleep and eat breakfast. I was the only man around. Nancy's father had died five years before. And I could tell Mrs. Roland liked me around if only because I was a man. Mrs. Roland was just like Nancy, only older. If Nancy turned out to be like her mother, it would be okay with me.

"How come she's not home?" I said.

Mrs. Roland looked up from her book. She was always reading, and not junk—good stuff, old books, the ones Nancy and I were supposed to have read for English in high school. I sat down on the lawn chair facing Mrs. Roland, just like one of the family.

"She went out with Bob Hardy."

"You mean that old guy?"

Mrs. Roland laughed. "He's only twenty-two."

"Well, that's old, isn't it?" I was seventeen. Nancy was too. Anything over twenty-one was old to Nancy and me. We used to kid about people over twenty-one.

This was the first time that Nancy had gone out with anyone else. We weren't going steady or anything—well, I guess we were but we always hated to say that word "steady"; it didn't describe the way we felt about each other at all.

I heard car tires on the gravel driveway and Nancy's voice, and suddenly I wanted to run. I felt myself getting warm in the face. I wished Mrs. Roland had had another book out there. I would have picked it up and started reading, just as if that was the reason I had come over, to read. Nancy's laughter came closer, and I could hear their footsteps on the gravel.

"Oh, Mother, we've had so much fun!" she called, coming across the grass. I didn't look up. I made out as if I was examining a deep cut on my wrist. "Hi, Tom," she said.

I looked up. She was walking across the lawn toward us ahead of Hardy. He was wearing a seersucker suit and a shirt and tie and dark glasses, the Air Force type. He was a big guy and old. It looked to me as if he were getting bald. "Hi," I said, very casually.

"You know what?" she said, smiling. "We've been to Lansing."

"Lansing!" Lansing was the state capital. It was over sixty miles away.

"Just since lunch."

HARDY'S voice seemed to come from out of the bushes. It was that low, like a dog growling from out of the bushes. "I had to fly up on business," he said, "so I thought Nance might like to go along for the ride."

Nance, I thought. Where'd he get that? I always called her Nancy. I wouldn't make any nicknames out of a name as beautiful as Nancy.

"Bob has his own plane," Nancy said to her mother and me. I was sitting in the lawn chair with my legs stuck out in front of me. "A Piper Cub. It even has a Dictaphone so he can dictate letters when he flies."

"Oh!" I said.

"You've met Bob, haven't you, Tommy?"

I stood up and said, "Yes, I guess so, seen you around. Hello, Bob." I put out my hand.

He shook it. "Just fine," he said. I don't know why he said that, because I hadn't asked him how he was. I could tell how he was—smug. I sat down again.

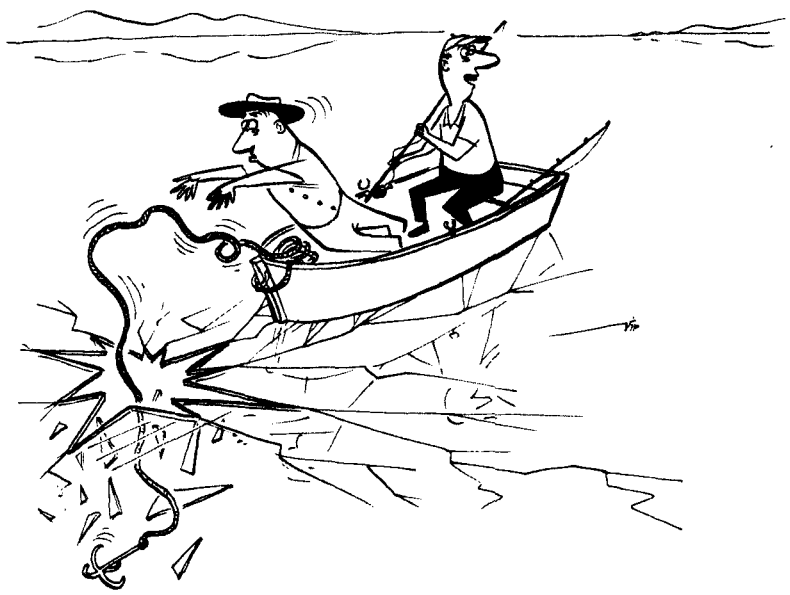
"I'll go get some more chairs," Nancy said, turning toward the house.

"No, thanks," Bob said, touching her elbow. "I've got to be running along. Business, you know." He looked at Mrs. Roland and me. "Good-by, Mrs. Roland. See you presently, I hope. Good-by, ah—"

"Tom," I said.

"Oh, yes. Good-by."

Nancy walked with him to the driveway, looking up at him and smiling. He walked stiff and confident and coordinated in that seersucker suit. I believe I wouldn't have hated him quite so much if he had dressed like a pilot, in a leather jacket and helmet and goggles and initialed silk scarf and puttees. Wearing a seersucker suit and flying was wrong somehow. Wearing a seersucker suit and flying and *dictating* was really wrong. I guess it was being too egotistical about the whole thing, ignoring the sky and the clouds and the ground below.



"It's like glass today"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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They walked around the corner of the house onto the driveway, and I heard the car start and Nancy laugh and then the noise of the tires on the gravel. He was gone.

"I'll get some Cokes and rat cheese and salt," Nancy said as she came back onto the lawn.

I stood up. "I got to go."

"Go where?"

"Home."

"What for? Aren't you going to have supper with us like always?"

"I'd better not," I said. "My mother has almost forgotten what I look like."

Nancy walked to my Model A with me. "See you tonight," she said as I got in.

"I ought to study."

She laughed.

"Really," I said. "All that navigation."

"You're not mad, are you?"

"Of course not. Why should I be mad?"

"Because I went out with Bob."

"That old pilot!"

"He's not old. He's only twenty-two."

"I know, I know!" I said, starting the car. "That's all I've been hearing around this place." I raised my voice. "He's only twenty-two, he's only twenty-two!" I backed out. "See you around," I said.

Nancy stood there in the driveway. Her top lip was out farther than usual. She looked beautiful and sad. For a minute I was glad that she was sad; but then when I got out onto the street and was driving away from her, I began to feel sad too.

I went home and studied navigation. I was about half the book behind, and trying to catch up was like trying to learn algebra before arithmetic. But I'd made up my mind. I'd show that old bald-headed pilot. I'd solo if it took me *twenty* hours' dual.

AS WE sat in the little yellow Cub at the end of the runway, the instructor said, "All right." He turned around in his seat and rested one arm on the back—trying, I guess, to put me at ease. "Let's see if you can take off without weaving like a drunken driver."

I moved my big feet on the small rudder pedals. The take-off was the toughest part for my feet, because when I moved the left foot a little too much the plane would start off the runway toward the hangars. To remedy this I'd jam down my right foot and we'd veer off the other side of the runway toward some houses. Then along about this time one of my feet would get jammed, and the instructor would have to cut the motor and pry my foot loose.

But today I was determined to do it right—so determined, in fact, that I was wearing a pair of patent-leather dancing slippers that I had bought two years before, to wear with my tux. They were too small for me but the soles were thin. The thin soles would make it easier for me to feel what was going on down there on the pedals.

"Take off!" the instructor yelled dramatically through the speaking tube.

I slammed the throttle forward. The little plane trembled, moved ahead and picked up speed. I hardly dared to move my feet. The airplane edged slowly to the left. I tried to ignore it. I moved the stick forward and the tail came off the ground. Then I barely wiggled the toes of my right foot. That movement must have gone through the thin soles of my dancing slippers because the airplane wobbled, straightened out on the runway, and we were airborne. As I began to climb, the instructor turned around and grinned. It was the first grin I had got out of him.

I circled her around, wobbling and skidding in the turns.

When we were up to three thousand feet the instructor spoke through the tube: "Spin 'er."

THIS was the part I liked best. I cut the motor and pulled the stick back as far as it would go. The little yellow plane strained, its nose in the air. Then suddenly it fell off on one wing and the ground filled the windows. I got no sensation of spinning. It was as if the instructor and I were sitting in a theater, he in the seat in front of me, watching an acre of earth revolve on the screen. I saw a cow down there turning in slow circles. After the earth had revolved about five times, and I was pretty nearly hypnotized by the whole thing, the instructor yelled. "Pull her out!" I gave her full throttle, reversed the controls, and the little plane trembled out of the spin just as nice as you please. I really liked that spinning. The instructor always told me, "Lucky I'm along when you're spinning. You'd never pull out."

I'd much rather spin all day than fly level. It was difficult for me to fly level. I always kept tugging and pushing at the stick, and that would make the horizon bob up and down. "Let go of the controls," the instructor would say when this happened. And gladly I'd take my hands and feet off the controls and the little Cub would right itself and fly along level and steady just as if it were being flown by Eddie Rickenbacker. "See?" the instructor would say. "Flies better by itself, doesn't it? Don't fight it."

The landing I made that day wasn't too good, but then it wasn't too bad either. I only bounced twice. The instructor seemed pleased. "I was afraid I was going to have to wash you out," he said, hopping from the plane. "But you did pretty good today."

"Want me to solo now?"

"Not yet."

"When?"

"We'll see."

"Tomorrow?"

"Maybe."

I felt so good I ran all the way to where my Model A was parked. I'd go right to Nancy's now and tell her about it, and she'd feed me lots of milk and cheese and tea and cinnamon toast, stuff that would give me energy and steady my nerves for the big flight the next day. As I was backing out of the parking lot Bob Hardy drove up in a new convertible. The top was down. Nancy was sitting next to him.

"Hi, Tommy," she called happily, as if there was nothing in the world the matter with her driving all around town with Bob Hardy with the top down. "Bob's going to teach me how to fly!"

I think I smiled at them. I know it was hard to move those smiling muscles in my face, but I think I managed it all right. But I couldn't speak. I was afraid to try. I backed the Model A around deftly, just to show Bob and Nancy that I was co-ordinated as far as Model A's were concerned and then I roared away, the rear tires spitting gravel and the gears screeching from my slick way of shifting. I almost hit a truck coming through the gate. . . .

"Say," the instructor said the next afternoon when I reported for my les-

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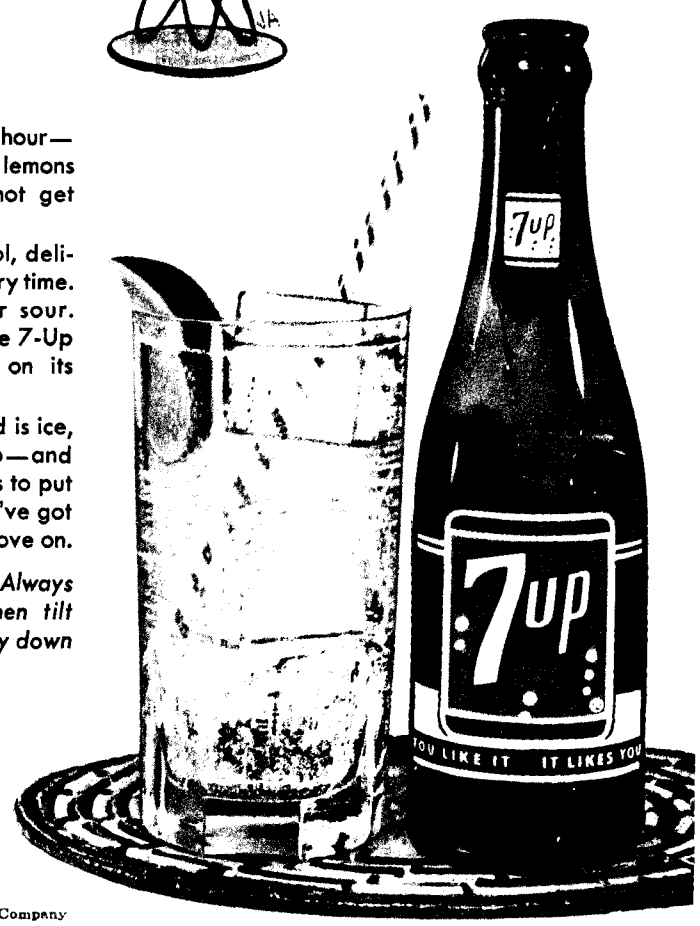

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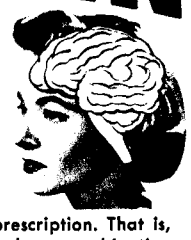

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son, "that Bob Hardy sure has good taste in women."

I grunted.

"Not only is she the prettiest little number I've seen in a long time, but she's also going to make a hot-shot fly girl. You know her?"

"Yes."

"He had her up for two hours yesterday after you left," the instructor said. "Up and down. Landing and taking off. Landing and taking off. The last hour she was doing all the work, just as if she'd logged a thousand hours."

I began doubling up my legs and feet to tuck them into the airplane.

"That's them up there now," he said, and looked up at the sky. "He's giving her a lesson before he takes off for Detroit." He sighed. "Some guys have all the luck."

He climbed into the airplane. "Take off, circle, make the approach and land," he said.

I did all right. I didn't dare think about Nancy alone with Hardy somewhere above us in the small cabin. I set my jaw and moved my feet lightly on the pedals. If Nancy liked pilots, I was going to be one. I was wearing my patent-leather dancing slippers. They were thin-soled and lucky.

I'd always read about it and seen it in movies, the way an instructor lets his student solo. They do it just like my instructor did it. After we landed I taxied over to the hangar. I cut the motor. He jumped out and started walking away without waiting for me. I stared at the back of his leather jacket—he dressed like a real pilot—and when he was about fifteen feet away he turned and called, "Good luck."

"You mean—"

"She's all yours. But remember, no spins."

Boy, I tucked my legs back in there in a hurry, slammed the panel door, revved her up and taxied over toward the end of the runway. I taxied good and slow, because taxiing was one of my weak points too. My feet somehow always got jammed in the rudder pedals and I'd start taxiing in circles and figure eights.

Just as I wheeled her around on the runway, Bob Hardy's little plane glided down and landed perfectly. That Nancy was really coordinated. They taxied over to the hangar. I saw my instructor walk over to them. Bob Hardy and Nancy got out of the airplane. I could see all three of them turned in my direction. I'd show them.

I SHOVED the throttle forward and the Cub roared down the runway. I hardly dared move my feet on the pedals for fear something might go wrong. The airplane edged toward the hangar, but I didn't try to fix it. I was afraid I might start it weaving and screeching again. I just let it have its head, the way you do with a horse. I felt the tail rise and the plane getting lighter. When the left wheel started bumping off the runway in the dirt, the airplane left the ground. I had planned, when passing over the hangar, to wave casually at the three of them, but I couldn't manage it; I was too busy.

At two thousand feet I leveled off and began circling the field. I had a hard time keeping the horizon straight, so I did like my instructor had told me. I took my hands and feet off the controls and let the airplane fly itself. It flew perfectly. I had lots of chances to wave then and I did, but I doubt if Nancy saw me. I noticed a plane on the runway, getting ready to take off. Probably Hardy and his Dictaphone on the way to Detroit, I thought.

To go into the turns I had to move the controls again, and that's when the airplane skidded around. I'd always read about the first solo, about how the pilot feels so alone and exhilarated and in tune with God and the birds. I didn't feel this way. I tried, but I couldn't. I wasn't scared—that wasn't it—but I just didn't feel a sense of flight accomplishment the way you're supposed to. It might have been because of Bob Hardy and Nancy. But maybe it was because I wasn't really flying the airplane except when we went into the turns, and they were sloppy.

All of a sudden Bob Hardy, in his airplane, appeared alongside me. I didn't hear him come up like you'd think I would, because of my motor making so much noise. He was about a hundred feet away off my left wing tip—port wing I guess they call it, like a ship. The way he looked, he hadn't even seen me. He just looked straight ahead. And then, very theatrically, he lifted his right hand, turned slightly and smiled.

I didn't think he'd be smoking. And a cigarette or even a cigar wouldn't make that much smoke. I kept staring at that smoke coming from underneath his plane. There wasn't much of it, but more than a cigar would make. Slowly, he pulled ahead of me, and there was more smoke. I'd been staring at it and I hadn't paid much attention to the way I was flying. I was climbing. I leveled off, trying to steady the teetering horizon, and pushed the throttle as far forward as it would go. That brought me right up alongside of Hardy again.

It was probably an important business date in Detroit, the way he was flying. I couldn't tell if he was dictating or not. When he turned my way again he looked a little surprised. Then he grinned and hunched over the controls. I waved and pointed at the bottom of his plane, at the smoke, but he just waved back and grinned.

I hated to get closer to him. My instructor had always said that I was safe in the air as long as there wasn't another plane up over the state of Michigan. So I hated to get too close, but the dumb guy must have thought I wanted to race him or something. I got as close as I dared. It looked as if our wing tips were almost touching. The smoke was coming out heavier now—no flames or sparks, just a black stream of smoke underneath him, where he couldn't see it. I waved and pointed and yelled above the motor noise, "Smoke! Smoke! Fire! Fire!" But he just grinned and waved back.

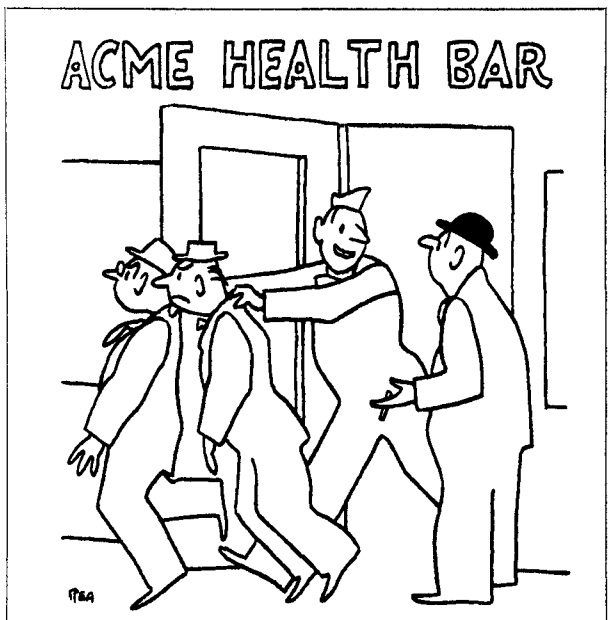
POINTING to my throttle, I moved my hand backward. What I meant him to do was to cut his throttle so he could hear me, but he pushed it the other way, thinking I meant full speed ahead. Finally I took a chance. I cut my motor and screamed at him. He was up higher than I was and I pulled back the stick to get up to him, and then he was in a climbing bank to the left. I followed right along into the climb and yelled out my panel window, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Then all of a sudden I felt my plane fall off on one wing, and there was that good earth, slowly revolving in my windows.

That spinning felt soothing, like a barber massaging your scalp. I half closed my eyes and the old world went around and around. I guess I was waiting for the instructor's voice to wake me out of my dreams, and then suddenly I realized for the first time since the spin that he wasn't there. The earth looked pretty close; I could even see tree branches. It hit me pretty fast that I ought to be doing something about it. I shoved the throttle forward, reversed the controls and the airplane trembled and jumped and shook like my Model A when I go over a washboard road. But she leveled out just as nice as you please. That always surprised me—that just by pushing the throttle and reversing the controls you could make an airplane level out of a spin.

I was only about a hundred and fifty feet above the ground and had lost track of where I was. Then *whoosh*—good old smoking Bob Hardy roared past only a few feet above me. He was really flying a jet with the afterburners turned on.

I climbed and watched him land. He didn't make an approach or circle the field or anything like that. He flew it straight in. As soon as he touched, the fire truck raced out. Even before his plane had stopped rolling he jumped out and started running. Nancy and the instructor ran out from the hangar. The fire truck pulled alongside the smoking airplane and turned the hoses on. I kept circling and sloshing and flying straight with no hands until they had the fire out and had dragged Hardy's airplane toward the hangar.

I cut the motor early to make sure I wouldn't forget, and then I fluttered toward the ground, zigzagging a little like a leaf. I was nice and straight over the runway for a while, but then I started drifting toward the hangar. I pressed the right rudder pedal as the wheels touched the ground, and I guess my foot got caught—because as soon as we hit, the airplane started screeching over toward some houses. I kicked the left rudder pedal and there we were



"Then one thing led to another, until they finally came to words"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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"You mean to say you haven't a miserable little three-cent stamp you can lend me?"

COLLIER'S BRAD ANDERSON

again, screeching and rocking down the runway. Then there was some loud banging and bumping and scraping, and I was upside down in a cloud of dust.

"Darling, darling," Nancy, upside down, ran across the field toward me. She knelt down and peered through the cabin window. "Are you all right?"

I nodded upside down.

Hardy and my instructor opened the panel, unstrapped my safety belt and I rolled out onto the ground. Before I could get up, Nancy was kissing me. "Oh," she kept saying, "I'm so proud of you."

"What?" I said, frowning and kissing at the same time.

The instructor was examining the upside-down airplane. The rudder was smashed and the propeller was twisted.

"I'll pay for it somehow," I said. Nancy was dusting off my shirt.

"Don't worry about that. It's insured," the instructor said. "Sure you're not hurt?"

"I'm all right. Guess I'd better forget about flying, though."

"Not a bad idea," the instructor said.

I FELT a hand on my shoulder and there was Hardy. His seersucker suit was a mess. He looked a little pale. He wasn't grinning. He put out his hand. "Thanks," he said, and I shook his hand.

"At first I thought you wanted to race," he said. "Then when you cut your motor I heard you yell fire. On that bank I looked around and saw the smoke behind me. Just lucky I wasn't far from the field."

He was still shaking my hand. I felt uncomfortable. "That's all right," I said.

"But it really took courage to put your plane into a spin like that."

I frowned at him, then looked at my instructor. He had one hand over his mouth, turning away to hide his laughter.

"I had to dive straight down to keep the flames back," Hardy said. "If you hadn't held that spin to two hundred feet and got out of my way, I would have rammed you."

"That's all right," I said. I seemed to be repeating myself.

Nancy's goat eyes, looking at me, shone with pride.

I held out my hand to my instructor. "Thanks," I said. "You really tried to make me another Rickenbacker."

I said good-by to Hardy. Nancy and I started to walk away from them; then I stopped. "What caused the fire?"

"Short in the Dictaphone wire," Hardy said without a trace of a smile. Behind him my instructor was still grinning about that courageous spinning of mine.

Nancy and I got into the Model A and I started her up, revved the motor and roared away, shifting gears with precision. She sat close to me, looking up at me. "You saved his life," she said.

"Oh, Nancy! I didn't either," I said. "I tried to tell him about the smoke and I did tell him, but that's all. Anyone would have done that." I always ended up telling Nancy the truth. "That spin. Well, I don't know—I just like to spin."

It was as if she hadn't heard. She sat even closer to me and put her head on my shoulder. "Don't worry about not flying," she said. "I should never have let you try."

"I'm just not co-ordinated, like you said."

"I wouldn't love you if you were co-ordinated."

"My feet are too big."

"They're nice, funny feet."

I thought I'd feel bad about Nancy flying and me not, but I don't. Nancy soloed and got her private pilot's license, so she can take me for rides. Sometimes she lets me put the airplane into a spin, the part I like best. We're together constantly—in the air and on the ground.

I've decided to become a naturalist again, which is what I wanted to be before I met Clifford in the fourth grade. Nancy says it's foolish to think that being a naturalist is sissy, because look at all those naturalists who go into the wilds of Africa and photograph lions and elephants without even a gun. It's worked out fine. I'm just not a pilot, that's all. I'm un-co-ordinated and my feet are too big. Naturalists don't have to be co-ordinated and can have big feet.

—BEN MASSELINK

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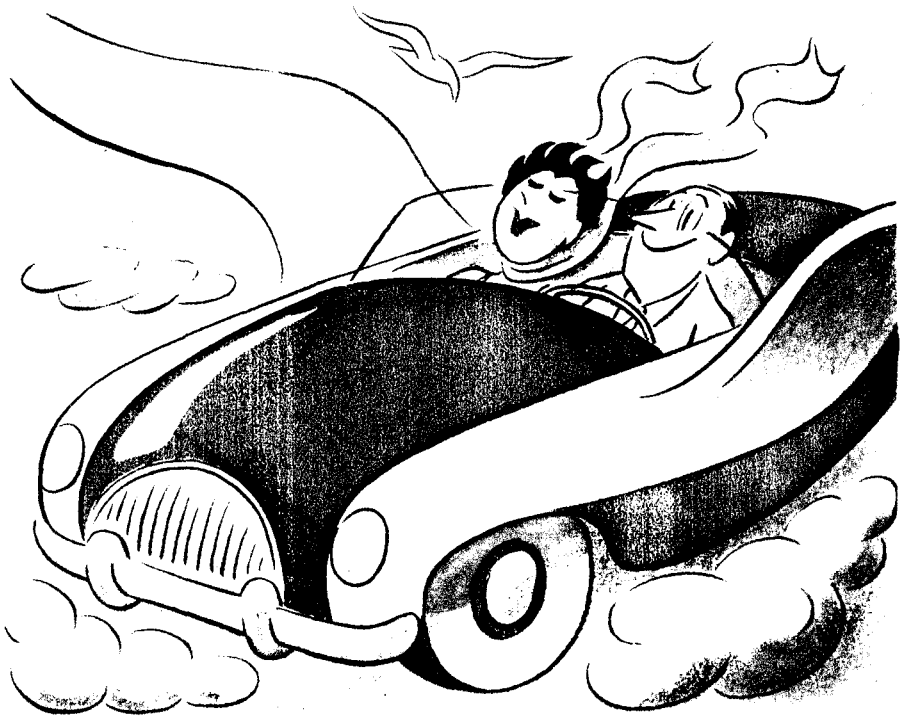

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Where the warriors crossed

Like his ancestors, he had fought well—and lost. But he had to be allowed to keep his courage and his pride

By WILLIAM EASTLAKE

THE young Indian with the gun had entered quietly through the rear door and come up in back of the white trader while the trader was busy writing a letter.

The young Indian's name was Four Thumbs. When he was in the Army the other soldiers had called him Chief Tom Thumb, but his name was Four Thumbs and he had just escaped from a psychiatric cell by killing a man, where he had been placed for killing another.

"You're my prisoner, Captain," the Indian with the gun said.

The trader dropped the pen and began to sort the Navaho pawn until he said finally, and while holding a hunk of turquoise up to the light, "How did you get out?"

"Yesterday about noon I—"

"I know when," the trader said. "The radio is full of it. I expect they're right about that, but how about the other?"

"What other?" the young Indian said, still holding the gun on the trader.

"The other man you killed."

"You believe everything you hear on the radio and read in the papers?"

"Most everything," the trader said. "For example, I believe this."

"You'd believe them before you'd believe a man who served under you—a man, for example, that was in your outfit in France?"

The trader, who wore a cowhide jacket and a bemused expression beneath his worn, wide Stetson, did not remember who had started this "for example" business but he would try and finish it. "For example, yes," he said.

"You think we got started on the habit of killing people over there

As they climbed steadily up the mesa, the Navaho asked calmly: "Captain, you ever hear of an officer being shot in the back by one of his own men?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY

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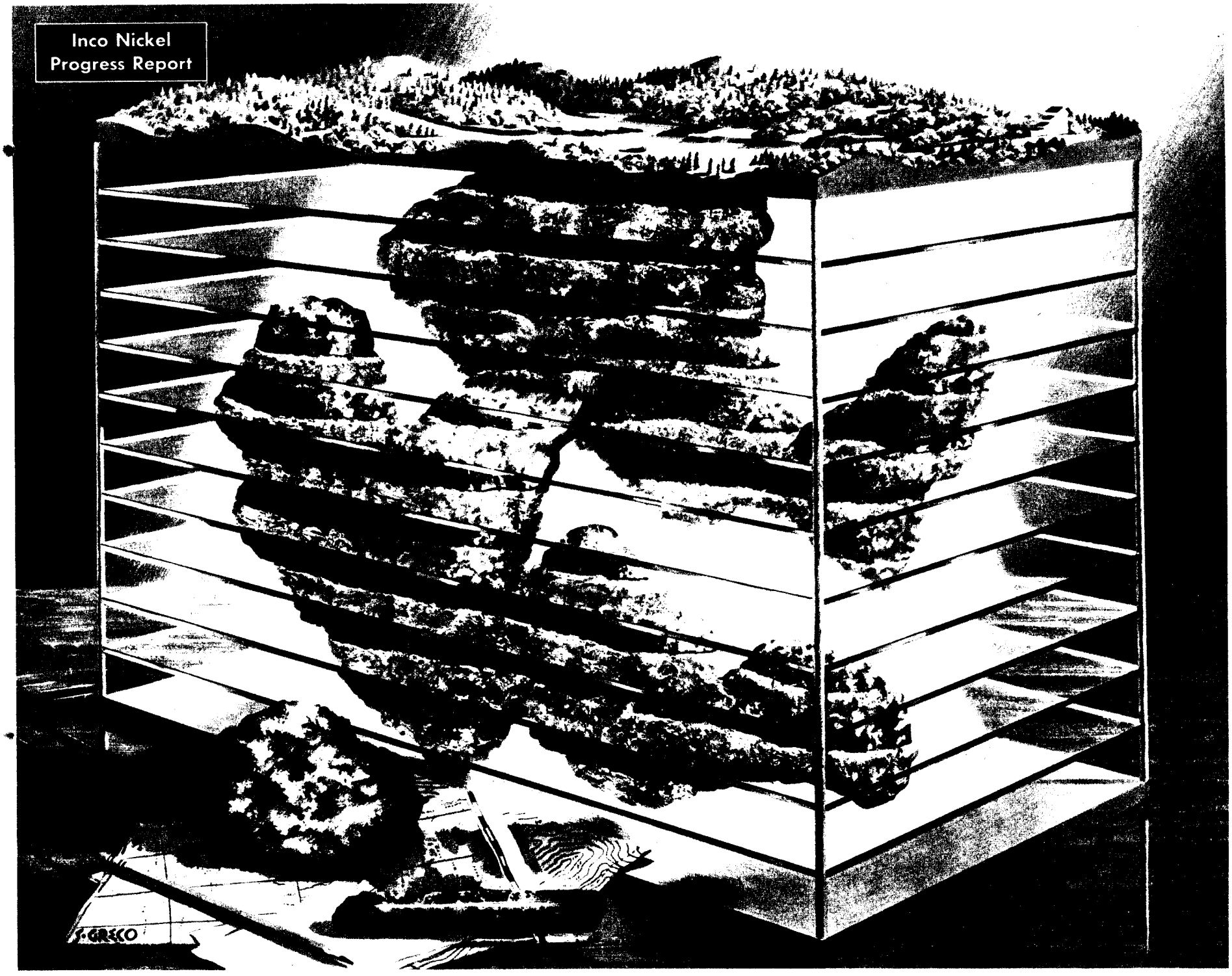

Inco mine engineers construct a 3-dimensional "picture" that shows where new, untapped ore bodies lie, often far *beyond* present workings.

This 3-D model of an ore body shows where future supplies of Inco Nickel will be mined

How do Inco engineers keep a mine "alive"? For one thing, they try to learn as much as possible about the location of ore for the future.

New levels—new exploring

As soon as they open up *new* levels, the engineers start up exploratory drilling, to probe and "feel" in many directions.

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Hundreds and hundreds of ore samples

These ore samples enable International Nickel engineers to build small models of their mines' ore bodies. So they know where each ore body lies, how large it is, and of what grade.

They know, as well, how to get that ore out of the ground in the safest, most sensible, most economical way possible – know what shafts may have to be sunk, what tunnels and drifts to drive. Know, in a word, how to reach and mine every possible ton of usable ore. And, having mined it, how to extract every possible pound of useful metal.

Reserves—output—at new highs

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"Mining for Nickel," color film, is loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 224e, New York 5, N.Y.

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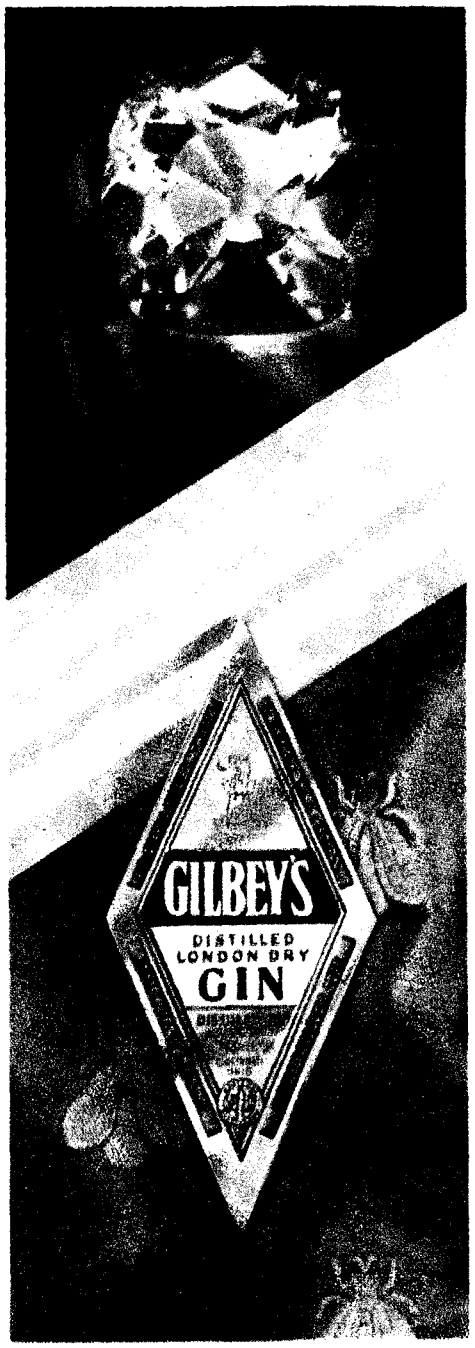

The inside story of two prized diamonds

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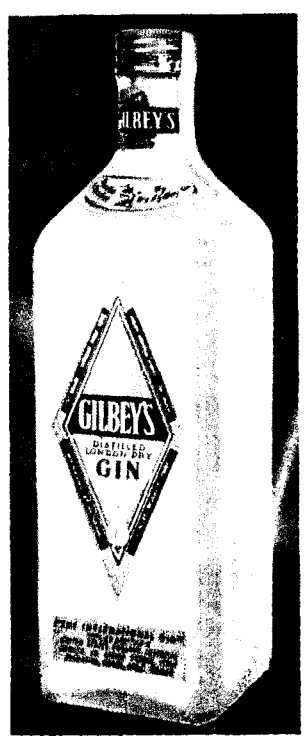

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and we keep it up back here? We got a habit?"

"*You* have," the trader said.

The young Indian grabbed the pistol he was carrying by the wrong end in his wrong hand and walked over to the front door and locked it as he had already locked the back. As he walked back toward the trader he dropped the gun in his pocket. "You wouldn't turn me in," he said.

"Can't do anything else," the trader said. "Unless you leave."

"I got no place to leave to, Captain."

The trader went back to sorting the pawn.

"I came back to this part of the reservation because . . ." The young Indian hesitated. He had on a white man's blue serge coat that fitted as though it had been taken at the point of a gun. "Listen," he said. "I knew you'd help me. You always have."

"Always have," the trader repeated and he looked at the young Indian now.

"Yes. That patrol you organized got through just in time. Cut off for six days. Fought off a whole unit for six days. But I couldn't have lasted a minute longer. You got through with relief just in time."

"I got through one day too late. I'm sorry," the trader said.

AND he thought: When I got there he was all that was left of his outfit. He was the only one alive, if you can call what he was "alive." He was giving orders to a platoon of men that did not exist any more. He was giving all the orders and carrying all the orders out. It must have been like that for his forefathers, who defended this final mesa here against the whites—like them, he did not know how to say "surrender." When his outfit was surrounded in France, he too did not know how to say the word. He only knew that the mesa—this position somewhere on the flank of Bastogne—must be held. He did not know that his mind must be held also; and, after the sixth day of the enemy break-through, after six days of bludgeoning artillery fire and no food or water, he did not notice that his mind had deserted the action and left his body all alone defending the position.

"I got through one day, maybe two days, too late. I'm sorry," the trader said.

"What? Are you crazy?" Four Thumbs said quickly. "Look, you're not crazy, are you?" This was a favorite word of Four Thumbs for a long time now. Lots of people were crazy. "Look, Captain. I'm here. Feel me. You got through just in time."

"One, maybe two days late," the trader said, but he was not talking to Four Thumbs now. He was looking out the window. There was a long silence, with some horse noises coming through from the heavy piñon-log corral on the south side of the post. The silence made the gentle horse noises very loud.

THE young Indian had both hands jammed into some white victim's blue serge coat, and he stared at the trader as though it were the trader's move, as though the trader had the gun. The young Indian very much had the gun. It made an awful bulge in the blue serge coat.

"For an Indian a quiet padded cell is no place to die," Four Thumbs said finally.

The trader continued to look out the window at the endless country of the Navaho. Actually it was less endless even than the trader's people had promised in the Treaty of 1865, but the trader thought it had the beauty of endlessness with the sudden violent-colored mesas you could always see beyond. The big blue spaces make the Navaho country a part of everyone and of everything else, the trader thought. From here you feel you are almost there. It might make a passing safe and easy—almost acceptable.

"A quiet padded cell is a hell of a place for anyone to die," the trader answered, still watching the country.

"Then you'll hide me?" Four Thumbs asked.

"I don't know yet," the trader said, turning, looking at the young Indian. "Anyway, give me the gun."

Four Thumbs gave him the gun, although he had some trouble locating it. He was used to being armed with an Army Garand rifle. The trader walked around and put the gun beneath the counter in a case alongside the Navaho people's pawn.

Someone tried the door now. The young Indian felt for his gun. "You better let him in," the trader said.

The Indian continued to feel for his gun in the white man's too-big blue coat. He looked worried.

"You're back in my outfit. You've got to take orders," the trader said.

"I really appreciate your meeting me at the bus with the umbrella"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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"I take all the responsibility, give all the orders around here."

The young Indian stiffened. "Yes, Captain."

"Please open the door."

"Yes, Captain." And the young Indian opened the door and let in Rabbit Stockings.

"Why, really, have you heard the news?" the blue-Levied and yellow-booted Indian called Rabbit Stockings said to the trader. "That psycho from Window Rock broke out, killed another man and ditched his car in the Chewilli. They figure he's headed this way."

RABBIT STOCKINGS had begun his talk in Navaho and then switched to English when he noticed the other Indian. There is no damage in impressing another Indian. "We better be ready," he said.

"We are ready," the trader said. "Rabbit Stockings, I want you to meet One-Of-Us. One-Of-Us, I want you to meet Rabbit Stockings."

The young Indian known as Four Thumbs, who had just had his name changed to One-Of-Us, *ya-tayed* Rabbit Stockings pleasantly and Rabbit Stockings *ya-tayed* One-Of-Us pleasantly too.

"If he was headed this way I could begin to put my knowledge into motion," Rabbit Stockings said. Rabbit Stockings was not referring to any mere doctorate degree; Rabbit Stockings had taken a special FBI course by mail. The trader figured that this was the knowledge Rabbit Stockings was going to put in motion, although the Indian had also taken a bodybuilding course, a pedicure course, an airplane-diesel-engine course and another one the government had stopped coming through the mails. But maybe, the trader thought, he is going to put the airplane-diesel-engine course into motion; a Navaho will fool you.

"One-Of-Us," Rabbit Stockings said, "I am about to take my final exams! I think I'll bone up. Would you care to take a look at some of the latest crime-stopper bulletins?"

"No," Four Thumbs said.

The trader was watching out the window; someone in a uniform was coming up the trail.

"I think, One-Of-Us, you had better go with Rabbit Stockings," the trader said to Four Thumbs.

"Yes, Captain," Four Thumbs said, and he left with Rabbit Stockings for a secret place where all of the FBI and airplane-diesel-engine knowledge was hidden from the other Indians.

The trader was watching Arturo Trujillo—the state trooper who was responsible for the one hundred and fifty miles between Bernalillo and Aztec—get out of old man Gurry's pickup truck. He had been forced to leave his red-flashing, black-and-white sedan—with a radio that was in touch with headquarters in Sante Fe—at a garage in town.

The state did not want to buy him a new front end for a red-flashing, black-and-white sedan every time he had to chase an Indian.

Old man Gurry stayed outside in the pickup while the state trooper came over to the door of the trading post. The trader let him in.

"George," the state trooper said, walking over where the tobacco was kept, "we got Indian trouble. How about a pack of cigarettes and a bar of candy?"

"All right," the trader said, taking them out.

"Just a little bit. I want to run out about eleven o'clock tonight"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

"I'm supposed to be watching my figure," the trooper said.

"How's the wife?" the trader asked.

"She's watching her figure," said the trooper.

"And Gurry's boy, is he still watching her figure?"

"Not any more, he isn't," the trooper said. He tried to toss the candy wrapper into an Indian basket and missed. "Where you hiding that Indian?" The trooper put both blue-uniformed elbows on the counter and studied the trader.

"That's why I pay my taxes," the trader said, "to pay you to find out where they hide."

"In New Mexico they don't collect much taxes," the trooper said, still studying the trader. "We need your help."

"Don't ask me any questions," the trader said, taking up a pencil and tapping it on the pawn counter. "Don't ask me any questions, Arturo."

"Okay," the trooper said. "But don't make me look bad."

THE trader walked to the window and looked out at the country, still thinking. "Can you imagine an Indian dying in a quiet padded cell a billion times removed from everything?" he asked.

"I don't like it," the trooper said. "But don't make me look bad. Promise me you won't make me look bad."

The trader went back to the counter. "All right," he said. "If you don't want to be a hero."

"I don't want to be a hero," the trooper said. "It's tough enough with the wife."

"You have a very attractive wife," the trader said. "Take her some of this candy." He put a stack of candy bars in front of the trooper. The trooper put them in his pocket, looking puzzled.

"All this time I never suspected you," the trooper said.

"You should spend more time at home, Arturo," the trader said.

"I know," the trooper said. "That's where I'm going now. But first I have to take a look around. I got to make a report. A citizen, old man Gurry, is outside. I got to take a look around and make a report."

"Just so it's only for a report," the trader said.

"Listen," the trooper said, standing erect now, his pockets bulging with the candy bars, "you got sixty thousand Indians around here. You think I want to be a hero with those kind of odds?"

"All right," the trader said. "I'll get someone to show you around for the report. Is that citizen still watching?"

"Yes," the trooper said, looking at old man Gurry through the window.

"Then I'll get someone to show you around for the report."

"Thank you. Take care of me when I'm gone too," the trooper said, and he took out one of his beautiful wife's candy bars and began to eat it.

Two Indians entered, named Felix Mount Royal and Lord Rundle. They had two bags of turquoise-and-silver jewelry that they wanted to pawn. They wanted to hang onto their lamb crop a while yet because the present price interested but did not concern them. Try sometime to bargain with a Navaho for his sheep and win something. With his wife's jewelry, the trader knew, the Navaho has a lot of staying power.

The two Indians, Felix Mount Royal and Lord Rundle, did not much like the looks of the policeman so they did not open their bags of jewelry yet. With the trader, George Bowman, listening, they talked to each other in low Navaho about this unexpected situation. Finally, between them, and with no help from the audience, they decided on one answer, which took the form of a question. Coming up to George Bowman and planting their bags of jewelry on the counter they asked in classical Navaho, *"Sansi,* what in the hell is the cop doing here?"

"He's perfectly safe," the trader said. "He's got to make a report. We don't want to make him look bad."

THE two Navahos, still without opening their bags of jewelry, had a short conference in Indian about this before they asked, *"Sansi,* we don't want to be rude, but what is it he doesn't want to look bad about?"

"That psycho boy, Four Thumbs, who was in my outfit during the war and came back to the States and killed two extra white men during the peace. They think he escaped into this officer's territory. They want to put him back in the padded cell."

The two Navahos thought about this for a while without consulting each other. Then Lord Rundle said in Navaho, "Why, really, *Sansi,* what can we do not to help?"

"Why, really, not to help," George Bowman answered in their own language, "go find me a boy named One-Of-Us, who is with Rabbit Stockings, so he can show this officer around so this officer can make out a report and not look so bad that they will send someone else who is thinking in terms of heroic actions, or worse—someone who is sincere."

"Good. As you say, we will find the boy and do our very best not to help, and if this young gentleman is not sincere I guess it's safe to leave our jewelry here on the counter."

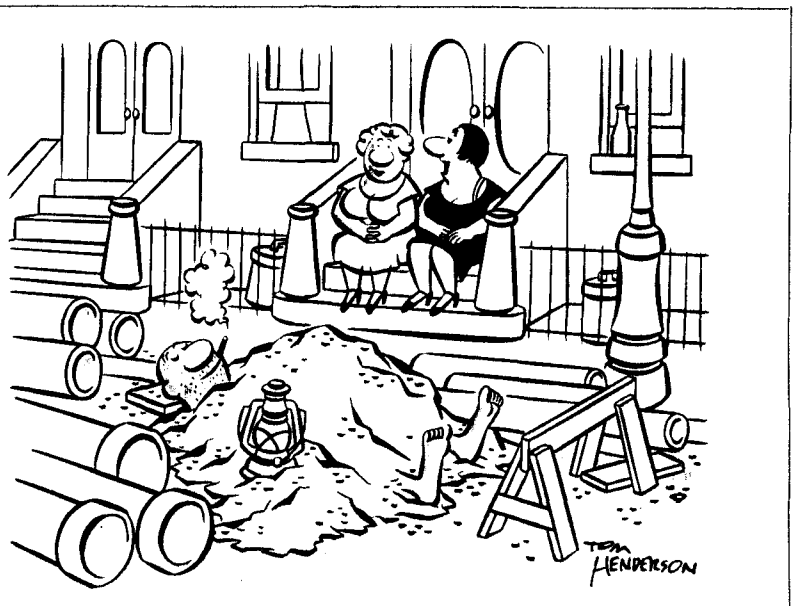
The trader told them where Rabbit Stockings' FBI and airplane-diesel secret hiding place was and they left.

"I don't think they trust me," the young Spanish trooper said between bites on his beautiful wife's candy.

"They don't trust people who are what they call 'sincere.' They feel their Navaho nation has been cheated out of almost all it ever owned by those who are sincere."

The trooper looked confused and opened another candy bar, tossing the wrapper at the Indian basket and hitting it this time. "Just don't make me look bad," he said. . . .

Up in the rincon in the Large Canyon—where a big cavity had been caused by the loss of a large tree of petrified wood that had embedded itself in the sandstone sixty million years ago and had recently departed—Rabbit Stockings and One-Of-Us had now more recently arrived. They had to go back to the roots, which had made a large room deep within the Eocene sandstone, through a five-foot-wide, fifty-foot-long tunnel caused by the weathering out of the very old and tropic trunk. Getting up the cliff they had to climb over the silica-stone remains of the actual tree. The trader had explained about all this to the Navaho people, and the Indians



"Out where we used to live he was at the beach every Sunday"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

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pretended to believe him. "Of course, *Sansi.* What else, *Sansi?*" All white men had a few beads missing.

"It's dark in here," One-Of-Us said, and Rabbit Stockings lighted an FBI bulletin to find his cache of candles. He lighted a candle then and sat it on one of the fragments of the old tree.

"Sixty million years old," Rabbit Stockings said.

"Who's crazy now?" One-Of-Us said.

"You want to be a dumb Indian all your life? Don't you want to have a white man's diploma in something?"

"No, because I'm not crazy," One-Of-Us said.

"I just can't believe that one does not seek to better oneself," Rabbit Stockings said slowly and as though he had read it someplace.

"Listen, you're being taken in by a bunch of white con artists. Who's crazy now?"

Rabbit Stockings looked hurt and he looked down at the sheaf of correspondence courses he held. "Well," Rabbit Stockings said, "maybe all of us are a little bit crazy, but most of us don't hurt other people."

Four Thumbs began to tense up. He began to work his mouth and a bit of saliva ran down that he did not wipe off. It was cold in the cave but he was sweating. "I could kill you with *Sansi's* hunk of phony tree. I could smash your crazy head." He lifted a heavy chunk of the petrified wood.

"Hokka-shai." Lord Rundle said "thank you" in Navaho as he took the chunk that was poised over Rabbit Stockings' head. "Interesting," Lord Rundle said, examining it in the dim light. "But *Sansi's* sixty million years —it's difficult even for an Indian to believe."

"*Sansi's* crazy," One-Of-Us said.

"Of course," Lord Rundle said.

"You just saved my life," Rabbit Stockings said. He had been too shocked to talk until now.

"He's crazy too," One-Of-Us said.

"Of course," Lord Rundle said. He turned the heavy, silica-glistening wood in his hand, the candle catching all the highlights. "But you'd better come back to the post. You are One-Of-Us, are you not?"

"No. Four Thumbs."

"Come anyway," Lord Rundle said.

BACK at the post the state trooper was trying to build a pyramid on the counter with candy bars. The trader was watching; and the Navaho women, sitting on the floor with their babies stacked along the counter in cradle boards, had been sucking kola but now they were holding their breath while the trooper tried to get the final candy bar on the pyramid.

"Don't bother me," the trooper said tensely, without looking up as the Indians entered.

The Navahos from the cave took places along the counter quietly. The leather-strapped Indian babies stacked along the base of the counter in their cradle boards could not see the pyramid that was being built, but they could see the tense faces of their fathers who watched.

"Who's crazy now?" One-Of-Us said.

The pyramid collapsed. Just as the final candy bar was about to be placed deftly by the state trooper to complete the impossible structure, One-Of-Us spoke and everything collapsed.

The trooper turned suddenly on the Navahos along the counter. "Who said that?" he asked tightly.

"I did," One-Of-Us said. "I think you're crazy."

The trooper stared at the Navaho hard and One-Of-Us stared hard at the trooper. The trooper lowered his eyes. "Maybe. I don't know. I was just having some fun."

"They tell me I'm the man who is supposed to show you around," One-Of-Us said.

"Don't bother," the trooper said, still watching the floor. "I've seen plenty." He said to the trader, "I've been here long enough to make a report. I think that's old man Gurry pressing the horn."

It was old man Gurry pressing the horn. The trooper left, but not before saying to the trader from the door, "Don't forget what you promised."

"One-Of-Us," the trader said when the door had closed, "I promised him that you would not be caught by somebody else on his territory and that you would always be a good soldier and not cause any more trouble, so you would not die in a padded cell. I promised him that you would remain here and be a good soldier. I sent for you to show him around so you would not be discovered hiding."

"Yes, Captain." One-Of-Us stiffened to attention.

"Rabbit Stockings will take you back to the cave, where you will remain until it is safe to take a hogan."

"Yes, Captain."

The door opened again and One-Of-Us grabbed quickly at the trooper's gun, which was on the counter next to the candy where the trooper had laid it down and forgotten it. One-Of-Us fired two shots quickly at the crazy enemy before the trader yelled, "Cease fire!" The trooper went down on one knee at the door. The Indians picked up the trooper, who was bleeding from the thigh, and carried him out toward Gurry's pickup.

"I came back for—" The trooper was shocked and couldn't complete the sentence.

They got him into the front of the pickup and Gurry started her up. "I think you can make it back all right. How do you feel?" old man Gurry said.

The trooper was feeling better now and felt he could finish his sentence. "—back for the candy," he said.

THE trader had taken Four Thumbs outside. "I think you and I had better go up on the mesa," he said.

"Yes, Captain. But I thought I was going back to the cave."

"A new situation has arisen since then. I must give new orders."

"Yes, Captain."

When they had climbed steadily up the mesa for fifteen minutes the trader remembered that Four Thumbs, who was following, still had the gun. Never mind. Let him take it with him like a good soldier. He heard Four Thumbs come up alongside him now.

"Captain."

"Yes, Chief?"

"I've still got the gun."

"On a patrol you always need a gun."

They were winding up the high sheer mesa, along a path that had been hacked out by Four Thumbs' forefathers one hundred years ago. By rolling boulders down, the old Indians had felt they could keep the whites away forever. They almost did, but, defending this final fort, the top of this dry mesa, they ran out of water. No one quit. They were all still up there.

Here, on one side of the narrow rock path, was a slick wall of deep-colored sandstone reaching to the top of the high mesa; and on the other side was a drop-off of almost six hundred feet to the desert rocks. Soon, on the next switchback, they would be in the clouds, and a fall would seem to be into infinity.

The trader felt the young Indian come up on him again, as close as he could get, about as close as a small dog will follow on the heels of its master.

"Captain."

"Yes, Chief?"

"You ever hear of an officer being shot in the back by one of his own men?"

The trader wanted to stop and rest now—he was sweating and the sweat was not warm—but he knew he must go on. They had made the switchback, and soon they would be in the clouds. The trader was using his handkerchief, and now he put it back in the breast pocket of his cowhide jacket before he answered. "Yes, Chief," he said. "We all hear stories like that in back of the lines. Up front—well, I suppose it depends on what kind of a leader a man is."

The trader steadied himself now. The path was getting very narrow as they entered the white clouds.

"He takes his chances," the trader said. "And listen . . ." There was a big silence within the clouds as the Indian listened. "When a soldier comes back and begins to kill his own outfit and there is nothing that anyone at all can do to help him, then the soldier himself—in one of those moments when his mind comes back to him—must think of some way of saving the outfit he is destroying. But the command decision is with you," the trader said. "We are cut off from everything and you can do with the rest of us what you will. You've got the gun."

Now the trader felt suddenly that the Indian was no longer with him. And then he heard a voice to his left say quietly, "Yes, Captain."

The trader froze, the gray mist swirling around him. There was nothing on all sides except the steady, long shriek of an Indian falling to eternity.

THE next day at the post Rabbit Stockings was seated on a high stool alongside the counter. He had all the airplane-diesel-engine books under him on the stool so that he could reach the burial prayer stick he was working on. He was looking in the corner now where the trader always kept his rifle.

"That's the first time I never saw your rifle in that corner," said Rabbit Stockings.

"And you never will again," said the trader.

"Isn't it kind of primitive," Rabbit Stockings said, "burying a rifle with a man? That was a valuable gun."

"My people believe the man was much more valuable," the trader said. "And we respect your ancient customs."

"Thank you and thank your people," Rabbit Stockings said. "It must have been quite a climb, carrying that body to the top of the mesa."

"That's the way I figured he would have wanted it—back up there with the other warriors."

"Those old people," Rabbit Stockings said, "cut off up there without water, must have gone crazy before they died."

"Yes," the trader said. "No one could get through until it was too late."

"But they stuck it out when they could have quit," Rabbit Stockings said.

"Indeed they did," the trader said. "And he was their son."

Both of them looked out through the adobe- and log-rimmed window at the blue mesa that concealed the bones of the very brave old people—at the bright blue-and-orange-banded and yellow-lensed mesa that in turn was concealed now within the swirling purple and red refractions of a dying sun, at the long mesa within the mirror cloud which shot the whole sky above the great desert with a clear and gaudy light.

When you had to go, neither the white trader nor Rabbit Stockings could think of a better, more altogether fitting and proper place to make it across. —WILLIAM EASTLAKE

BUTCH

"Is it all right if I just go in to swipe something?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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SAMPLERS WITH A SMILE

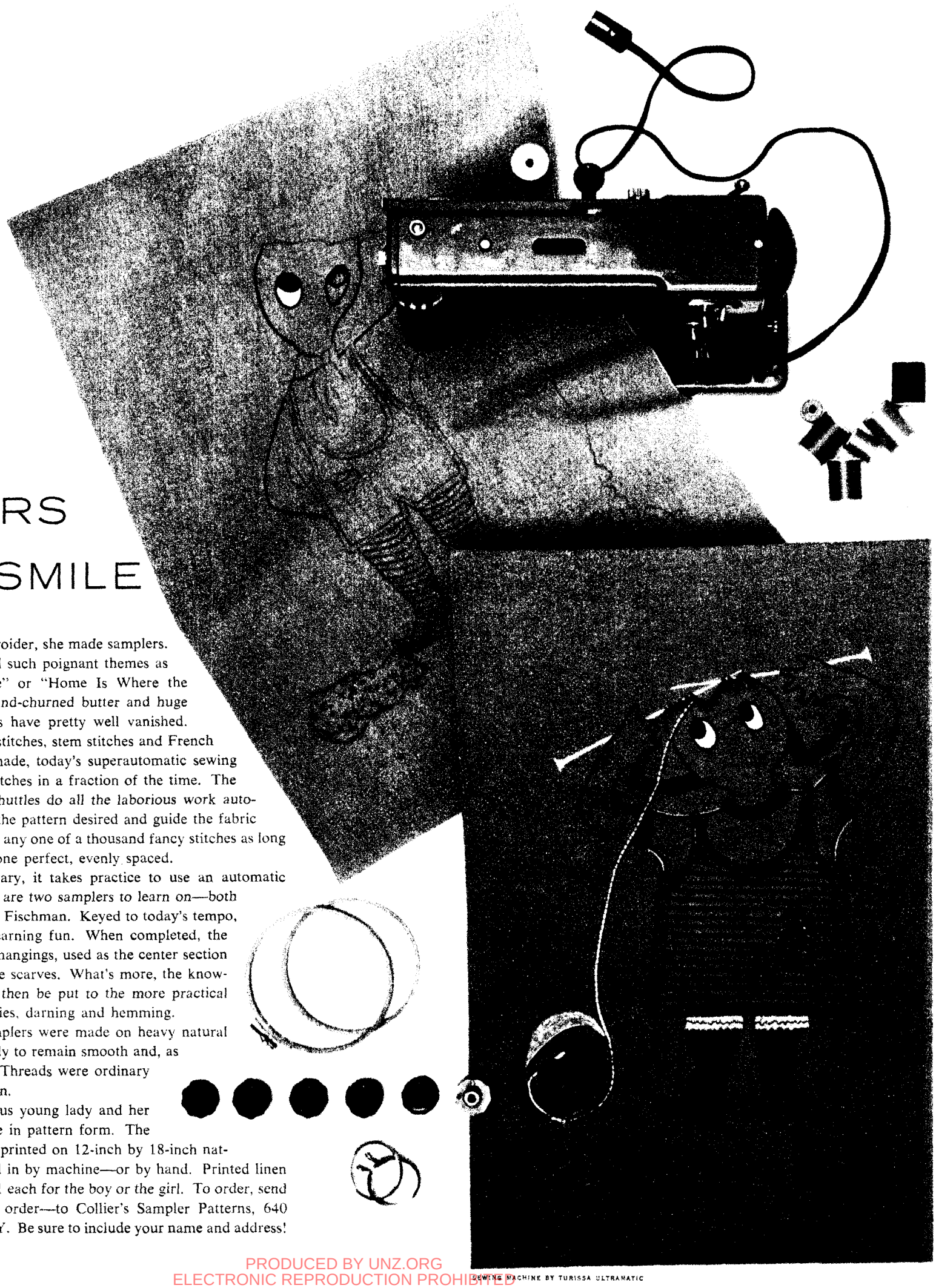
When Grandma learned to embroider, she made samplers. These little gems usually echoed such poignant themes as "God Bless Our Happy Home" or "Home Is Where the Heart Is." Like hoop skirts, hand-churned butter and huge 27-course dinners, such niceties have pretty well vanished.

Replacing the intricate cable stitches, stem stitches and French knots Grandma painstakingly made, today's superautomatic sewing machines zip through similar stitches in a fraction of the time. The intricate innards of cams and shuttles do all the laborious work automatically. Set the machine for the pattern desired and guide the fabric through. The machine will form any one of a thousand fancy stitches as long as the thread holds out—each one perfect, evenly spaced.

Publicity blurbs to the contrary, it takes practice to use an automatic machine properly. And so here are two samplers to learn on—both designed by Victoria and Walter Fischman. Keyed to today's tempo, this whimsical pair make the learning fun. When completed, the samplers can be framed as wall hangings, used as the center section of bedspreads or made into table scarves. What's more, the know-how of using the machine can then be put to the more practical tasks of making dresses, draperies, darning and hemming.

The originals of Collier's samplers were made on heavy natural linen—a fabric with enough body to remain smooth and, as they say, suitable for framing. Threads were ordinary color-fast sewing-machine cotton.

Both samplers—the industrious young lady and her unraveling friend—are available in pattern form. The detailed outlines are silk-screen printed on 12-inch by 18-inch natural linen. Stitches can be filled in by machine—or by hand. Printed linen plus complete instructions are $1 each for the boy or the girl. To order, send $1 for each—check or money order—to Collier's Sampler Patterns, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Be sure to include your name and address!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF

SEWING MACHINE BY TURISSA ULTRAMATIC

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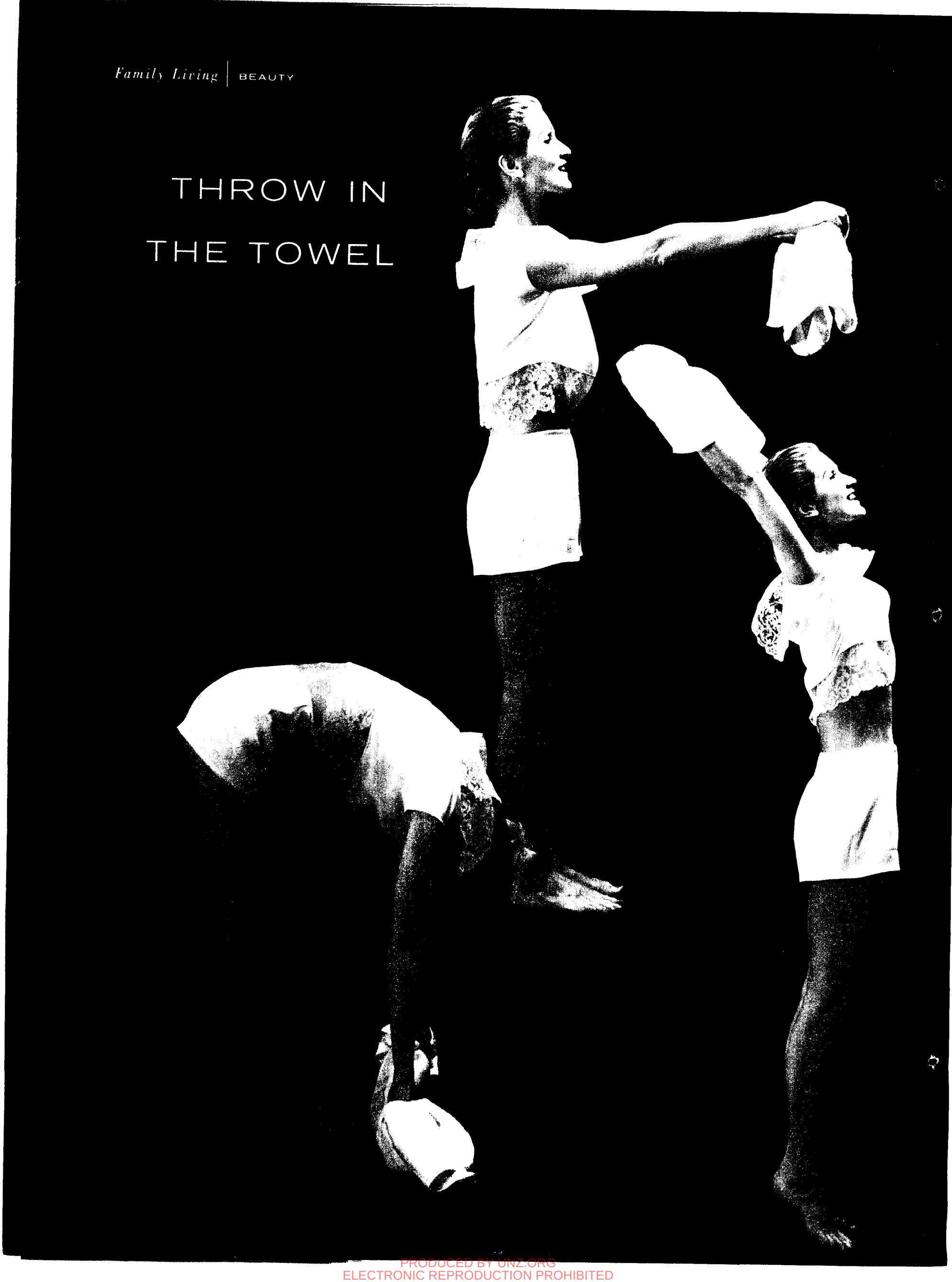
THROW IN THE TOWEL



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This year's fair-lady fashions place a premium on the wanly elegant look.

To help the robust, rounded, typical American female look long, boneless and helplessly genteel,

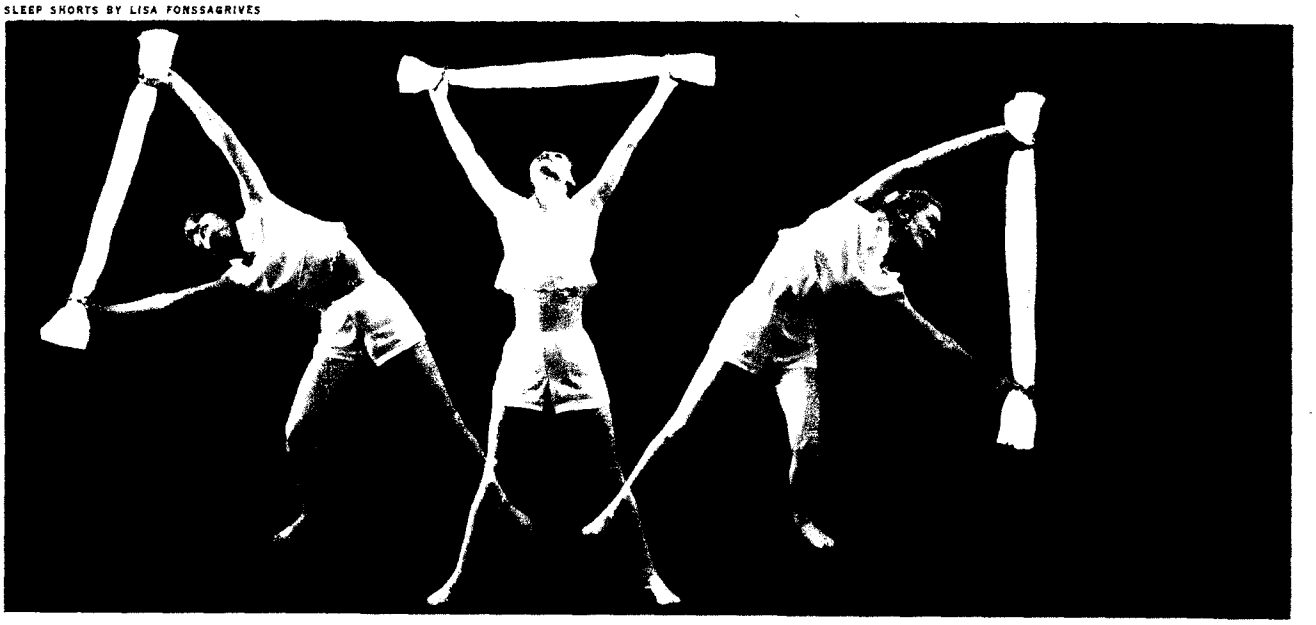
Collier's throws in four exercises with a towel—developed by Nicholas Kounovsky,

the noted authority on figure control. Mr. Kounovsky, an understanding man,

suggests practice in private (no husband around) for a while, until you limber up.

If hubby peeks, wait for him to stop laughing and hand him the towel—to wipe away his tears

SLEEP SHORTS BY LISA FONSSAGRIVES

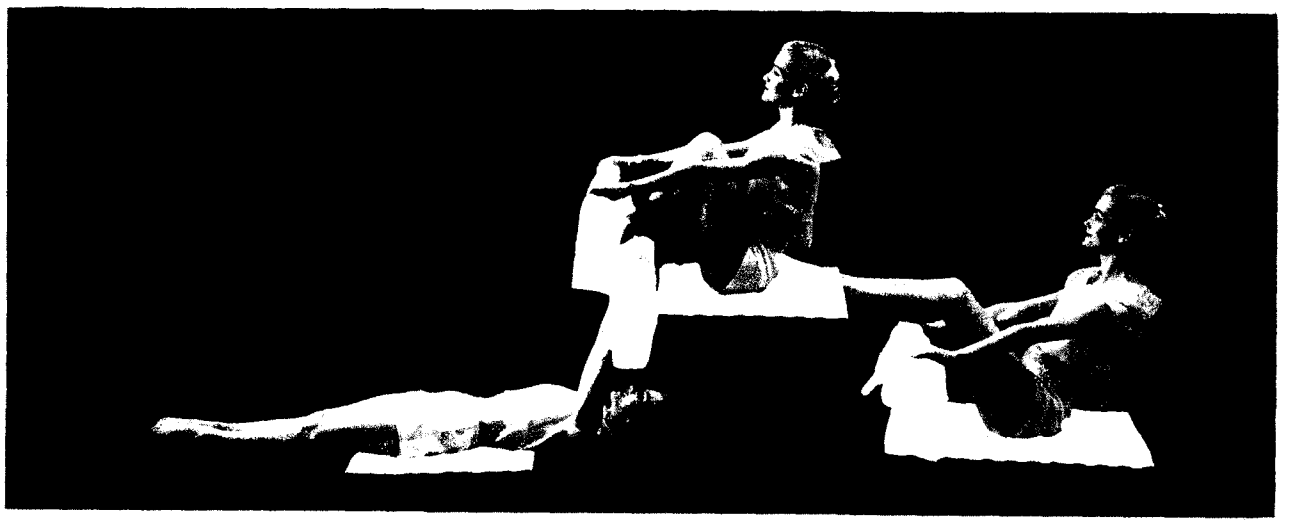


FOR THAT "LONG" LOOK

At left: For a supple languid body, stretch bath towel at shoulder height. With feet together, knees straight, bend and touch towel to floor close to toes. Swoop up and back, rising on toes. Don't strain if floor seems far away at first

FOR A WILLOWY WAIST

Stretch and sway for willowy, flexible middle. Hold towel taut above head; stand with legs apart. Glide to the side until knee is deeply bent; keep head back. Swoop in a forward semicircle toward the other side. Return to standing position. Repeat three times at first. As muscles strengthen, you can do this oftener



FOR NARROW HIPS

Lie on a towel mat, full length, with legs together and straight, toes pointed. Hold arms straight up, grasping towel. Sit up and bend knees; keep toes pointed and off floor, arms stretched out. Tilt back, extend legs out over towel. Repeat. You may topple the first few times but do not despair. As you practice, you'll find your muscles and balance working smoothly. To quote Mr. Kounovsky: "You'll be awkward at first—all my pupils are. Fluid grace can come only with practice"

FOR ALL-OVER GRACE

This one stretches your muscles, leaves you sinuous as a cat. Bend forward from the hips; hold towel taut and wide. Step forward first with left foot, twisting body to the right. Slowly raise the right arm, straighten to standing position. With continuous motion, pivot the shoulders and then lean forward. When this is mastered, complete a figure eight by reversing to original position. Repeat with the right foot. The towel? It's a Martex lemon stripe, $2 for the bath size

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF

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 continued from page 19

"First and foremost," Gen. Quesada says, "the members of the Joint Chiefs should cease to wear two hats"

active service—as a matter of fact, I now find much the same thing in civilian life.

Both civilian and military leaders have been making determined efforts to cut down the investment in men and equipment. Yet the enormous pressure for more of everything still exists, and in turn feeds the built-in rivalry between the services, because they are in constant competition for available men, money and equipment. The pressure and the rivalry will always exist as long as human beings are human beings. The trouble now is that both the investment and the rivalry are *uncontrolled*, or at best only partially controlled.

There is just one way they can be brought under control. This is by bringing to bear a continuous, informed, wise, but, where necessary, downright merciless counterpressure from above. This counterpressure does not now exist, and under our present two-hat defense structure, it *cannot* exist.

In theory, really effective counterpressure could come from only four sources: from the military chiefs of each service; from the Joint Chiefs; from the civilian authority in the executive branch; and from the Congress.

In practice, it cannot come from the military chief of each service. In the first place, there is the special relationship between any commander and his command. Give a man a command, and the old and still good rule of "loyalty from the bottom up and the top down" comes into play. In the eyes of a commander, nothing on earth is too good for his command, and any criticism or attempted interference from forces outside the direct chain of command is to be resisted to the death.

In the second place, all the immense pressure from below within each service is fiercely focused on its chief. He is top man of his service, but it is also true that his service is on top of him. Almost every hour he hears pleas, often heartfelt and sincere, often from fellow officers whom he greatly respects, for more men or more money or more important missions. He cannot continually resist these demands. Instead, in the nature of things, he becomes the chief spokesman of the special interests of his particular service, and therefore cannot possibly supply the needed counterpressure.

THE COUNTERPRESSURE *ought* to come from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But it does not, and for the very simple reason that the voting members of the Joint Chiefs are *also* the chiefs of the services. It is actually when they are acting as members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that they can most effectively defend the special interests of their individual service.

What usually happens is that each service chief's subordinates—the "Indians," as they are called in the Pentagon—prepare for their chief a detailed memorandum before each scheduled meeting of the Joint Chiefs. In these memorandums, the "Indians" astutely anticipate the arguments of the other two service chiefs, and prepare for their own chief well-buttressed counterarguments. It has been said that the Joint Chiefs work really successfully together only when they have been called into emergency session, and the "Indians" have not had time to do their work.

The civilians—the Secretary of Defense and the secretaries of the three services—cannot apply the necessary counterpressure either. Although some civilians in the Defense Department have served brilliantly, their jobs are almost impossibly difficult. It takes any civilian a long time and back-breaking work to find out what his job really is; to find out, if you will, where the bodies are buried.

Simply because he often does not know where the bodies are buried, and also because he often cannot honestly overrule the judgment of a professional military man, the civilian secretary of each service must, and almost always does, take the advice of his Chief of Staff. As for the Secretary of Defense, he is rather in the position of a corps commander whose power is limited to refereeing the disagreements between his three division commanders.

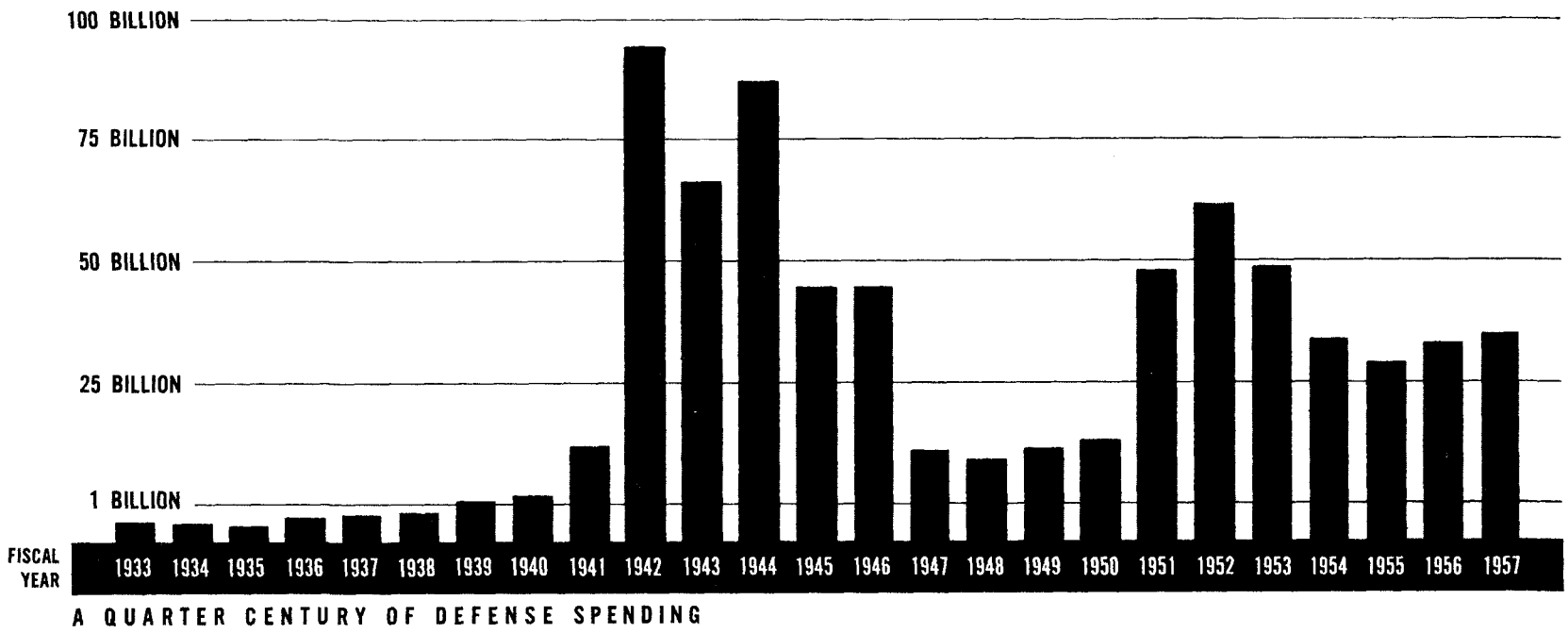
Congress is, of course, the final theoretical source of counterpressure. But although there are real experts on defense matters on the Senate and House Armed Services Committees, it would be unfair to expect most members of Congress to transform themselves into defense experts overnight. Because defense matters are so complicated and difficult, Congress tends to magnify the minor symptoms of the disease, while ignoring the disease itself. Yet out of a vague, worried awareness that the disease exists, Congress sometimes ends up voting blanket reductions in defense expenditures—in the long run the most expensive way of reducing defense costs.

IN SHORT, THERE IS NOT now a really effective, continuous counterpressure on the services from any source. The reason is simple: the present system is based on a bad principle—the two-hat principle. The defense structure should be changed, so that it will rest squarely on the principle of a single, *national* responsibility.

One way to do this has been proposed by General Carl Spaatz, former Air Secretary Thomas Finletter and others. This is to abolish, once and for all, the three services, and to combine them in a single service, wearing one uniform, commanded by a single chief of staff reporting to the Secretary of Defense and the President. In theory, this is the correct solution, and I hope and believe that we will come to it within a decade. But I do not think it is feasible for the immediate future.

Such a change in our defense structure would be genuinely revolutionary. For their own special reasons, the Army, Navy and Air Force would resist it to the death, and the Marines perhaps most bitterly of all. As a practical matter, the turmoil which such a revolutionary change would create would weaken our defenses, perhaps for years. And I do not think we can afford at this time to take such a risk. We must first create an environment for the single-service one-uniform system. Under our current defense setup, with the voting members of the Joint Chiefs also responsible to their own services, such an atmosphere is out of the question.

Instead, a simpler, more evolutionary, but still basic change in our defense structure should first be adopted. First and foremost, the members of the Joint Chiefs should cease to wear two hats. They should wear one hat only —a national hat. I mean this literally as well as figuratively. When an officer is made a member of the Joint Chiefs he should put away his service uni-



A QUARTER CENTURY OF DEFENSE SPENDING

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UNITED PRESS

...resent "two-hat" Chiefs of Staff review U.S. global strategy. From the ...hief of Naval Operations Adm. Arleigh Burke, Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. Nathan Twining, Chairman Adm. Arthur Radford, Army Chief of Staff Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, with Marine Commandant Gen. Randolph McC. Pate

...orever, and wear a new, national uniform without service insignia.

He must be separated absolutely from any direct responsibility toward a single service. And it should be crystal-clear that he is never to return to his former service. Should the officer be young enough for further usefulness in the future, an available opportunity would be a post as theater commander—an assignment void of service interest. Otherwise he would retire.

The Joint Chiefs could thus bring to their task expert knowledge without special interest. They should jointly command not the individual services, but theaters of war embracing all three services and including a Theater of the United States. I think that it can be demonstrated on the record that once a good officer is given a truly national mission, embracing all three services, his special service viewpoint swiftly withers away.

General George C. Marshall is an infantryman to the marrow of his bones. Yet he had the foresight and the large-mindedness to give that very different man, General Hap Arnold, his head during the last war. In effect General Marshall, the infantryman, thus created the United States Air Force. I'll always think of him as one of our great airmen.

There is a long list of men who have demonstrated their ability to rise above special service interests—General Omar N. Bradley as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and General Douglas MacArthur in the Pacific campaigns in the second World War, General Matthew B. Ridgway in the Korean war. The most striking example of all, of course, is a former Army general—President Eisenhower. There has never been a suggestion that he has favored the Army over the other services. He has bent over backward not to do so—too far backward, in the view of some Army men, like General Ridgway. I am dead sure that this rather mysterious process, the withering away of the special service viewpoint, would occur again if the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff wore only one hat.

The same principle of single responsibility and undivided loyalty should be applied to other key points in our defense structure. The members of the Joint Chiefs should have no "Indians" to brief them on the special interests of any one service. The staff officers of the Joint Chiefs should be appointed solely on the basis of ability and experience, without regard to service, and they should work for the Joint Chiefs as a corporate body, rather than for any individual member. Ultimately they would return to their own service. This may sound impractical. Actually, both in SHAEF and SHAPE, General Eisenhower proved that an international staff was capable of rising not merely above selfish service interests, but even above selfish national interests. This kind of reorganization of our defense structure would involve a more basic change than may at first appear.

The job of administering one of the services is a big enough job for any one man. It would be performed far better if the chief of a service were not burdened also with the staggering responsibility of making strategic decisions closely affecting the national security of the United States and the free world.

The Joint Chiefs, relieved of any responsibility for special service interests, would not tolerate the damaging service rivalries which now make concerted national planning and national action so immensely difficult.

THE SERVICES WOULD NO LONGER, as it were, sit in judgment on themselves. Freed from the enormous pressures to which the chief of each service is subject, the Joint Chiefs would be in a position to bring to bear some very effective counterpressure of their own, all the more effective because it would be *informed*. The Joint Chiefs, as professional military men themselves, would be in the position to demand—and get—the absolute maximum of real combat strength for every man in uniform and every dollar invested in equipment.

I do not pretend that this basic change in our defense structure would work miracles overnight. But I strongly believe that it would make a great and even startling difference. The way human beings are organized to work together is of immense importance. The way our defense structure is now organized actually places a premium on the human frailties to which our military leaders are as subject as you and I.

"No man," the Bible warns, "can serve two masters." It is too much to ask any man to do so. Yet give a man a single responsibility, and it is by no means too much to ask that he should discharge this responsibility well and faithfully. I am deeply convinced that the way our defense structure is now organized is undermining confidence in it and placing a heavy burden on our resources. I am also convinced that the Congress could perform no more useful act than to change this structure, so that our top military leaders should henceforth serve only one master—the national interest of the United States. THE END

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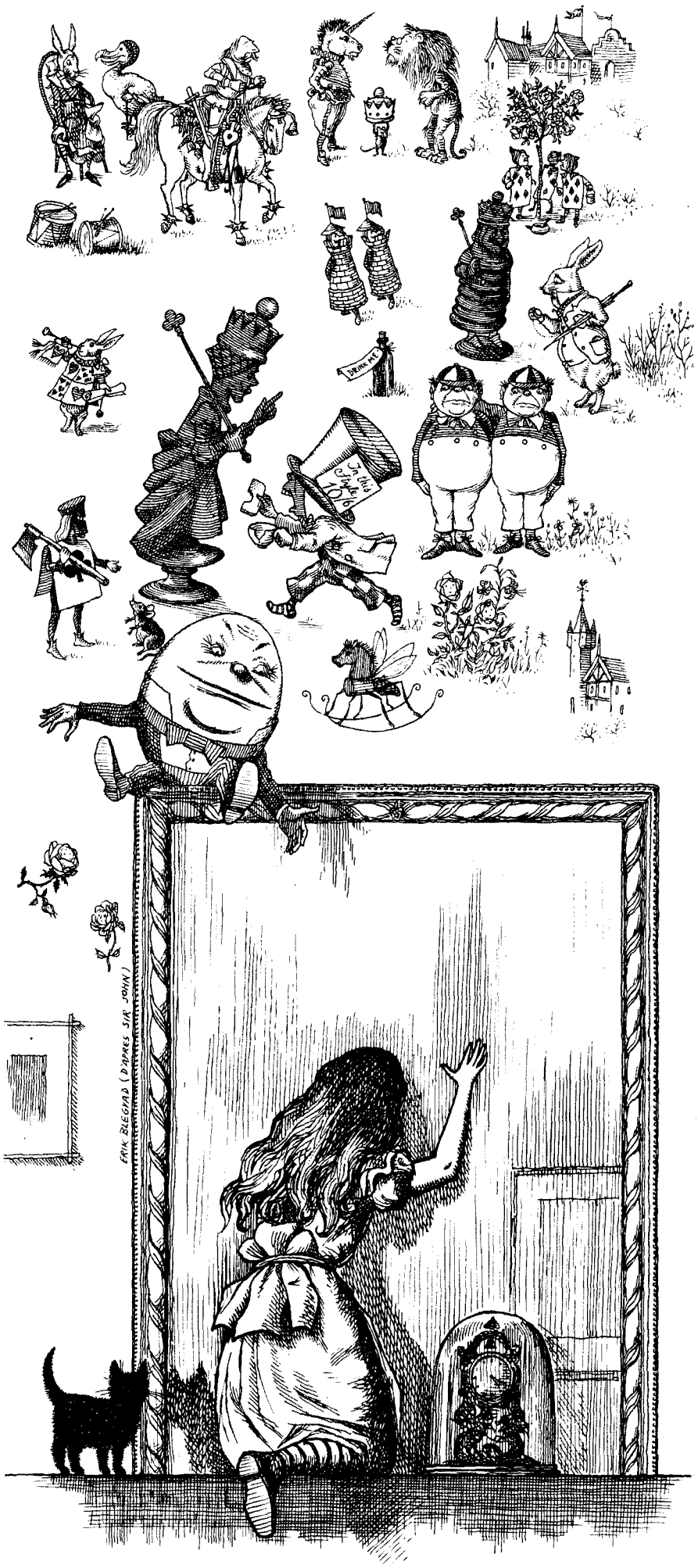

the Wonderland

The storybook Alice toured Wonderland alone. But now there's a *new* Wonderland that the whole family can visit . . . through the "looking glass" of a color television set.

Already this year, NBC Big Color has filled this fabulous looking glass with wonder upon wonder. Great plays like "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Memorable

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# of NBC Big Color TV!

concerts like "Festival of Music" and "The Music of Gershwin." Dazzling Spectaculars like "Marco Polo" and "Paris in the Springtime." And many of NBC's brightest stars—like Arlene Francis, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Ralph Edwards, Maurice Evans, Dinah Shore, Eddie Fisher, Tennessee Ernie Ford.

Beginning early this Fall, NBC plans to present at least one major Big Color television show *every evening!* Has *your* Alice seen this new Wonderland of color television? She'll love it. And so will you!

exciting things are happening in color on NBC television *a service of* RCA

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Woman of Gaza: Squinting against the sun, this Bedouin grandmother, wearing a headcloth fringed with coins, vividly represents the heritage of early Palestine

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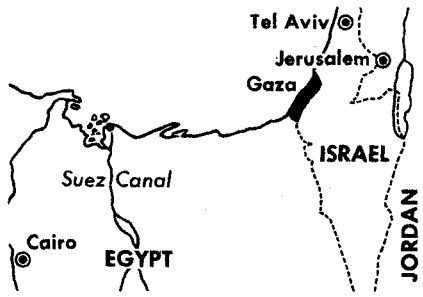

A land in convulsion seeks the answer

to its survival—and maybe ours

GAZA STRIP

Stately, plodding, it's hard to believe that this marching file of Sudanese cameleers are fighting men. But they are—and among the toughest in the world. They are heading back to their base after a night patrol of the desert stretches of the Gaza Strip

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

It is a recurrent irony of history that big wars breed in little places. World War I had its Sarajevo. World War II its Danzig. The next war may well erupt from such a slender rectangle of rolling plain and naked desert as the Gaza Strip.

An area brought into being by the truce lines of the Arab-Israeli armistice of 1949, the Gaza Strip is only 25 miles long, an average of five miles wide. Its Egyptian military government rules an Arab population of around 312,000. Only 95,000 are original settlers. The rest are refugees, driven into Gaza's sandy and desolate embrace by war in the Holy Land.

Gaza as an arena of man's violence toward man goes back to earliest record. The Philistines operated from it against the Israelites. Here Samson brought down the temple in an epic finale. The Gaza road, an easy corridor between north and south, echoed to the pounding legions of the Pharaohs, of Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Alexander the Great, the Crusaders, the Turks and the British.

Today, once again, violence pervades Gaza. Its bitter spirit rides high in the people—the Arabs bereft of their homes, the Israelis within sighting distance across the mere furrow of the border. Its ugly outbreaks recur in ominous pattern: raids, fusillades, attacking patrols, casual deaths. No man can say when it might widen and overflow and engulf us all.

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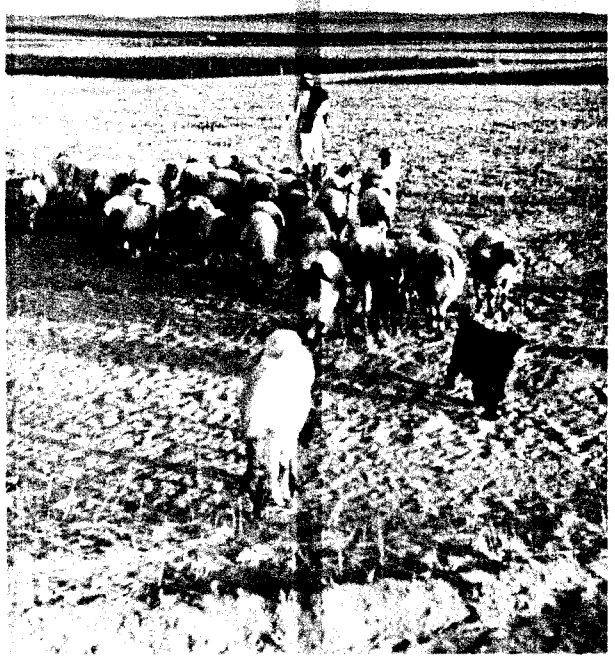
Sifting a grain screen, this finely chiseled old Palestinian retains a deep and instinctive love for the yield of the earth

The Bedouins have lived off the land for centuries—and their way of life has changed little over the years. Here we have a shepherd, an old woman, a youth



The rolling plains of Gaza, dappled with shepherds tending their flocks, must have looked like this in ancient times

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the land

Most of the Gaza Strip is barren, unrewarding land. The sun scorches and the rains seldom come. In the north are a few pockets of rich, dark soil in which grains and beans, orange and olive trees grow well. But the proportion of productive acreage is pathetically small, and the living correspondingly harsh.

On the plains stretching eastward to Beersheba, the late-afternoon sunlight turns the land into carpets of rich topaz and orange; the dusk turns it into magenta. So must Gaza have looked in Biblical days. Even the people seem the same: a gnarl-fingered, gold-turbaned patriarch still works for his daily bread by sifting grain kernels from trash; a Bedouin shepherd grazes his flock in a parched field of stubble; a peasant farmer walks his donkeys in eternal, pathless threshing circles.

The slim yield of Gaza's earth—additionally burdened by the refugee influx—is responsible for much of its violence today. Israel complains of Arab infiltrators gleaning barley and reaping wheat. On the Gaza side of the border the land is cultivated right to the last inch short of the demarcation line. The Israelis have refrained from farming so close. To the Arabs, those untilled acres are almost as infuriating as the Israeli presence itself.

A boy drives his donkeys in a tightening threshing circle, freeing wheat kernels for tomorrow's bread

Above: A Bedouin girl and her goat. Left: Livestock market is held in Gaza town on every Friday. Most of the time, only men attend. They buy and sell goats, sheep, donkeys, horses

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Weary after a night spent casting their nets in the Mediterranean, Gaza's sardine fishermen strain in the early-morning light to pull their boat onto the beach

Men of the Holy Land have always been men of the sea as well as men of the fields. For thousands of Palestinian years the Mediterranean—known to the ancients as the Great Sea—has been the bountiful provider for the people who dwell along its shores. Serene, benevolent, its slowly arching combers curving toward horizons far beyond any human vision, it has fashioned the very rhythm of life itself in Gaza.

From its deep waters, misty and blue at sunup, molten copper at sundown, the men of Gaza and their families have traditionally drawn livelihood and sustenance. The sea has given them an abundance of fish: it has even yielded up sand for the construction of their houses.

But these nights the sea of Gaza is a troubled sea. While its fishermen pursue their backbreaking work offshore, the slopes of its beaches are honeycombed with guns of the Egyptian coast artillery, and its dunes are patrolled by Sudanese cameleers on the watch for smugglers trying to break the blockade against Israel. At least temporarily, the quiet sea has fallen victim to the frailties of man.

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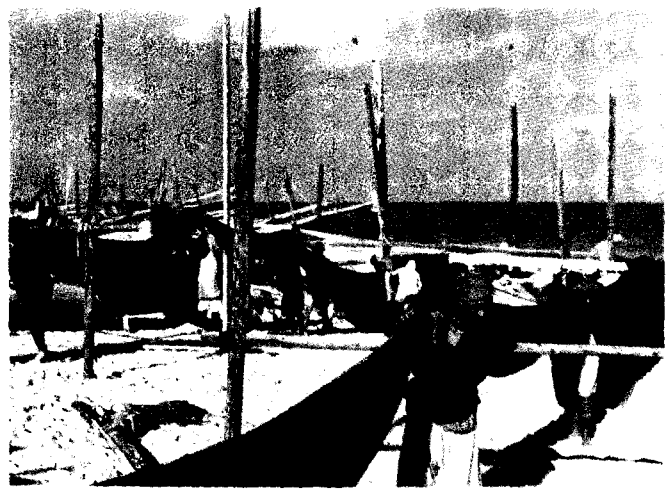
the sea

Sardine fleet (left) is one of Gaza's main food sources. Boats are launched just before dusk (right)



Left: The night's catch is sold right on the beach. Right: The fishermen spread their nets to dry

Getting ready for another night at sea, fishermen mend their nets on the beach. Most work the waters some three miles offshore —in the deeps where sardines often are found running in big schools

Naked and gleaming, these Arab refugee children shout with laughter as water swamps leaky old rowboat. The beach is across sand dunes from refugee camp

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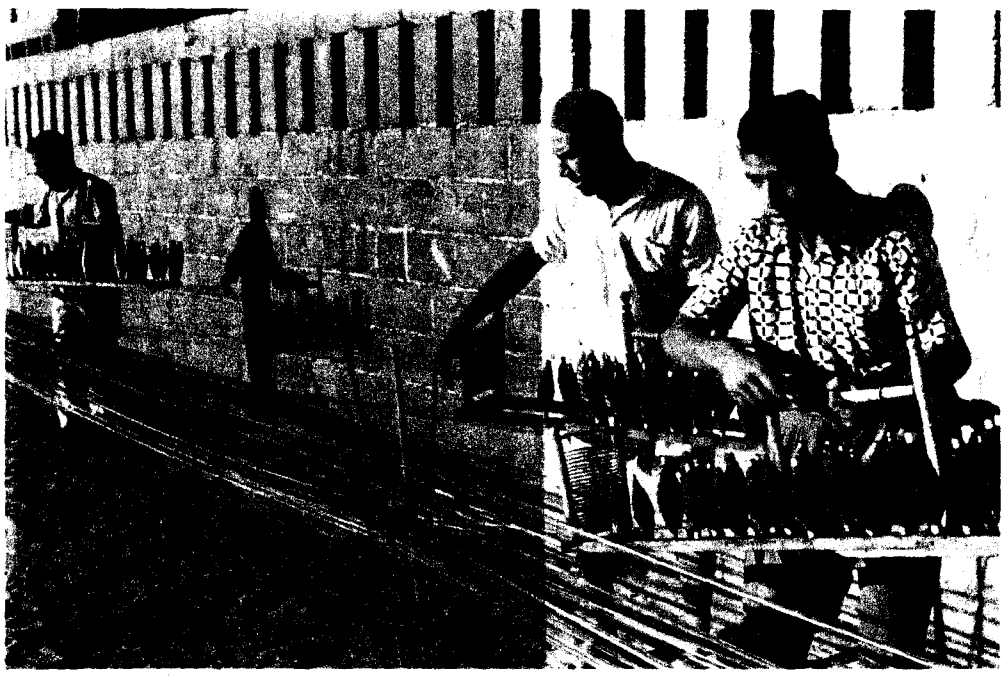
Palestinian refugee men sit in the morning sun in front of their hut while goat probes in sand for food. Other refugee huts fill background, with the Mediterranean beyond



Above: Thread-dyeing is one of few industries in Gaza. Here dyers wind multicolored lines around pivots. Right: Refugee mothers at camp angrily protest UN agency's closer supervision of rationing

the refugees

Nothing is wasted in the Gaza Strip—nothing, that is, but life itself. Of all the troubles in this troubled land, none is worse than the dilemma of the people: not only the refugees, torn from their moorings, still—after eight years—awaiting the day when they can "go home," but also the original Gaza residents whose meager country they must now share.

For the 217,000 Arab refugees (more than double the number of natives) the United Nations Relief and Works Agency has set up eight camp communities—endless rows of hut-homes made of tiny concrete blocks with sheet-metal roofs. From UNRWA, too, the refugees get medical care, schooling, kerosene and blankets, and food, including flour, milk, sugar, rice, oils and fats. But except for jobs in the camp administration, relief officials cannot provide the refugees with livelihoods.

A lucky few work as cotton-yarn dyers or peddle goods along the main street of Gaza town. But there are 55,000 men of fifteen and over among the refugees. Most are without hope; few are without anger; and none without black frustration. It is rumored that President Nasser of Egypt intends to form a Palestine Government-in-Refuge, elected from the refugees themselves. Until some such means is found to lift the spirit, the prolonged idleness of the able-bodied will remain perhaps the greatest single threat to peace in the Middle East.

Collier's for August 3, 1956

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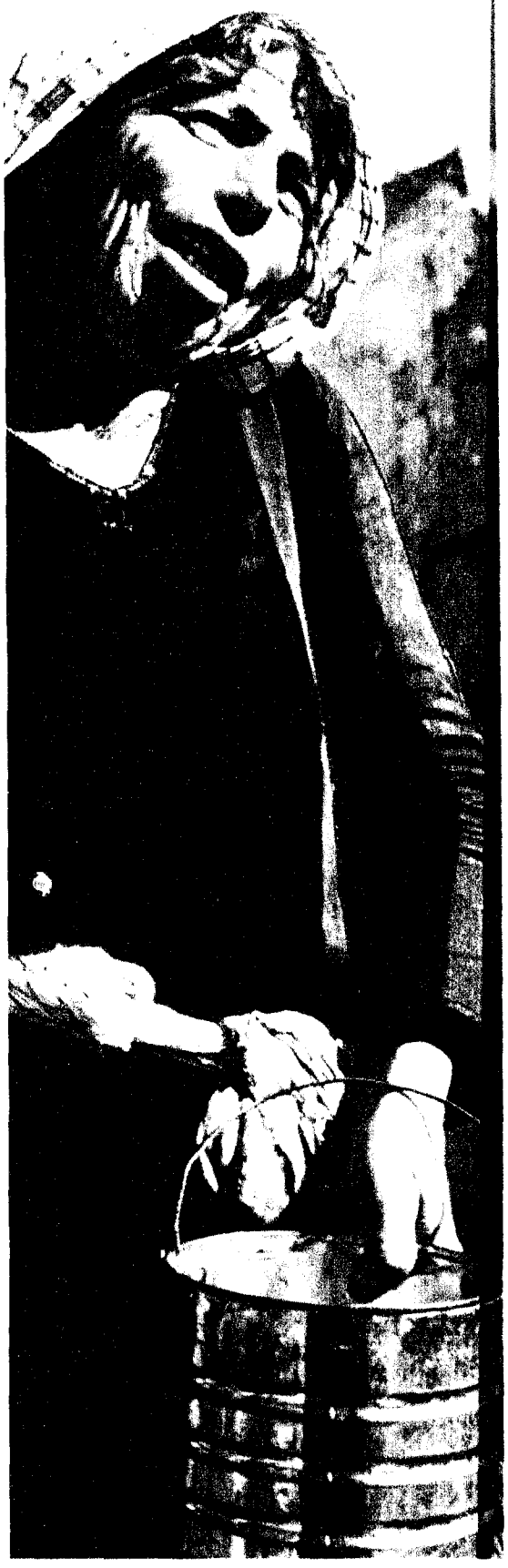

With [illegible] youths cram for exams walking along [illegible] use street as a blackboard

At American Baptist Hospital, Dr. James Young, Ruston, La., comforts children hurt in sporadic Gaza shelling

The beach and sand dunes are playgrounds for the refugee children. Left: Youngsters from camp in background build sand castles. Right: Completely self-absorbed, girl uses pebbles to play jacks

Women of Gaza wind across the dunes, coming from the sea with great head trays of sand to be used in the building of huts. Once again sea has come to aid of refugees—this time with construction material

Nothing salvable is abandoned. This man is carrying lids from bulk milk cans to market, where they will be made into utensils

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With frontier quiet, Egyptian observers relax in forward outpost at the northern end of Gaza Strip. It is linked with other positions by trenches. In the background is Israel; beyond the horizon is Biblical town of Beersheba

Standing on the frontier between Egyptian-held Gaza and Israel, Major Maher Osman (left), a member of Egyptian-Israeli Mixed Armistice Commission, points out terrain feature to a UN observer, Belgian Captain J. De Ghellinck

the frontier

In time of war or near war, the emotional distance between foes is infinite, the physical distance often infinitesimal. North of the Gaza Strip, the actual geographic separation between the frontmost checkpoints of the Egyptians and the Israelis is a sliver of earth less than two miles wide. This no man's land is a lonely, grassy place, in moments of quiet difficult to picture as a focal point of man's aggressions. Yet it is also a land where the UN truce observers, riding in jeep station wagons painted white and crested with white flags, sometimes get shot at.

The actual border is a ditch, half a meter wide, which has become filled in and useless. The official demarcation line, just south of Kilometer 95 (that is, 95 kilometers from Jerusalem), has up to now been designated only by a half-lost barrel. To remedy this border situation, which breeds violations by the very obscurity of its nature, the UN truce teams, by Egyptian and Israeli agreement, have been surveying sites for the placement of oil barrels painted with black and white rings—a move which should help tremendously.

Life on the Gaza side of the frontier can seem deceptively relaxed. In the forward observation posts Egyptian soldiers talk casually. Behind them, far back, is the full strength of the Egyptian positions, lacing across the hills deeper in the Strip. At the moment all is quiet. But it is the sort of place where no one knows about tomorrow.

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Far left: Barrier closes the Gaza-Beersheba road near the frontier. Top left: Less than a mile from frontier, the land seems peaceful and at rest as an Arab farmer guides his donkeys threshing wheat. Bottom left: Even official cars are halted at dusk by Egyptian roadblock athwart the main Gaza-Jerusalem road south of the border. Top right: Many armistice commission meetings have been held at this border shack 95 kilometers (59 miles) south of Jerusalem

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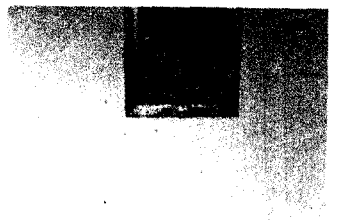
Training is a deadly serious business for the members of Egypt's Palestine Brigade. Here they charge dummies in bayonet practice

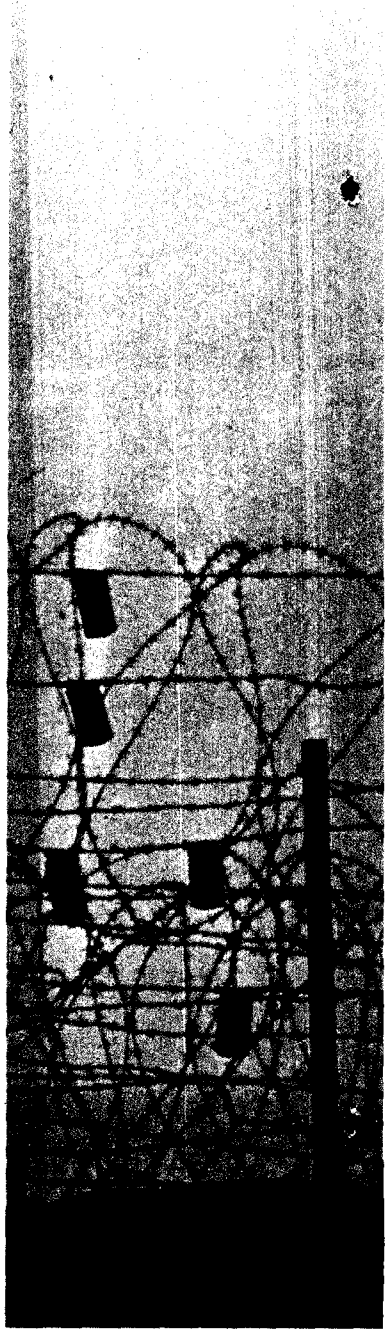
Old Palestine flag has been revived as rallying banner for brigade. Troops get 100 per cent more base pay than Egyptians



Maj. Gen. Youssef El Agroudi commands Palestine Brigade

On the edge of the Sinai Desert at southern end of Gaza Strip, brigade soldiers stage a mock company-strength attack

Major General Ali Amer, commander of Egyptian forces on Israeli front and Sinai Desert, confers with Palestine Brigade head, General Agroudi (left), and Colonel Ali El Bureini (right), a unit commander, after watching drill. Unlike Palestine Arab army defeated by Israelis eight years ago, the brigade is well trained and adequately armed



Etched against setting sun, Egyptian

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the military

On the scorching dunes of southern Gaza, young men in desert drab run and sweat and broil, carrying out attack problems, learning their rifle lessons, drilling under the revived flag of Palestine. The scene seems almost that of a Hollywood set, but it is far from unreal. These are the men of Egypt's new Palestine Brigade, a volunteer force created less than a year ago and made up mostly of refugees. The photographs on these pages are the first taken by a foreigner.

The brigade's officers, equipment, training and funds all come from the Egyptian army, which still holds the responsibility for Gaza's defense. But the brigade itself may soon be a force to consider in Arab-Israeli tensions. Its soldiers are being organized into units according to the home towns or districts in the land from which they fled. "In case of war," one high-ranking Egyptian officer predicts, "they would be well acquainted with targets and even people deep in enemy territory." THE END

entry stands guard at perimeter of Egyptian gun positions on Gaza Strip. Cans are strung along barbed wire to give alarm if anyone tries to penetrate barrier

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Poirot found Peggy Legge on her hands and knees, searching the cracks in the floor. "You have lost something, Madame?" he said

Dead man's folly

A murder had been committed and, so far as Hercule Poirot could determine, there was no motive. Now Lady Stubbs, one of the chief suspects, had mysteriously disappeared. Was she the killer, Poirot wondered—or the secret victim of a second murder?

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE STORY: HERCULE POIROT, the famous detective, was summoned to Nasse, a country estate west of London, by ARIADNE OLIVER, a noted mystery writer. Ostensibly, Mrs. Oliver wanted Poirot to present prizes for the "murder hunt" she had been asked to arrange—along the lines of a treasure hunt—for a local fete the following day; but actually, Mrs. Oliver feared something sinister was afoot at Nasse. The tenants of Nasse were: SIR GEORGE STUBBS, a self-titled rich man; his beautiful but vague wife, HATTIE; an efficient secretary-housekeeper, AMANDA BREWIS; and AMY FOLLIAT, last of the original owners of Nasse, who now rented a cottage on the estate. Mrs. Folliat told Poirot she had been Hattie's guardian; when Hattie's family and fortune, in the West Indies, were lost, Mrs. Folliat had arranged the girl's marriage to George Stubbs. Mrs. Folliat said that when her two sons were killed in the war she had sold Nasse to Sir George to keep it from being turned into a youth hostel, which is what had happened to the neighboring estate. Others involved in planning the fete were summer residents ALEC LEGGE, a moody, radical young man, and his wife, PEGGY; and MICHAEL WEYMAN, an architect working for Sir George. On the morning of the fete, Lady Stubbs received a letter from a cousin, ETIENNE DE SOUSA, saying he would arrive by yacht that afternoon; she seemed startled and frightened by the news. The fete went well until Poirot and Mrs. Oliver went to check on the progress of the murder hunt; the "victim"—a local teen-ager named MARLENE TUCKER—was to be inside the boathouse playing dead. But when Poirot and Mrs. Oliver arrived they found that, just as in Mrs. Oliver's script, the girl had been murdered.

The Second of Three Parts

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BLAND had made a brief tour of the Nasse House grounds and now sat behind a table in Sir George Stubbs's study. Down at the boathouse a photographic unit was busy, and the fingerprint men and the medical officer had just arrived.

"What am I to do about this fete that's going on?" Sir George asked. "There's a sort of idea floating round that there's been an accident, but I don't think anyone's suspected that it's—well, murder."

"Then leave things as they are just for the moment," decided Bland. "How many people do you think there are at this affair?"

"Couple of hundred I should say," answered Sir George, "and more pouring in every moment."

"A couple of hundred," the inspector mused, "and any one of them, I suppose, could have done it." He sighed. "How much can you tell me about this girl? She was from around here, I understand."

"Yes. Her people live in one of the cottages down near the quay. Her father works at one of the local farms." Sir George added, "The mother was here at the fete this afternoon. Miss Brewis—that's my secretary—located the woman and has got her somewhere, giving her cups of tea."

"Quite so," said the inspector, approvingly. "I'm not quite clear yet, Sir George, as to what the girl was doing down there in the boathouse. I understand there's some kind of a 'murder hunt' going on."

Sir George nodded. "Yes. I think Miss Brewis

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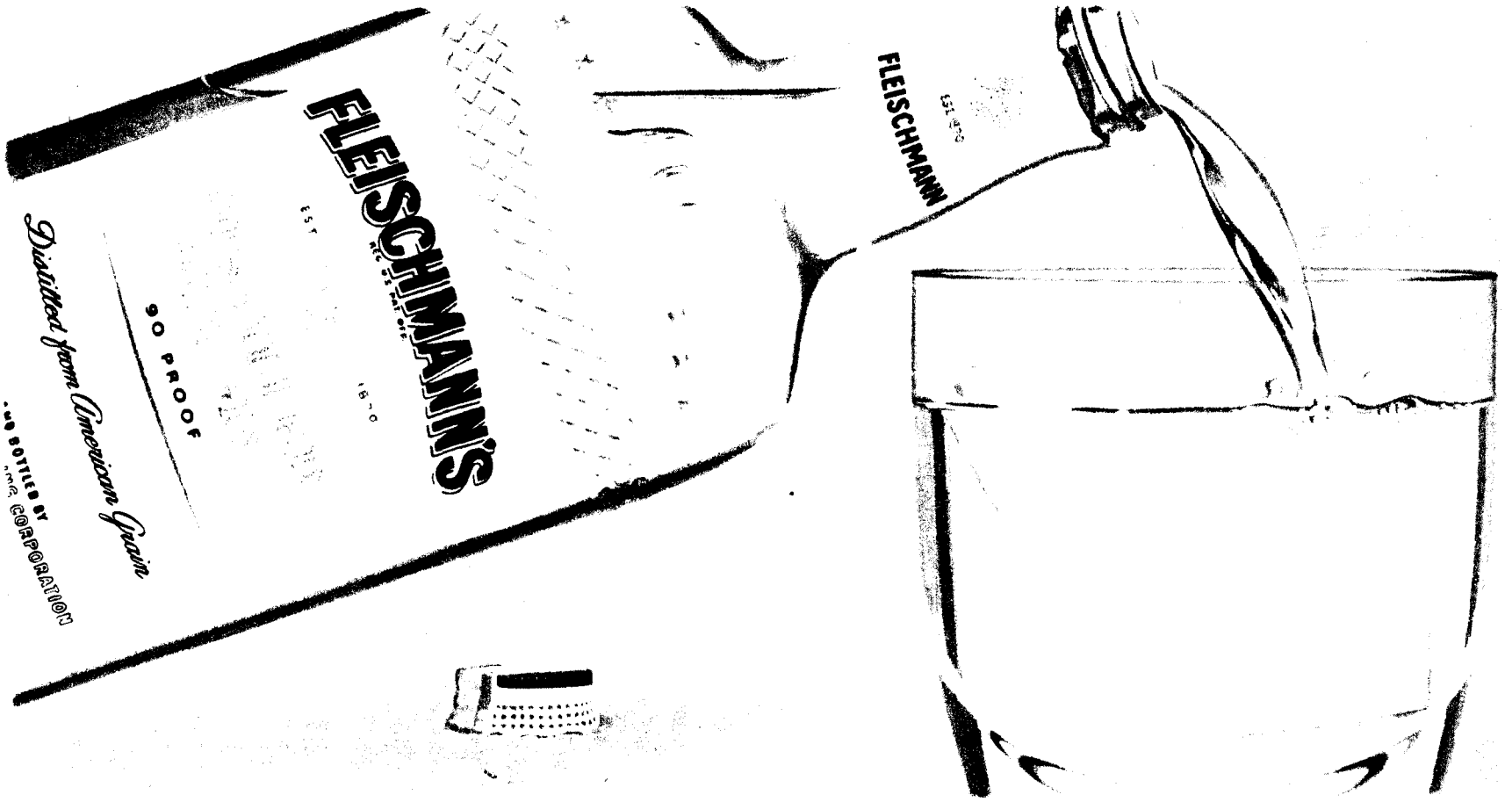
What? Gin 'n Nothing?



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And gin that smooth makes perfect mixed drinks every time!

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can probably explain it all to you better than I can. I'll send her to you, shall I?"

"Please. And there are others I shall want to see—Lady Stubbs, and the people who discovered the body. One of them, I gather, is the woman novelist who designed this 'murder hunt.' "

"That's right. Mrs. Ariadne Oliver."

The inspector's eyebrows went up slightly. "Oh—her!" he said. "I've read a lot of her books myself."

"She's a bit upset at present," said Sir George, "naturally, I suppose. I'll tell her you'll be wanting her, shall I? My wife seems to have disappeared—I don't know where she is. Somewhere among the crowd, I suppose—not that she'll be able to tell you much. Who would you like to see first?"

"I think perhaps your secretary, Miss Brewis. Then the girl's mother."

Sir George nodded and left the room. The local police constable, Robert Hoskins, opened the door for him and shut it after he went out. Hoskins then volunteered a statement concerning Sir George's wife. "Lady Stubbs is a bit wanting," he said, "up *here.*" He tapped his forehead. "Foreigner of some sort," he said disapprovingly.

Bland was silent for a moment. Then he said abruptly: "Who did it, Hoskins?"

If anyone did have any ideas as to what had been going on, Bland thought, it would be Police Constable Hoskins, whose gossiping wife provided him with vast stores of information of a personal nature.

"Some foreigner, if you ask me. 'Twouldn't be anyone local. The girl's family is all right. Nice, respectable people, the Tuckers. None of 'em's what you'd call bright, but Mrs. Tucker keeps her home nice, clean as a pin. She got her old father living with her."

Bland received this information in silence, and Hoskins continued: "That's why I say it was a foreigner. One of those that stop up't the youth hostel at Hoodown, likely as not. There's some queer ones among them, *I* say. You never know with foreigners."

Inspector Bland thought to himself it was all very well for Constable Hoskins to put the blame conveniently on "foreigners." But it was not quite as easy as that.

THE door opened and the doctor walked in. "Done my bit," he remarked. "Simple and straightforward as it can be. No complications. Garroted with a piece of clothesline. No struggle of any kind beforehand. I'd say the kid didn't know what was happening to her until it had happened."

"Not presumably a sexual crime, then?"

"I wouldn't say so, no." The doctor added, "I shouldn't say she'd been a particularly attractive girl."

Bland turned to Hoskins. "Was she fond of the boys?"

"I wouldn't say they'd much use for her," said Hoskins, "though maybe she'd have liked it if they had."

"Maybe," agreed Bland. His mind went back to the pile of comic books in the boathouse and the idle scrawls on the margins: *Johnny goes with Kate, Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the wood.* He thought there had been a little wishful thinking there.

"What about time of death?" he asked.

"Put it between four o'clock and twenty to five," the doctor said. "Roughly, that is. I'll let you know if there's anything more after the autopsy." With that, he said good-by and left the room. . . .

Inspector Bland's spirits rose a little when Hoskins next ushered in Miss Brewis. Here, as he recognized at once, was efficiency. He would get clear answers to his questions.

"Mrs. Tucker's in my sitting room," Miss Brewis said as she sat down. "I've broken the news to her and she's very upset, naturally. Mr. Tucker has been sent for."

"Excellent," said Inspector Bland, with approval. "I think before I see Mrs. Tucker I would like to hear what you and Lady Stubbs can tell me."

"I don't know where Lady Stubbs is," said Miss Brewis acidly. "I imagine she got bored with the fete and has wandered off somewhere. What is it you want to know?"

"I want to know all the details of this murder hunt and of how this Marlene Tucker came to be involved."

SUCCINCTLY and clearly Miss Brewis explained the idea of the murder hunt as an original attraction for the fete; the engaging of Mrs. Oliver, the well-known novelist, to arrange the matter; and a short outline of the plot. "Originally," Miss Brewis said, "Mrs. Alec Legge was to have taken the part of the 'Victim.' "

"She and Mr. Legge have the Mill Creek cottage," Constable Hoskins hastened to explain. "Come here a month ago they did. Two or three months they got it for."

"I see. Miss Brewis, you say Mrs. Legge was to be the original victim? Why was that changed?"

"Well, one evening Mrs. Legge told all our fortunes and was so good at it that it was decided we'd have a fortune-teller's tent as one of the attractions. Mrs. Legge agreed to help us that way, and so we had to find somebody else to be the 'body.' The local Girl Guides were helping us at the fete, and I think someone suggested that one of them would do quite well."

"Just who was it who suggested that, Miss Brewis?"

"Really, I don't quite know. . . . I think it may have been Mrs. Masterton, our Member of Parliament's wife. No, perhaps it was Captain Warburton, their overseer . . ."

"Any reason why this particular girl was chosen?"

"N-no, I don't think so. Her people are tenants on the estate. Probably her name just came to mind first."

"And she wanted to do it?"

"Oh, yes, I think she was flattered. She felt she'd been singled out from the others and was pleased about it."

"What exactly was it that she had to do?"

"She had to stay in the boathouse. When she heard anyone coming to the door she was to lie down on the floor, put the cord round her neck and sham dead. She had a pile of comics to keep her amused."

"And something to eat?" said the inspector. "I noticed there was a tray down there with a plate and glass."

"Oh, yes, she had a big plate of sweet cakes, and a raspberry fruit drink. I took them down to her myself."

Bland looked up sharply. "When? What time?"

Miss Brewis considered a moment. "Let me see. There was a little delay on the Children's Fancy-Dress Contest —Lady Stubbs couldn't be found, but Mrs. Folliat took her place as judge. . . . It must have been about five minutes past four that I left the house. . . ."

"And what time did you reach the boathouse?"

"About a quarter past four, I should think."

"And at a quarter past four Marlene Tucker was alive?"

"Yes, of course," said Miss Brewis.

"How did you find her? Was she lying on the floor shamming dead when you opened the door?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Brewis, "because I called out just before I got there. So she opened the door, and I took the tray in and put it on the table."

"At a quarter past four," said Bland, writing it down. "Marlene Tucker was alive and well. Now, Miss Brewis, on your way back, did you meet anybody or see anyone nearby?"

Miss Brewis considered. "No," she said, "I didn't meet anyone. I might have, of course, because the grounds are open to everyone this afternoon. But on the whole, people have tended to stay round the lawn and the side shows and all that. Though I think," she added, with sudden memory, "that there *was* someone in the Folly."

"The Folly?"

"Yes. A small white pilastered temple to the right of the path as you go down to the boathouse. There was someone in there—a courting couple, I suspect. Someone was laughing and then someone said 'Hush.' "

"You don't know who it was?"

"I've no idea."

"And there was no one else on the path?" he insisted.

"I see what you're driving at, of course," said Miss Brewis. "I can only assure you that I didn't meet anyone. But then, you see, I needn't have. I mean, if there had been anyone who didn't want me to see them, it's the simplest thing in the world just to slip behind the rhododendron bushes that line the path."

Bland sighed. "Thank you, Miss Brewis," he said. "I suppose I'd better see the mother now."

MRS. TUCKER was a thin, hatchet-faced woman with stringy blonde hair and a sharp nose. Her eyes were reddened with crying, but she had herself in hand now and was ready to answer the inspector's questions.

"I'm very, very sorry about this," said Inspector Bland gently. "What I want you to do is to think as hard as you can and tell me if there is anyone who could have had any reason to harm your daughter?"

"I've been thinking about that already," said Mrs. Tucker. "Thought and thought, I have. Words with the teacher at school Marlene had now and again, and she'd have her quarrels now and again with one of the girls or boys, but nothing serious in any way. There's no one who had a real down on her, nobody who'd do her a mischief."

"She never talked to you about having an enemy?"

"She talked silly often, Marlene did, but nothing of that kind. It was all make-up and hairdos. Far too young she was to put on lipstick and all, and her dad told her so, and so did I. But that's what she'd do when she got hold of any money. Buy herself scent and lipsticks and hide them away."

Bland nodded. There was nothing here that could help him. An adolescent, rather silly girl, her head full of film stars and glamour—there were hundreds of Marlenes. . . .

Next, Inspector Bland told Hoskins to fetch Mrs. Oliver. When the noted novelist swooped in a few moments later, the inspector was slightly taken aback. He had not expected anything so voluminous, so purple and in such a state of emotional disturbance. "I feel awful," said Mrs. Oliver, sinking down in the chair in front of him like a purple blancmange. "*Awful.* Because, you see, it's *my* murder. I did it!"

For a startled moment Inspector Bland thought that Mrs. Oliver was accusing herself of the crime.

"Why I should ever have made my Victim 'the Yugoslavian wife of an Atom Scientist,' I can't imagine," said Mrs. Oliver in a frenzied manner. "I might just as well have let it be the *second gardener!*"

AT THIS point the inspector was beginning to entertain unworthy suspicions about Mrs. Oliver. Then, intuitively divining his thoughts, she said firmly, "I'm not mad and I'm not drunk. I'm just upset. Thoroughly upset. The awful thing is that she was always *reading* about sex maniacs!"

"There's no question of a sex maniac," Bland said.

"Isn't there?" said Mrs. Oliver. "Well, thank Heaven! But if he wasn't a sex maniac, why did anybody murder her, Inspector?"

"I was hoping," said the inspector, "that you could help me there." Undoubtedly, he thought, Mrs. Oliver had put her finger on the crucial point: Why should anyone murder Marlene?

"I can't help you," said Mrs. Oliver. "I can't imagine who could have done it. At least, of course, I can *imagine*—I can imagine anything! That's the trouble with me. I mean, she *could* have been murdered by someone who just likes murdering girls, but it's too much of a coincidence that somebody should be at this fete who wanted to murder a girl. And how would he know that Marlene was in the boathouse? Or she might have known some secret about somebody's love affair, or she might have seen someone bury a body at night, or she might have recognized somebody who was concealing his identity, or she might have known a secret about where some treasure was buried during the war, or the man in the launch might have thrown somebody into the river and she saw it from the window of the boathouse, or she might have got hold of some message in secret code and—"

"Please!" The inspector held up his hand. His head was whirling.

Mrs. Oliver stopped obediently, though it was clear that she could have gone on in this vein for some time. Out of the richness of the material presented to him, the inspector seized upon one phrase: "What did you mean, Mrs. Oliver, by 'the man in the launch'? Are you imagining him too?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Oliver. "I mean the man we were talking about at breakfast! He didn't come in the launch at breakfasttime—it was a yacht. Or rather, it was a letter."

"Please." The inspector's tone was now pleading. "What was it, a yacht or a letter?"

"It was a letter," said Mrs. Oliver, "to Lady Stubbs. From a cousin in a yacht. And she was frightened."

"Frightened? What of?"

"Of him, I suppose," said Mrs. Oliver. "She didn't want him to come, and I think that's why she's hiding now."

"Hiding?" said the inspector.

"Well, she isn't about anywhere," Mrs. Oliver (*Continued on page* 72)

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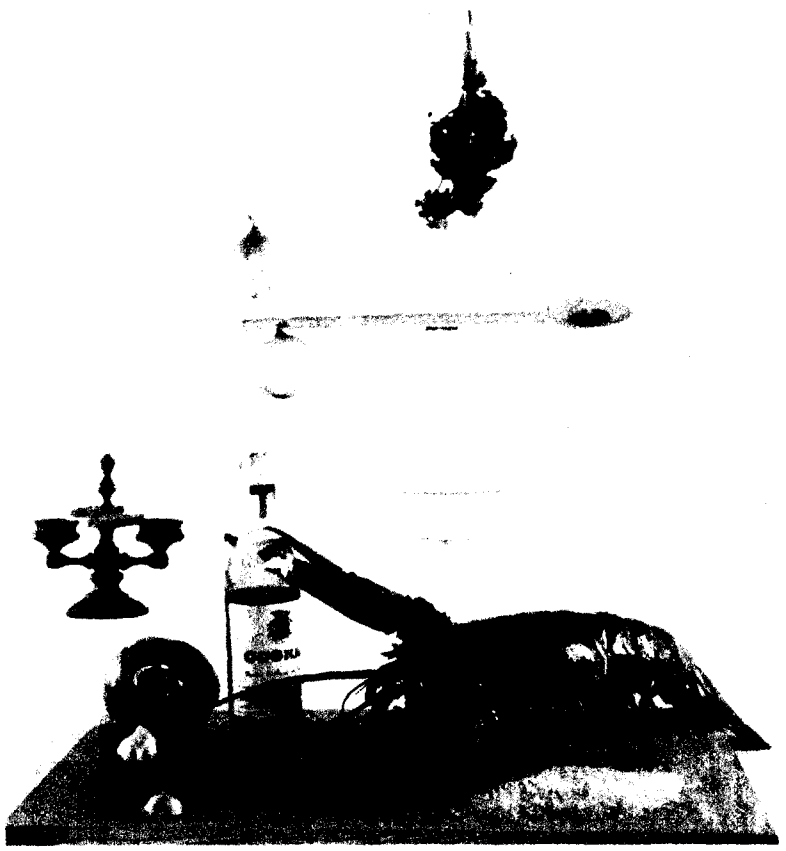
in a series

By ANN SERANNE and EILEEN GADEN



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERANNE & GADEN

What Do You Know About CLASSIC CUISINE?

Here's the second of a series designed to unveil the mysteries created by menu writers. Our quiz comes in two parts: the first seeks to unravel the riddles associated with fish and sea-food dishes; part two is a picture puzzle concerning one of the most controversial dishes in classic cuisine.

Frustrated about fish in French? You'll never be at the mercy of a waiter or a maître d'hôtel if you can match the names in the left column with those on the right. They're used on menus throughout the world.

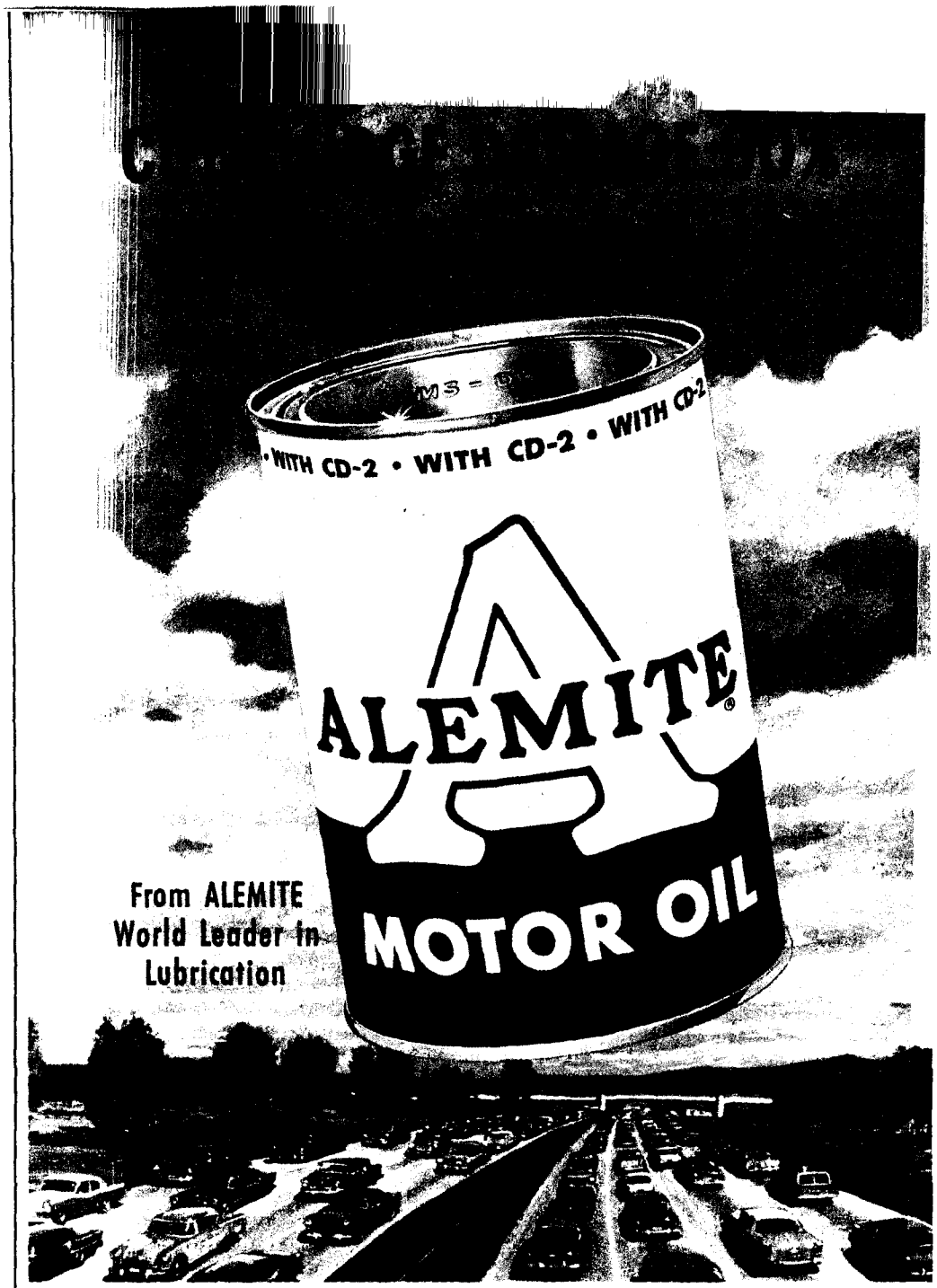
When the menu says . . .	. . . can you expect?
1. *à la Orly*	a. *breaded and fried*
2. *meunière*	b. *brook trout cooked in a court bouillon*
3. *bouillabaisse*	c. *batter fried fish*
4. *coquille St. Jacques*	d. *fish fillets with cheese sauce*
5. *colbert*	e. *fish in white-wine sauce*
6. *mornay*	f. *sautéed and sprinkled with parsley and lemon juice*
7. *marguery*	g. *scallops*
8. *truite au bleu*	h. *liquid in which fish or sea food is cooked*
9. *court bouillon*	i. *fish fillets with white-wine sauce, shrimps and mussels*
10. *au vin blanc*	j. *fish and sea-food stew*

* * *

Puzzled about the picture? It shows the ingredients for one of the most controversial dishes in classic cuisine. There are many theories as to the exact origin of this dish but, whether it was first conceived in Nice, Paris or New York, disputants are agreed that it is delicious.

Can you identify the dish?

Turn to page 73 for the answers and the recipe.



See pictures below for proof!

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Sludge is a costly guest to entertain in your car's engine! Every day, destructive sludge is forming in your crankcase—robbing your fine engine of its original built-in power and efficiency, clogging filter screens, increasing wear . . . *shortening your car's life!*

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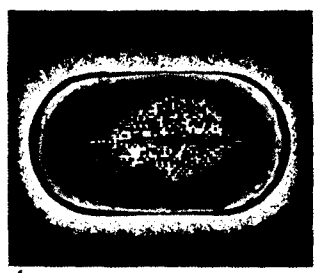
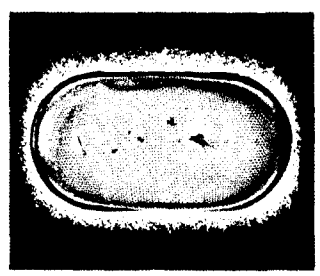
See how this great new oil improves your car's *performance*, too—at hot highway speeds or in cool stop-and-go driving—the year 'round. Ask your car dealer about new sludge-fighting *Alemite Motor Oil*. Try it on our unconditional money-back guarantee!



BEFORE. Photograph of car's oil screen after service test using conventional motor oil. Note filter-clogging deposits of sludge.



AFTER. Clean, sludge-free oil screen after identical service test made with new Alemite Motor Oil. (Unretouched photo.)

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MOTOR OIL

A Product of STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
Chicago 14, Illinois

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(*Continued from page* 70) said. "And *I* think she's hiding because she doesn't want to meet him."

"Who *is* the man?" demanded the inspector.

"You'd better ask M. Poirot," said Mrs. Oliver. "Because he spoke to him and I haven't. His name's De Sousa, Etienne de Sousa."

But another name had caught the inspector's attention. "Who did you say?" he asked. "M. Poirot?"

"Yes. Hercule Poirot. He was with me when we found the body. Do you know him?"

"It's a good many years since I met him," the inspector said. "I was a young sergeant at the time. What's *he* doing down here?"

"He was to give away the prizes," said Mrs. Oliver.

There was a momentary hesitation before she gave this answer, but it went unperceived by the inspector. "H'm," said Bland, "I'd like to talk to him. There's nothing more that you can add, Madame?"

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Oliver. "I don't know anything. As I say, I could *imagine* reasons—"

The inspector cut her short. He had no wish to hear any more of Mrs. Oliver's imagined solutions.

WHEN she had left the room, Constable Hoskins inquired with interest, "What about this De Sousa, sir?"

Inspector Bland did not hear the question. He was struck by a fact that, though he had been told it several times, was only now beginning to register. First it had been Sir George, irritated and alarmed: "My wife seems to have disappeared." Then Miss Brewis, contemptuous: "Lady Stubbs couldn't be found." And now Mrs. Oliver, with her theory that Lady Stubbs was hiding.

"I want Lady Stubbs," Bland said curtly. "Get hold of her for me. If she isn't about, look for her." Hoskins looked slightly puzzled but he left the room obediently.

The inspector then asked Hercule Poirot to come in. "I don't suppose," said Bland, rising and holding out his hand, "that you remember me, M. Poirot."

"But assuredly," said Poirot. "It is—now give me a moment. It is the young sergeant—yes, Sergeant Bland, whom I met fourteen—no, fifteen—years ago."

"Quite right. What a memory! So here you are, M. Poirot, at the scene of a murder once again."

"Yes," said Poirot. "I was called down here to assist." Bland looked puzzled, and Poirot said quickly: "I mean, I was asked down here to give away the prizes in this murder hunt."

"So Mrs. Oliver told me."

"She told you nothing else?" Poirot said it with apparent carelessness. He was anxious to discover whether Mrs. Oliver had given the inspector any hint of her real motive for insisting that Poirot come to Nasse House.

"Told me nothing else? She never stopped telling me things! She mentioned a Mr. de Sousa—something about a letter and a yacht and a launch. I couldn't make head or tail of it."

Poirot embarked upon an explanation of the scene at the breakfast table, the letter, Lady Stubbs's headache, and of the arrival of De Sousa during the fete.

"Mrs. Oliver said that Lady Stubbs was frightened when she got the letter. Did you also think she was afraid?"

"That was my impression."

"Afraid of her cousin?" Inspector Bland asked. "Why?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "I have no idea. All she told me was that he was bad—a bad man. She is, you understand, a little subnormal."

"And you think her fear was real?"

"If not, she is a very clever actress," said Poirot dryly.

"I'm beginning to have some odd ideas about this case," said Bland. "It's that cursed woman's fault."

"Mrs. Oliver's?"

"Yes," Bland replied. "She's put a lot of melodramatic ideas into my head. I've just waked up to the fact that a lady who ought to be on the premises isn't here. And I want to know why! When did you yourself last see Lady Stubbs?"

Poirot cast his mind back. He found it difficult to remember exactly. He recalled vague glimpses of her—tall, wearing a cyclamen-colored frock and a large black coolie hat—moving about the lawn talking to people, hovering here and there, occasionally laughing that strange loud laugh of hers. "I think," he said doubtfully, "it must have been not long before four o'clock. She was in the middle of a group of people near the house."

"What time did De Sousa arrive?"

"It must have been about half past four, I should think. I cannot tell you exactly."

"And Lady Stubbs had disappeared before he arrived?"

"It seems so."

"Possibly she ran away so as not to meet him," Bland said.

"Possibly," Poirot agreed.

"Well, she can't have gone far," said Bland. "When we find her—"

"Supposing you don't?" Poirot put the question with a curious intonation in his voice.

"That's nonsense," said the inspector vigorously. "Dash it all, M. Poirot, you're making this sound quite sinister!"

"Perhaps it *is* sinister."

"It's the murder of Marlene Tucker that we're investigating," said the inspector, severely.

"Indeed. So why this interest in De Sousa? Do you think he killed Marlene Tucker?"

Inspector Bland replied irrelevantly, "It's that woman—Mrs. Oliver! You see, M. Poirot, the murder of Marlene Tucker doesn't make sense. Here's a nondescript kid found strangled, and not a hint of any possible motive."

"And Mrs. Oliver supplied you with a motive?"

"With a dozen at least! Amongst them she suggested that Marlene might have a knowledge of somebody's secret love affair, or that Marlene might have witnessed somebody being murdered, or that she knew where a buried treasure was hidden, or that she might have seen from the window of the boathouse some action performed by De Sousa in his launch as he was coming up the river."

"Ah. And which of those theories appeals to you?"

"I don't know. But I can't help thinking about them. M. Poirot, was it your impression that Lady Stubbs was afraid of her cousin's coming because he might, perhaps, know something about her which she did not want her husband to know?"

"No, I should say it was a personal fear of the man himself."

"H'm," said Inspector Bland. "Well, then, I'd better have a little talk with this young Mr. de Sousa."

ALTHOUGH he had none of Constable Hoskins' ingrained prejudice against foreigners, Inspector Bland took an instant dislike to Etienne de Sousa. His polished elegance, his sartorial perfection, the flowery smell of his brilliantined hair, all combined to annoy the inspector.

De Sousa was very much at ease. He also displayed a certain aloof amusement. "One must admit," he said, "that life is full of surprises. I arrive here on a holiday cruise, I come to spend an afternoon with a little cousin that I have not seen for years—and what happens? First I am engulfed in a kind of carnival, and immediately afterward I am embroiled in a murder."

Ignoring De Sousa's casual manner, Bland asked in a businesslike tone: "Your yacht, I understand, is moored in Helmmouth? And you came up the river this afternoon in a motor launch?"

"That is so."

"As you came up the river, did you notice on your right a small boathouse jutting out into the river, with a little mooring quay underneath it?"

De Sousa frowned. "Let me see. . . . Ah, yes, I remember now. I did not know it was the boathouse attached to this house. If I had, I would have moored my boat there. Instead, I brought the launch up to the ferry itself and came ashore at the quay there."

"Did you see anyone at the boathouse as you passed?"

"See anyone? No. Should I have?"

"It was just a possibility. You see, Mr. de Sousa, the murdered girl was in the boathouse this afternoon. She was killed there, and she must have been killed at a time not very distant from when you were passing."

De Sousa raised his eyebrows. "You think I might have been a witness to this murder?"

"The murder took place inside the boathouse," Inspector Bland explained, "but you might have seen the girl—she might have looked out from the window or come out onto the balcony. If you had seen her it would, at any rate, have narrowed the time of death for us. If, when you'd passed, she'd been still alive . . ."

"Ah, I see. And I'm sorry I cannot help you. But there are pleasure steamers going up and down from Helmmouth all the time. Why not ask them?"

"We shall," said the inspector. "Never fear." He paused and then began a new line of questioning: "Lady Stubbs is, I understand, a cousin of yours?"

De Sousa shrugged his shoulders. "In the West Indies, you must understand, there is much intermarrying. We are all cousins of one another. Hattie is a second or third cousin. I have not seen her since she was fourteen or fifteen."

"And you planned to pay her a surprise visit today?"

"Hardly a *surprise* visit. I had written to her."

"I know that she received a letter from you this morning," Bland said, "but it was a surprise to her to know that you were in this country."

"Oh, but you are wrong there, Inspector. I wrote to my cousin—let me see—three weeks ago."

The inspector was surprised. "You wrote to her saying you proposed to visit her?"

"Yes. I told her I was going on a yachting cruise and would probably arrive at Helmmouth round about this date, and that I would let her know later exactly when I should arrive."

Inspector Bland stared at him. This statement was at complete variance with what he had been told about the arrival of Etienne de Sousa's letter at breakfast. More than one witness had testified to Lady Stubbs's having been alarmed and startled at the contents of the letter. De Sousa returned the stare calmly.

"Did Lady Stubbs reply to your first letter?" the inspector asked.

De Sousa hesitated for a moment or two before he answered. Then he said, "No. But I was traveling about, I had no fixed address. And besides, I do not think my cousin Hattie is very good at writing letters." He added: "She is not, you know, very intelligent, though I understand that she has become very beautiful."

"You have not yet seen her?"

De Sousa showed his teeth in an agreeable smile. "She seems to be most unaccountably missing," he said. "No doubt this *espèce de gala* bores her."

CHOOSING his words carefully, Inspector Bland said, "Have you any reason to believe, Mr. de Sousa, that your cousin might have some reason for wishing to avoid you, that she might be—afraid of you in any way?"

"Afraid—of *me?*" De Sousa's voice was skeptical and amused. "But if I may say so, Inspector, that is fantastic!"

"Your relationship with her has always been quite amicable?"

"It is as I have told you. I have had no relationship with her. I have not seen her since she was a child."

"Yet you look her up when you come to England?"

"Oh, as to that, I had seen a paragraph about her in one of your society papers. It mentions her maiden name and that she is married to this rich Englishman, and I think: I must see what the little Hattie has turned into—whether her brains now work better than they used to." He shrugged his shoulders again. "It was a gentle curiosity—no more."

Again the inspector stared hard at De Sousa. What, he wondered, was going on behind the mocking, smooth façade? "I wonder if you can perhaps tell me a little more about your cousin?" he said. "Her character, her reactions?"

De Sousa appeared politely surprised. "Really—has this anything to do with the murder of the girl?"

"It might have a connection," said Inspector Bland.

De Sousa studied him for a moment or two in silence. Then he said, "I never knew my cousin at all well. She was a unit in a large family and not particularly interesting to me. But in

Undiplomatic Remark

Now diplomats are such scurrying,
Worrying, hurrying guys,
That their diplomatic pouches
Are mostly under their eyes.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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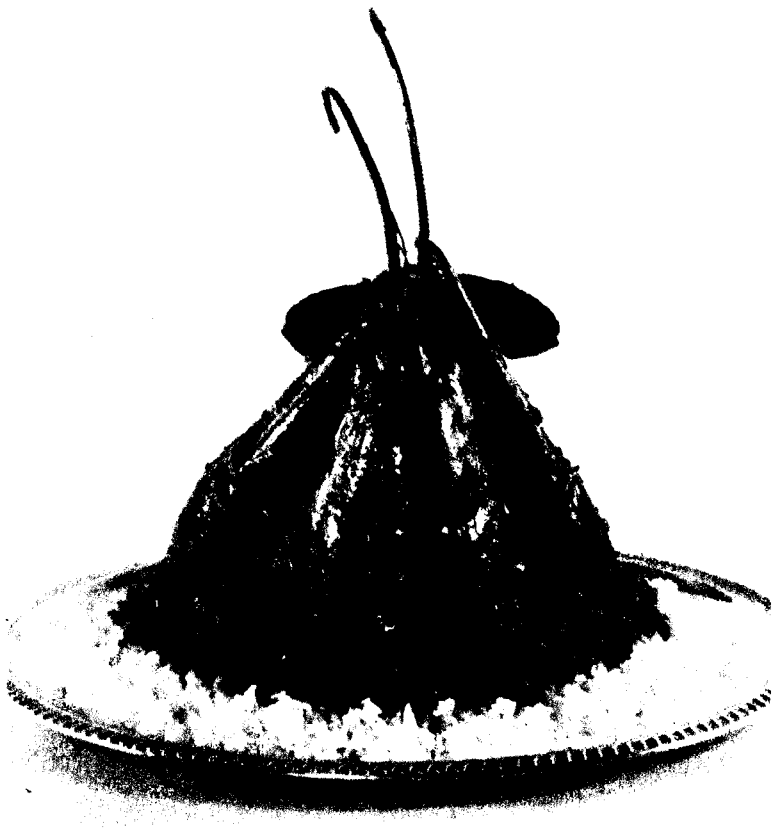
QUIZ CONCLUSIONS

answers: to



Correct pairings for menu mysteries, part one of the quiz on page 71: 1-c, 2-f, 3-j, 4-g, 5-a, 6-d, 7-i, 8-b, 9-h, 10-e.

Here's the answer to the picture puzzle—it's lobster *à l'Américaine* (shown above) and the French are vehement in denying that it is an American creation. Escoffier declared that it was first prepared in a restaurant on the Riviera. He held that the title *Américaine* was given to the dish by a Provençal chef who was lured to New York by American dollars. If you guessed lobster Fra Diavolo you were nearly right—it's the Italian cousin to this dish.

Lobster à l'Américaine

Ingredients to serve 2:

2 1-pound lobsters
4 tablespoons olive oil
salt and pepper
¼ cup cognac
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 shallots, minced
1 small clove garlic, minced
2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon chopped fresh tarragon, or ½ teaspoon dried tarragon
1½ cups white wine
¼ cup butter
pinch of cayenne
lemon juice

Method:

Wash live lobsters. Cut tail into crosswise slices following section marks on shell and remove intestinal vein from each slice. Remove and crack claws. Cut body in half and clean it, reserving liver and coral for the sauce. Discard the sac which lies just back of the eyes.

In a large skillet heat olive oil. Add lobster, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook, stirring over a high heat until shells turn red. Pour cognac over lobster, ignite it and let flame die out. Remove lobster to a hot platter. Sauté onion in olive oil remaining in pan until the onion is transparent. Add shallots, garlic, tomatoes, parsley and tarragon and place lobster pieces on this bed of vegetables. Add white wine, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Take out lobster and remove meat from sections of tail and claws. Cook the sauce until it is reduced to half. Stir in coral and liver and add butter, bit by bit, stirring constantly. Add a pinch of cayenne and a squeeze of lemon juice. Pour sauce over lobster and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Keep warm till serving time.

answer to your question, I would say that although mentally weak, she was not, so far as I know, ever possessed by any homicidal tendencies."

"Really, Mr. de Sousa, I wasn't suggesting that!"

"Weren't you? I wonder. I can see no other reason for your question. No, unless Hattie has changed very much, she is not homicidal." He rose. "I am sure that you cannot want to ask me anything further, Inspector."

"You are not thinking of leaving Helmmouth for a day or two, I hope?"

"I propose to stay in Helmmouth for two days," De Sousa said stiffly. "Sir George has very kindly asked me to come and stay in the house, but I prefer to remain on my yacht, the Esperance. If you should want to ask me any further questions, that is where you will find me."

AFTER De Sousa had left, the inspector sat pondering. Even if Lady Stubbs *is* homicidal, he thought, why should she attack a nondescript girl? Is she the sort of woman who'd think it funny, or desirable, or necessary, to put a cord round a girl's neck and strangle her? And where the devil *is* the woman anyway?

Just then Police Constable Hoskins came in with Sergeant Cottrell, a brisk young man with a good opinion of himself, who always managed to annoy his superior officer. "Still searching the grounds, sir," said Cottrell. "The lady hasn't passed through the gate. The second gardener is there taking admissions. He'll swear she hasn't left."

"Aren't there other ways of leaving than by the main gate?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There's the path down to the ferry, but the old boy down there —Merdell, his name is—is also quite positive that she hasn't left that way. He's about a hundred, but pretty reliable, I think. He described quite clearly how the foreign gentleman arrived in his launch and asked the way to Nasse House. There's also the gate that leads over the fields to Hoodown Park, the youth hostel, but that's been wired up because of trespassers, so she didn't go through there. Seems to me as though she must be still here."

"Perhaps," said the inspector. "But what's to prevent her from slipping under a fence or going off across country? If trespassers from the hostel can get in that way anyone could get *out* that way too."

"Oh, yes, sir. But I've talked to her maid, sir. She's wearing"—Cottrell consulted a paper in his hand—"a dress of cyclamen georgette, whatever that is, a large black hat and black shoes with four-inch heels. Not the sort of costume for a cross-country run!"

"She didn't change her clothes?"

"No. None of her things are missing, the maid says."

Inspector Bland frowned. Unpleasant possibilities were rising in his mind. He said, "Get me that secretary again."

Miss Brewis came in looking rather more ruffled than usual. "Yes, Inspector?" she said. "You wanted me? If it isn't urgent, Sir George is in a terrible state and—"

"What's he in a state about?"

"He's only just realized that Lady Stubbs is—well, really missing, and he's got it into his head that something's happened to her! *Quite* absurd. Lady Stubbs can look after herself. She's a grown woman."

"But rather a helpless one by all accounts."

"Nonsense," said Miss Brewis. "It suits Lady Stubbs now and then to play the helpless nitwit. It takes her husband in, I dare say, but not *me!*"

"You don't like her very much, Miss Brewis?" Bland sounded gently interested.

Miss Brewis's lips closed in a thin line. "It's not my business either to like or dislike her," she said.

The door burst open and Sir George came in. "Look here," he said violently, "you've got to do something. You've got to find Hattie. What the hell's going on round here? This confounded fete—some ruddy homicidal maniac's got in and is spending his afternoon going round murdering people!"

"I don't think it's quite as wild as that, Sir George. As for your wife, I'm having the grounds searched."

"Why did nobody tell me she'd disappeared? She's been missing a couple of hours now, it seems." He turned to Miss Brewis. "Amanda, you were keeping an eye on things—"

"I can't be everywhere," said Miss Brewis, almost tearfully. "If Lady Stubbs chose to wander away—"

"Wander away! She'd no reason to wander away unless she wanted to avoid that De Sousa fellow."

Bland seized his opportunity. "Sir George," he said, "did your wife receive a letter from Mr. de Sousa some three weeks ago, telling her he was coming to this country?"

Sir George looked astonished. "No, of course not."

"You're sure of that?"

"Oh, quite sure. Hattie would have told me. Why, she was thoroughly startled and upset when she got his letter this morning. It more or less knocked her out. She was lying down most of the morning with a headache."

"Why did she dread seeing her cousin so much?"

Sir George looked rather embarrassed. "Blessed if I really know," he said. "She just kept saying that he was wicked. That he'd done bad things."

"Done bad things? When?"

"Oh, long ago. I should imagine this Etienne de Sousa was the black sheep of the family and that Hattie picked up odds and ends about him during her childhood without understanding them very well. And as a result she's got a sort of horror of him. I thought it was just a childish memory myself. My wife *is* rather childish sometimes . . ."

"She did not particularize?"

SIR GEORGE looked uneasy. "I wouldn't want you to go by—er—by what she said."

"Then she did say something?"

"All right. I'll let you have it. What she said was—and she said it several times—*'He kills people.'* "

"He kills people," Inspector Bland repeated.

"I don't think you ought to take it too seriously," said Sir George. "She kept saying it, but she couldn't tell me who he killed or when or why. I thought myself it was just some queer, childhood memory—trouble with the natives, something like that."

"You mean she *couldn't* tell you anything definite, Sir George—or might it have been *wouldn't?*"

"I don't think—" He broke off. "I don't know. As I say, I didn't take any of it seriously. It's difficult to explain to you because you don't know my wife. I am devoted to her, but half the time I don't listen to what she says because it just doesn't make sense. Anyway, this De Sousa fellow couldn't

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have had anything to do with all this. Don't tell me he lands here off a yacht and goes straight away and kills a Girl Guide in a boathouse!"

"I'm not suggesting that anything like that happened," said Inspector Bland, "but you must realize, Sir George, that in looking for the murderer of Marlene Tucker the field is more restricted than one might think."

"Restricted!" Sir George stared. "You've got the whole fete to choose from—over two hundred people!"

"I thought so at first but that's hardly so. The boathouse door has a Yale lock. Nobody could come in from outside without a key."

"Well, there are three keys."

"Exactly. One key was the final clue in this murder hunt. It is still concealed in the hydrangea walk in the garden. The second key was in the possession of Mrs. Oliver, the organizer of the murder hunt. Where is the third key, Sir George?"

"It ought to be in the right-hand drawer of that desk where you're sitting, with a lot of the other estate duplicates." He went over and rummaged in the drawer. "Yes. Here it is."

"Well, then," said Inspector Bland. "The only people who could have got into the boathouse were, first, the person who had completed the murder hunt and found the key—which so far as we know did not happen; second, Mrs. Oliver, or some member of the household to whom she may have lent her key; and third, someone *whom Marlene herself let in.*"

"Doesn't that latter point cover pretty well everyone?"

"Very far from it," said Inspector Bland. "If I understand the arrangement of this murder hunt correctly, when the girl heard anyone approaching the door she was to lie down and enact the part of the Victim, and wait to be discovered by the person who found the last clue—the key. Therefore the only people she would have admitted, had they called to her from outside and asked her to do so, *were the people who had actually arranged the murder hunt.* Any inmate, that is, of this house—yourself, Lady Stubbs, Miss Brewis, Mrs. Oliver, M. Poirot. . . . Who else, Sir George?"

SIR GEORGE considered for a moment. "Alec and Peggy Legge," he said. "They've been in it from the start. And Michael Weyman—he's the architect who's designing the tennis pavilion. And Warburton, the Mastertons—oh, and Mrs. Folliat of course."

"Then you see, Sir George, it is not a very wide field."

Sir George's face went scarlet. "What are you suggesting?"

"Only that there's a great deal we don't know as yet," said Inspector Bland. "It's possible, for instance, that Marlene, for some reason, came *out* of the boathouse. She may even have been strangled somewhere else, and her body brought back and arranged on the floor. But even if so, whoever arranged her was again someone who was thoroughly cognizant of all the details of the murder hunt. We always come back to that." He added in a slightly changed voice, "I can assure you, Sir George, that we're doing all we can to find Lady Stubbs. In the meantime I'd like to see Mr. and Mrs. Legge and Mr. Weyman."

After Sir George had gone out, accompanied by Miss Brewis, Inspector Bland telephoned the police station at Helmmouth and made certain arrangements concerning the yacht Esperance. "There's one perfectly possible place where that damn' woman might be," he remarked to Hoskins, "and that's on board De Sousa's yacht."

"How d'you make that out, sir?"

"Well, the woman has not been seen to leave by any of the usual exits, she's togged up in a way that makes it unlikely that she's legging it through the woods, but it *is* just possible that she met De Sousa by appointment down at the boathouse and that he took her by launch to the yacht, returning to the fete afterward. It's very unlikely, but it's a possibility. And if she *is* on the Esperance, she won't get off now without being observed."

THE door opened and a tall vague-looking young man entered. "I'm Michael Weyman," he said. "You asked for me, I understand."

"Quite true, sir," said Inspector Bland. He indicated a chair.

"I prefer to stand," said Michael Weyman. "What are all you police doing here? What's happened?"

the tennis court and mused over the design for the pavilion."

"And after that?"

"After that? Well, I strolled down to the quay and had a chat with old Merdell and then came back to the house. I can't fix any of the times with any accuracy."

"Well, Mr. Weyman," said the inspector briskly, "I expect we can get some confirmation of all this. There's one other thing I would like to ask you: When did you last see Lady Stubbs?"

"Last? I don't know. Half past three, a quarter to four. Why?"

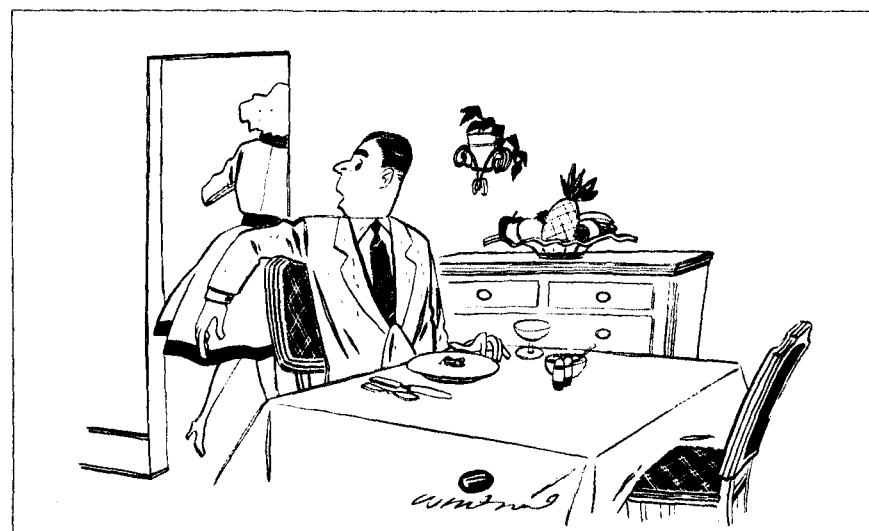
"Because after four o'clock nobody seems to have seen her. Lady Stubbs has—vanished, Mr. Weyman."

"Vanished! Our Hattie? What's she up to, I wonder?"

"D'you know her well, Mr. Weyman?"

"Never met her till I came down here a few days ago. But I should say she knows which side her bread is buttered on better than most," said Michael Weyman dryly.

"But mentally not very active?"



"What are you buying out of food money this week?"

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Inspector Bland looked at him in surprise. "The girl who was playing the part of the Victim in this murder hunt has been killed."

"No!" Michael Weyman seemed exuberantly surprised. "Do you mean really killed? How?"

"Strangled with a piece of cord."

Michael Weyman gave a whistle. "Exactly as in Mrs. Oliver's scenario! So we're all under suspicion?"

Inspector Bland did not reply directly. "Can you tell me, Mr. Weyman, exactly where you were between a quarter past four this afternoon and, say, five o'clock?" he asked.

"How do you narrow it down to that—medical evidence?"

"Not entirely, sir. A witness saw the girl alive at a quarter past four."

"What witness, or mayn't I ask?"

"Miss Brewis. Lady Stubbs asked her to take some cakes and fruit ade to the girl."

"Our Hattie asked her that? I don't believe it."

"What don't you believe?"

"It's not like her, not the sort of thing she'd think of or bother about. Dear Lady Stubbs's mind revolves entirely round herself." Michael Weyman paused, and then said, "As to where I was between four fifteen and five o'clock—I can't really say offhand. I mingled a bit on the lawn, watched the locals amusing themselves; then when I got sick of it all I went along to

"Depends on what you mean by mentally," said Michael Weyman. "I wouldn't describe her as an intellectual. But if you're thinking she's not all there, you're wrong." A tone of bitterness came into his voice. "She's very much all there."

THE inspector studied him for a moment. Then he said, "And you really can't get any nearer to exact times and places between the hours I have mentioned?"

"Sorry." Weyman spoke jerkily. "I'm afraid I can't. Never any good about time." He added, "Finished with me?" As the inspector nodded, Weyman left the room quickly.

"I'd like to know," said the inspector, half to himself and half to Hoskins, "what there's been between him and her ladyship. Either he's made a pass at her and she's turned him down, or there's been some kind of a dust up." He went on: "What would you say was the general opinion round here of Sir George and his lady?"

"Most people says she's daft," said Constable Hoskins.

"And Sir George—is he liked?"

"Well enough. He's a good sportsman and he knows a bit about farming. The old lady's done a lot to help—Mrs. Folliat, who lives at the Lodge here. It's owing to her that Sir George and Lady Stubbs have been taken up as well as they have."

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"I'll have to talk to Mrs. Folliat," said the inspector.

"Ah, she's a shrewd old lady, she is," Hoskins said. "If anything is going on, she'd know about it."

MRS. FOLLIAT was at that moment being talked to by Hercule Poirot in the big drawing room. He had found her there leaning back in a chair in a corner of the room. She had started nervously when he came in, and then murmured, "Oh, it's you, M. Poirot."

"I apologize, Madame. I disturbed you."

"No, no—I'm just resting, that's all. The shock was too much for me. That poor, poor girl. . . ."

"I know," said Poirot, "I know."

"So young," said Mrs. Folliat, "just at the beginning of life. I can hardly bear to think of it."

Poirot looked at her curiously. She seemed, he thought, to have aged ten years since he had last seen her.

"You said to me only yesterday, Madame, it is a very wicked world."

"Did I say that?" Mrs. Folliat seemed startled. "It's true . . . But I never thought anything like this would happen."

Again he looked at her curiously. "You did expect *something* to happen?"

"You misunderstood me, M. Poirot. I only mean that it's the last thing you would expect to happen during a fete."

"Lady Stubbs this morning also spoke of wickedness."

"Hattie did? Oh, don't speak of her to me. I don't want to think about her." She was silent for a moment and then said, "What did she say about wickedness?"

"She was speaking of her cousin, Etienne de Sousa. She said he was wicked, that she was afraid of him."

"Etienne de Sousa—who is he?" Mrs. Folliat asked.

"Ah, I forgot—you were not at breakfast. Lady Stubbs received a letter from this cousin of hers whom she had not seen since she was fourteen. He told her that he proposed to call on her today, this afternoon. He arrived here about half past four."

"That rather handsome, dark young man who came up the ferry path? I wondered who he was at the time."

"Yes, Madame, that was he."

Mrs. Folliat said energetically, "If I were you I should pay no attention to the things Hattie says. She is like a child—I mean, she uses terms like a child—'wicked,' 'good.' No half-shades. I shouldn't pay any attention to what she says about this cousin."

Poirot pondered for a moment and then said, "You know, do you not, that Lady Stubbs cannot be found?"

Her reaction surprised him. She expressed no concern or astonishment as she said, "So she has run away, I see."

"Does that seem to you quite natural?"

"Oh, I don't know. Hattie is rather unaccountable."

"Might she have run away because of a guilty conscience?"

"What do you mean, M. Poirot?"

"Her cousin mentioned this afternoon that she had always been mentally subnormal. Such people are not always accountable for their actions."

"What are you trying to say, M. Poirot?"

"Such people are very simple—like children. In a sudden fit of rage they might even kill."

Mrs. Folliat turned on him in sudden anger. "Hattie was never like that! I won't allow you to say such things. She was a gentle, warmhearted girl, even if she was—a little simple mentally. Hattie would never have killed *anyone!*" She faced him, breathing hard, still indignant.

Breaking into this scene, Constable Hoskins came to the door and said: "The inspector's compliments, Ma'am. He'd be glad to have a word with you."

"Of course." Mrs. Folliat rose and followed Hoskins out of the room. Poirot, having risen politely, sat down again and stared up at the ceiling. He wondered about Mrs. Folliat. He wondered very much.

"I'm sorry to worry you, Madame," said Bland, when Hoskins had brought Mrs. Folliat in and seated her. "But I think you may be able to help us. You knew the Tucker family?"

"Oh, yes, of course, they've always been tenants on the estate. Mrs. Tucker was the youngest of a large family. Her eldest brother was our head gardener and her father, old Merdell, still looks after the ferry and the quay. She married Alfred Tucker, a farm laborer. Most of the children have married and gone into jobs now. There was just this poor child Marlene left, and three younger children still in school."

"Mrs. Folliat, can you think of any reason why Marlene should have been killed today?"

"No, indeed I can't. It's quite—quite flabbergasting, Inspector. There was no boy friend or anything of that kind, not that I've heard of anyway."

"What about the people who've been organizing this fete? Can you tell me anything about them?"

"Well, Mrs. Oliver, the novelist, I'd never met before. She's very upset by what has happened—naturally."

"What about the others—the Legges, for instance?"

"Well, they seem a very nice young couple. He's inclined to be what I should call moody—I don't know very much about him. She was a Carstairs before her marriage and I know some relatives of hers very well. They've rented the Mill Cottage for two months and we've become very friendly."

"She's an attractive lady, I understand." At Mrs. Folliat's nod, the inspector added: "Would you say that at any time Sir George had felt that attraction?"

Mrs. Folliat looked rather astonished. "Oh, no, I'm sure there was nothing of that kind. Sir George is really very fond of his wife."

"Was there anything between Lady Stubbs and Mr. Legge?"

Again Mrs. Folliat shook her head. "Oh, no, positively."

THE inspector persisted: "There's been no trouble of any kind between Sir George and his wife, that you know of? It wouldn't be as a result of any disagreement between them that Lady Stubbs has gone away?"

"Oh, no." She added lightly, "The silly girl, I understand, didn't want to meet this cousin of hers. Some childish phobia. I expect she'll turn up again quite soon." She added carelessly, "What's become of this cousin, by the way? Is he still here?"

"I understand he's gone back to Helmmouth, to his yacht."

"I see," said Mrs. Folliat. "Well, it's unfortunate Hattie's behaving this way. However, if he's staying on here for a day or so, we can make her see she must behave properly."

It was, the inspector thought, a question, but although he noticed it he did not answer it. Instead, he said, "Mrs. Folliat, what do you know about Miss Brewis?"

"Well, she's an excellent secretary. More than a secretary. She practically acts as housekeeper down here."

"She doesn't like Lady Stubbs very much, does she?"

"No," said Mrs. Folliat, "I'm afraid not. I don't think these good secretaries ever *do* care for wives much."

"Was it you or Lady Stubbs who asked Miss Brewis to take the refreshments to the girl in the boathouse?"

Mrs. Folliat looked slightly surprised. "I remember Miss Brewis collecting some cakes and things and saying she was taking them to Marlene. I didn't know anyone had particularly asked her to. It certainly wasn't I."

"I see. You say you were in the tea tent from four o'clock on. I believe Mrs. Legge was there at that time."

"Mrs. Legge? No, I don't think so. In fact I'm quite sure not. We'd had a great influx by the bus from Torquay, and I remember looking round the tent and thinking there was hardly a face there I knew. I think Mrs. Legge must have come in later."

"Oh, well," said the inspector, "it doesn't matter." He added smoothly, "Thank you, Mrs. Folliat, you've been very kind. We can only hope Lady Stubbs will return shortly."

"I hope so, too," said Mrs. Folliat. "Very thoughtless of the dear child giving us all so much anxiety." She spoke briskly but the animation in her voice was not very natural. "I'm sure that she's *quite* all right."

AT THAT moment the door opened and an attractive young woman with red hair and a freckled face came in. "This is Mrs. Legge, Inspector," said Mrs. Folliat. "Peggy, dear, I suppose you've heard what's happened?"

"Oh, yes! Ghastly, isn't it?" said Mrs. Legge. She sighed and sat down as Mrs. Folliat left the room.

"I'm terribly sorry about all this," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't help you. You see, I've been telling fortunes all afternoon, so I haven't seen anything of what was going on."

"I know, Mrs. Legge. But we have to ask everybody the same routine questions. For instance, where were you between four fifteen and five o'clock?"

"Well, I had tea at four o'clock in the tea tent."

"Did you see anyone you knew there?"

"Oh, a few people—nobody to speak to. It was frightfully crowded. That was four o'clock, as I say. I got back to the fortunetelling tent at half past four and went on with my job."

The inspector made a note in his pad, and then asked: "When did you last see Lady Stubbs?"

"Hattie? I don't really know. She was near at hand when I came out of the fortunetelling tent to go to tea, but I didn't speak to her. I don't remember seeing her afterward. Is she really missing?"

"Yes, she is."

"Well," said Peggy Legge cheerfully, "she's a bit off. I dare say having a murder here has frightened her."

The inspector thanked Mrs. Legge, and she went out, passing Hercule Poirot in the doorway.

Looking at the ceiling, the inspector spoke. "Mrs. Legge says she was in the tea tent between four and four thirty. Mrs. Folliat was helping in the tea tent from four o'clock on, but she seems certain that Mrs. Legge was not

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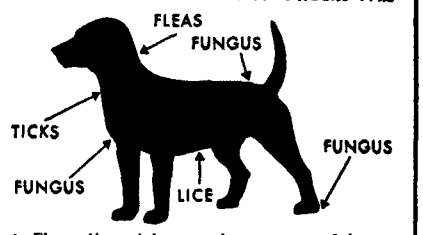

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there." He paused and then went on, "Miss Brewis says that Lady Stubbs asked her to take a tray of cakes and fruit juice to Marlene Tucker. Michael Weyman says that it's quite impossible Lady Stubbs should have done any such thing—it would be most uncharacteristic of her."

"Ah," said Poirot, "the conflicting statements! Well, what do you think now? What are the latest ideas?"

"I think," said the inspector gravely, "that Marlene Tucker saw something she was not meant to see, and that it was because of what she saw that she had to be killed." He hesitated and then said, "She might have seen a murder, or she might have seen the person who did the murder."

"Murder?" said Poirot. "The murder of whom?"

"What do *you* think, Poirot? Is Lady Stubbs alive or dead?"

Poirot took a moment or two before he replied. Then he said: "I think, *mon ami*, that Lady Stubbs is dead. And I will tell you *why* I think that. It is because Mrs. Folliat thinks she is dead. Yes, whatever she may say now, or pretend to think, Mrs. Folliat believes that Hattie Stubbs is dead. Mrs. Folliat," he added, "knows a great deal that we do not."

WHEN Hercule Poirot came down to breakfast the following morning, only Sir George and the faithful Miss Brewis were still at the table. Sir George was giving indubitable proof of his mental condition by being unable to eat any breakfast. His plate lay almost untasted before him.

"Morning, M. Poirot," he said perfunctorily and then relapsed into his state of preoccupation. At one point he murmured, half to himself: "So incredible, the whole damn' thing. Where *can* she be?"

"The inquest will be held on Thursday," said Miss Brewis. "They rang up to tell us."

Her employer looked at her as if he did not understand. "Inquest?" he said. "Oh, yes." He sounded dazed and uninterested. "She *seemed* all right," he said after a moment. "Pleased about her new ring, dressed herself up to enjoy the fete. . . . It's not as though we'd had a quarrel of any kind . . ."

"About those letters, Sir George," began Miss Brewis, indicating the stack of mail she had opened and put beside his plate.

"Damn the bloody letters," said Sir George and picked them up and more or less threw them at her. "Answer them any way you like! I can't be bothered." He went on, half to himself, "If only I could *do* something. . . ." He got up and walked toward the door. Suddenly he stopped, turned and spoke directly to Poirot: "Look here, *you* don't think she's dead, do you?"

Poirot fixed his eyes on his coffee cup as he replied, "I should say it is far too soon, Sir George, to assume anything of that kind. There is no reason as yet to—"

"So you do think so," said Sir George heavily. "Well," he added defiantly, "I don't! *I* say she's quite all right." He went out, banging the door behind him.

Poirot buttered a piece of toast thoughtfully. In cases where there was any suspicion of a wife being murdered, he always automatically suspected the husband. But in this case he did not suspect Sir George with having done away with Lady Stubbs. From his brief observation of them he was quite convinced that Sir George was devoted to his wife. Moreover, as far as his excellent memory served him, Sir George had been present on the lawn the entire afternoon. No, it was not Sir George who was responsible for Hattie's death. That is, if Hattie were dead.

Miss Brewis interrupted his thoughts by speaking with almost tearful venom. "Men are such fools," she said, "such absolute fools! They're quite shrewd in most ways, and then they go marrying entirely the wrong sort of woman."

Poirot was always willing to let people talk. There was nearly always a grain of wheat among the chaff. "It has been an unfortunate marriage?" he asked.

"Disastrous. She's a thoroughly bad influence over him, making him run to and fro at her beck and call, getting expensive presents out of him. What could any woman want with two mink coats?"

Poirot shook his head. "That I would not know," he said.

"Sly," continued Miss Brewis. "Deceitful! Always playing the simpleton—especially when people were here. I suppose because she thought he liked her that way!"

"And did he like her that way?" Poirot asked.

"Oh, men!" said Miss Brewis, her voice trembling. "They don't appreciate efficiency or unselfishness, or loyalty or *any* of those qualities! Now with a capable wife Sir George would have *got* somewhere."

"Got where?" asked Poirot.

"Well, he could take a prominent part in local affairs. Or stand for Parliament. He's a much more able man than Mr. Masterton. If he were married to someone who really appreciated his abilities—" She broke off, her voice wavering.

POIROT looked at her with a real compassion. Miss Brewis was in love with her employer. She gave him a faithful, loyal and passionate devotion of which he was probably quite unaware, and in which he would certainly not be interested. To Sir George, Amanda Brewis was an efficient machine who took the drudgery of daily life off his shoulders. Poirot doubted if he had ever once thought of her as a woman. And that, he reflected, had its dangers. Women could work themselves up, they could reach an alarming pitch of hysteria unnoticed by the oblivious male who was the object of their devotion.

"A sly, scheming, clever cat, that's what she is," said Miss Brewis tearfully.

"You say 'is,' not 'was,' I observe," said Poirot.

"Of course she isn't dead!" said Miss Brewis, scornfully. "Gone off with a man, that's what she's done! Of course *he* wouldn't think of that."

"Has there been any—trouble with men?" asked Poirot.

"Oh, she's been very clever," said Miss Brewis, "very careful that I shouldn't catch her. But I know she's done her best to make a fool of Michael Weyman. She'd probably have done it, too, if he hadn't had other fish to fry."

"Ah, said Poirot. "Mr. Weyman has other fish to fry?"

"It was Mrs. Legge who recommended him to Sir George for the designing of the tennis pavilion," said Miss Brewis. "She knew him before she was married. She used to paint, you know. Had a studio in Chelsea, I understand."

"Has she been married long?"

"About three years, I believe. I don't think the marriage has turned out very well. Mr. Legge is very moody—wanders off a lot by himself. And he's very bad-tempered sometimes."

"Ah, well," said Poirot, "the quarrels, the reconciliations, they are a part of early married life."

"She's spent a good deal of time with Michael Weyman since he's been down here," said Miss Brewis. "I think he was in love with her before she married Alec Legge. I dare say it's only a flirtation on her side."

"But Mr. Legge is not at all pleased about it?"

"One never knows with him, he's so vague," Miss Brewis said. "But I think he's been even moodier than usual, lately."

"Did he admire Lady Stubbs, perhaps?"

"I dare say she thought he did. She thinks she only has to hold up a finger to get any man she wants."

"In any case, if she has gone off with a man, as you suggest, it is not Mr. Weyman, for he is still here."

"It's somebody she's been meeting on the sly, I've no doubt," said Miss Brewis. "She often slips out of the house on the quiet and goes off into the woods by herself. She was out the night before last. Yawning and saying she was going up to bed. I caught sight of her not half an hour later slipping out by the side door with a shawl over her head."

COLLIER'S KOVARSKY

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the woman opposite him. If Lady Stubbs *had* run away with a lover it would clearly suit Miss Brewis very well; she would be left to console the bereaved husband. But that did not make it true, or probable, or even likely. For his own part, Poirot did not believe it.

AFTER breakfast, Poirot went for a stroll through the woods. His nerves were not quite what they should be. He felt an irresistible desire to look behind every bush as a possible hiding place for a body. He came at last to the Folly and, going inside it, he sat down on the stone bench there.

Through the trees he could catch only faint glimmers of the river. He found himself agreeing with Michael Weyman that this was no place to put an architectural fantasy of this kind. Whereas, as the young architect had said, on the grassy bank near the house a Folly could have been erected with a delightful view right down the river to Helmmouth. Helmmouth—Poirot's thoughts flew off at a tangent. Helmmouth, the yacht Esperance, Etienne de Sousa. The whole thing must tie up in some kind of pattern, but what the pattern was he could not visualize.

Something that glittered had caught his eye and he bent to pick it up. It was a little gold airplane charm, and it had fallen into a small crack in the concrete floor. As he frowned at it, a picture came into his mind: a gold bracelet hung with dangling charms. He was sitting once more in the fortunetelling tent at yesterday's fete, listening to the voice of Madame Zuleika, alias Peggy Legge. At some time or other, presumably, Peggy Legge had sat here in the Folly and one of the charms had fallen from her bracelet. It might have been some days ago—weeks perhaps. Or it might have been yesterday afternoon.

Poirot considered that latter point. Then he heard footsteps outside and looked sharply. A slim, fair young man came round the front of the Folly and stopped, startled, at the sight of Poirot. Poirot looked with a considering eye at the young man's shirt, on which a variety of tortoise and turtle was depicted. The shirt was unmistakable. Poirot had seen it at the fete yesterday when its wearer was competing in the ringtoss game.

The young man said quickly in a foreign accent, "I beg your pardon. I did not know—"

Poirot smiled at him, but with a reproving air. "I am afraid," he said, "that you are trespassing. You come from the hostel?"

"Yes. Yes, I do," the young man admitted. "I thought perhaps one could get through the woods this way and so to the quay."

"I am afraid," said Poirot gently, "that you will have to go back the way you came. There is no through road."

The young man said, "I am sorry." He bowed and walked

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away. When he got to the top of the path, he looked over his shoulder. Then, seeing that Poirot was watching him, he quickened his pace and disappeared round the bend.

"*Eh bien*," said Poirot to himself, "is this a murderer I have seen?"

The young man had certainly been at the fete yesterday, and so must know quite well that there was no through path to the ferry by way of the woods. If, indeed, he *had* been looking for a path to the ferry he would not have taken this path by the Folly but would have kept on the lower level near the river. Moreover, he had arrived at the Folly with the air of one who has reached his rendezvous, and who is badly startled at finding the wrong person there.

So, thought Poirot, he came here to meet someone. Who? And why?

He strolled down to the bend of the path. There was no sign of the young man in the turtle shirt now. Poirot retraced his steps.

Lost in thought, he came quietly round the side of the Folly and stopped on the threshold. Peggy Legge was there on her knees, searching the cracks in the floor. She looked up, startled. "Oh, M. Poirot, you gave me such a shock. I didn't hear you coming."

"You have lost something, Madame?" said Poirot. "Dropped something? Or perhaps"—he adopted a roguish, gallant air—"it is a rendezvous. I am not the person you came to meet?"

She had recovered her aplomb by now, and got to her feet, laughing. "Does one ever have a rendezvous in the middle of the morning?"

"Sometimes," said Poirot, "one has to have a rendezvous at the only time one can. Husbands," he added sententiously, "are sometimes jealous."

"I doubt if mine is," said Peggy Legge. "He's completely engrossed in his own affairs." She said the words lightly enough, but behind them Poirot heard an undertone of bitterness.

"All women complain of that in husbands," said Poirot.

"Yes. One's a fool to marry," said Peggy Legge.

"You mourn the days when you painted in your studio in Chelsea?"

"You seem to know all about me, M. Poirot."

"I am a gossip," said Poirot. "I am interested in people." He went on: "Do you really regret your marriage, Madame?"

SHE sat down impatiently on the seat. Poirot sat beside her. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I hoped that when we came down here for a holiday, things would be the same again. But Alec's just as moody as ever—nervous and on edge. People ring him up and leave queer messages for him and he won't tell me *anything*. That's what makes me mad. I thought at first it was some other woman, but I don't think it is. Not really . . ."

Her voice held a certain doubt which Poirot was quick to notice. "Did you enjoy your tea yesterday afternoon, Madame?" he asked.

"Enjoy my tea?" She frowned at him, her thoughts seeming to come back from a long way away. Then she said, hastily, "Oh, yes. It was heaven getting away from telling fortunes for a while. That tent was stifling."

"The tea tent also must have been somewhat stifling."

"Oh, yes, but the tea helped . . ."

"You were searching for something just now—could it be this?" He held out the little gold charm.

"I—oh, yes, thank you. I must have dropped it sometime."

"Yesterday?"

"Oh, no. It was before that."

"But surely, Madame, I remember seeing that particular charm on your wrist when you were telling me my fortune."

Nobody could tell a deliberate lie better than Hercule Poirot. He spoke with such complete assurance that Peggy Legge lowered her eyes.

"I don't really remember," she said. "I only noticed this morning that it was missing."

"Then I am happy to be able to restore it to you."

She was turning the little charm over nervously in her fingers. Now she rose. "Well, thank you very much, M. Poirot," she said, and hurried away.

Poirot leaned back in the seat and shook his head slowly. "No," he said to himself, "you did not go to the tea tent at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. You came here to the Folly—*halfway to the boathouse*. You came here to meet someone."

ONCE again he heard footsteps approaching—rapid, impatient footsteps. And here, perhaps, thought Poirot, is whoever it was that Mrs. Legge came up here to meet.

But then, as Alec Legge came round the corner of the Folly, Poirot said: "Wrong again."

"Eh? What's that?" Alec Legge looked startled.

"I said," explained Poirot, "that I was wrong again. It was not you I expected to see."

"Whom *did* you expect to see?" asked Alec Legge.

Poirot replied promptly. "A young man—a boy almost—in one of those patterned shirts with turtles on it."

He was pleased at the effect of his words. Alec Legge took a step forward. "How did you know?" he said.

"I am psychic," said Hercule Poirot, blandly.

Alec Legge took another step forward. Poirot was conscious that a very angry man was standing in front of him. "What the devil did you mean?" Legge demanded.

"Your friend has, I think," said Poirot, "gone back to the youth hostel. You'll have to see him there."

"So that's it," muttered Alec Legge. He dropped down at the other end of the stone bench. "So that's why you're down here? It wasn't a question of giving away the prizes. I might have known better."

He turned toward Poirot. His face was haggard and unhappy. "I know how this must look," he said, "but it isn't as you think. I'm being victimized. Once you get into these people's clutches, it isn't so easy to get out. And I want to get out. That's the point—*I want to get out!* You get desperate, you know. You feel you're caught and there's nothing you can do. Oh, well, what's the good of talking! You've got the evidence you need."

He got up, stumbled a little as though he could hardly see his way, then rushed off without a backward look.

Hercule Poirot remained in the Folly with his eyes very wide open and his eyebrows rising.

"All this is very curious," he murmured. "Curious and interesting. I have the evidence I need, have I? Evidence of what? Murder?"

—AGATHA CHRISTIE

(This is the second of three parts)

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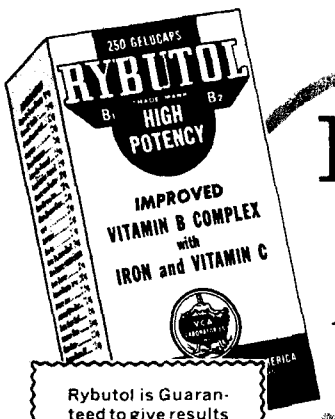

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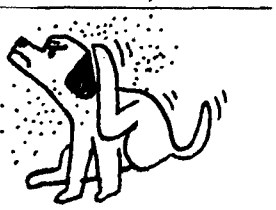

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Author Bob Feller is president of his local Little League and has sons Stevie (l.) and Marty (r.) active in it. Youngest boy Bruce, five, serves as a bat boy

"Don't Knock

Feller reviews an early season practice game for glowing group of Chagrin Valley Little Leaguers. Little League, he says, has made his sons happier and healthier

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE COVELLO

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Troubled parents hear rumblings that the nation-wide baseball program can hurt their boys both physically and emotionally. Cleveland's all-time great pitcher is the father of three young sons. He says from experience—

Little Leagues"

BY BOB FELLER WITH HAL LEBOVITZ

MY FATHER HAD a favorite saying: "You find the most clubs under the best apple trees." He meant, of course, that whenever something is good there always will be people trying to knock it.

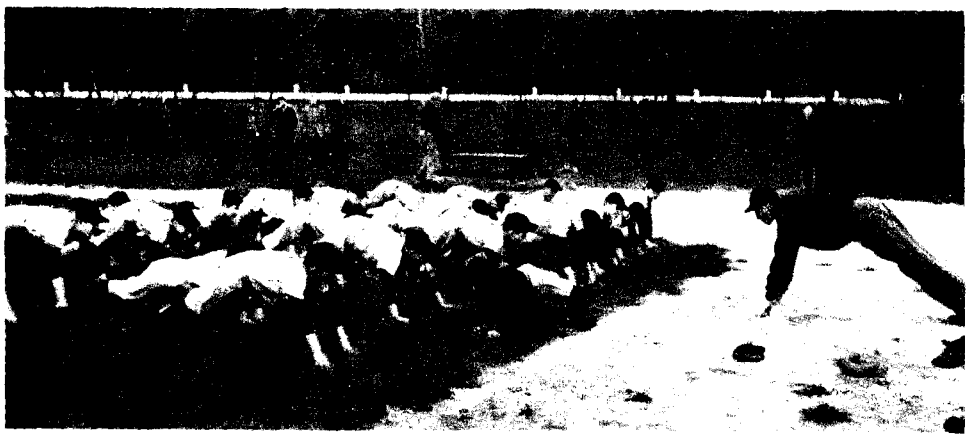
This seems especially true of Little League baseball. While the program continues to grow, bringing fun and benefits to so many youngsters, there are rumblings that the competition it offers produces too much emotional strain for young minds and too much physical stress for young bodies. It's argued that kids break down and sob themselves to sleep after a losing game; that ten- to twelve-year-old bones can't withstand the pounding of a six-inning game on a cut-down field; that Little League breaks up family life because a boy has to spend so much time with his team.

I disagree strongly with these attacks—as a Little League father as well as a Little League fan. I owe about everything I have to baseball, but I would not support Little League for an instant if I thought it could harm my youngsters. The Feller family, however, is genuinely grateful for the positive contribution our home-town program is making in the healthy development of our children. That's why I don't like to hear anyone knock Little Leagues.

I have three sons. Stevie is ten. He's a shortstop on a Little League team called, appropriately enough, the "Indians." Marty is eight. He was bat boy for Steve's squad last year and now is pitching in our junior Little League organization. Brucie is five. He's replaced Marty as bat boy and it won't be long before he will be the fourth Feller active in the local Little League. I say fourth, because I'm proud to be president of the Chagrin Valley Little League, which covers two small suburban communities on the eastern side of Cleveland: Gates Mills, where we live, and adjacent Hunting Valley.

The Little League came into our community life last year. My wife,

Ricky Taylor goes into windup with expert teacher as Chuck Langmack (kneeling) and Dick Parks look on



Feller leads Little Leaguers in pushups. He finds them so anxious to be fit that they eat better and even go to bed on time—before a game

Marty Feller, eight, takes batting-practice cuts. The object is not to raise pro athletes, says his father; it's to prepare the boys for life

Feller, who tries to attend all games and workouts when he is in town, checks Timmy Geier's sore foot

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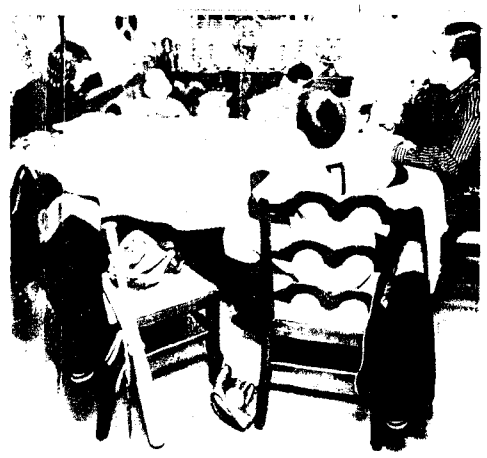

At breakfast table, Virginia Feller prepares her men for day on Little League diamond

"My father never forced baseball on me. We played together because it was fun"

Virginia, and I feel it's one of the best things that ever happened to Stevie and Marty—and we believe the same will hold true for young Bruce. Many of the other parents in our town have expressed themselves similarly about their sons. And some of our neighbors who have no children at all, or whose boys are now in college, say Little League baseball has been the most heart-warming, positive influence on our community in many years.

Here is what I have seen Little League do for our boys:

Until last year, Stevie was shy and almost too quiet, reminding me of myself when I was a boy. We never could really get him out of his shell, but playing in the Little League did the job in one season. After games now, he often invites some of the other boys to sleep at our home or gets permission to stay overnight at theirs. My wife and her parents, with whom we live, have noticed this new sociability and outwardness in Stevie. So have his delighted teachers.

His experience is evidence of what we in baseball have long been aware: that sports provide a path to rewarding friendships. Sports not only help the shy person find his niche in the company of others, but they slow down the pop-off. You can't brag your way to success on the athletic field.

Stevie also has become more conscious of taking good care of his body. He's an "athlete" now, and carefully follows training rules. I get a big kick watching him as he eats the recommended foods, drinks plenty of milk and avoids between-meals nibbling. It's no problem at all to get him to bed at a proper hour, especially the night before a game. And after a game, he quickly falls asleep.

THERE HAS BEEN an even more obvious change in Marty. Where our oldest boy always has shown good co-ordination, Marty had a tendency to be awkward and clumsy. But last season as a bat boy, the other youngsters let him hit a few at the plate and shag flies in the outfield. Soon he became a battery mate for Stevie around the house. This spring, when the three of us and little Brucie went outside for our first game of ball, I was amazed at Marty's development. He caught everything Stevie threw, never flinching. His throwing is no longer awkward. He stands up at the plate better than I do. That may not be saying much, since I've never been the model of a slugging pitcher; but Marty's only eight.

Perhaps it's not fair to give all the credit to Little League. Our boys did not need a league to start throwing a baseball around. But a carefully organized program such as the Little League provides the facilities, incentive and companionship that give youngsters the best possible chance to get the full benefits of the sport.

I first became aware of Little League through my job in the big leagues. As a Cleveland pitcher, I'm frequently called on to make visits and speeches to parents' and boys' groups. I was impressed with the keen interest of the youngsters and the zeal of the adults at the Little League gatherings. I looked at the bright, healthy faces of those happy kids and couldn't help saying to myself: "I wish my sons could get into something like this."

BEING KNOWN to my friends as a planner, I began a thorough study of the pros and cons of the program. I discussed them with several doctors at the Mayo Clinic who have sons participating in Little League, with educators, and finally with the Reverend John R. Pattie, the minister of our church. The more I investigated, the more enthusiastic I became.

My enthusiasm has been contagious. Last year, when we first organized our Chagrin Valley Little League, about 85 boys participated. Now we have more than 200. Our group has expanded both above and below the standard Little League age limits. For those like Marty, under nine, we have the Midget League. And we have started a Babe Ruth League for boys over twelve. Our commissioner is Al Narstedt, a village policeman, and Lester Smith, the chief of police, is umpire in chief.

The growth of interest in our community is typical of what is happening throughout the nation. More than a half million boys now are playing with teams affiliated with the national Little League headquarters at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and there are at least an equal number not officially affiliated.

These Little Leagues not only foster friendships, develop co-ordination and good health habits in the boys, but they break down social barriers and make for a more closely knit community. In our league, for example, we have the banker's son, the industrialist's son, the gardener's son, the grocer's son, the fireman's son and the ballplayer's son. No one pays any attention to how much money the boy's father has, or his social standing. Rich or

Left: Greatest of all modern-day strike-out pitchers shows Harmon (Twink) McBride how to grip ball. Below: Dads and boys in the local Little League traditionally meet over ice cream after games. The League has been a good influence in community life for adults as well as youngsters, says Feller; men have come to meet neighbors and learned to know others better

Stevie Feller, ten, bats as family plays informally in yard. But there's nothing like an organized league, Bob contends, to give boys full benefits of baseball

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TO THE PLAYERS

Know the rules. Read and study as many books as you can on baseball fundamentals.

Concentrate on one position, but be prepared to play another when necessary.

Work to overcome your playing weaknesses, rather than practice your strong points.

If you're a pitcher, cover your arm at least to the elbow on warm days and down to the wrist on cool days. Warm up for 10 minutes on a cool day; five to six minutes on a warm one. Make sure you concentrate on fast balls and master control, before experimenting with curves.

TO THE PARENTS

Obtain your doctor's approval should there be any question because of physical or emotional considerations about your boy's participation.

Be on hand to see his games—this is more important than making a cash donation to the league.

Root for your son; it will help to build his confidence. Never sharply criticize his play, especially in front of others.

Try to play catch and pepper informally with him and other youngsters in the neighborhood.

Most of all, always remember that baseball is a game, not a life-and-death matter.

TO THE COACHES

Be patient with your players and never raise your voice to them. Remember that errors are as much a part of the game as the bat and ball.

Treat all boys, including your own, exactly alike. Never cater to a star or you will be doing him an injustice as well as yourself.

Try to get to know each boy personally, and his parents and home background.

Play each boy who's a member of your squad at least a few innings in every game.

poor, he's judged on how he performs in open competition. Where else is there a more practical training ground for democracy?

There is a new neighborliness, too, among the adults. Getting together at the ball games is almost as easy for the grownups as for the youngsters; we simply let the kids show the way. And almost as much fun as the games themselves is the custom we've established of meeting afterward at the nearby soda fountain. All the boys, winners and losers, and their dads, managers and coaches congregate over chocolate sodas, milk shakes and banana splits. I find these get-togethers more satisfying than the country club. In helping provide them, the Little League is fostering the healthiest kind of father-son relationship.

In baseball, a father and son can meet on a common ground from which bloom companionship, respect and real love. No one knows this better than I do. To me, my father was the greatest man who ever lived. I like to think that I'm trying to do for my boys what he did for me.

I want to emphasize this point: my dad never forced baseball on me. He never once mentioned it as a possible career for me. We played baseball together because it was fun. That I became a big-leaguer was purely a bonus—a most wonderful one, I admit.

As far back as I can remember, I loved to throw things, from stones to corncobs. When Mom started complaining because I was bouncing a rubber ball against the sides of the house, my dad, tired as he used to be after his farm chores, took to having a regular evening catch with me behind the barn. Supper would be waiting, but he'd tell Mom: "We can play ball only during daylight. We can eat any time."

When I was twelve, he built a baseball diamond on our farm and organized a team composed of boys and men from the area so I could have playing companions. I started out as an infielder on this team, and then became a pitcher in high school. When I was a little older, I played for a team sponsored by an insurance company, and its name was lettered on the backs of our uniforms. Anti-Little Leaguers suggest that this makes a boy a walking signboard. But I remember how grateful I was that someone was interested enough to furnish us equipment and transportation.

THE GREATEST TRIBUTE I can pay the Little League program is that I'm sure that if my father were alive he'd be just as active in it as he could be. This is not to say that the leagues are 100 per cent perfect. There are parents who push unwilling or unathletic boys into Little League play and try to shame them forward; others who berate their youngsters for any mistake on the diamond. It is up to the rest of us to keep such driving, frustrated adults from running, and ruining, our leagues.

I am not conceding, however, that Little Leaguers are too young for competition. I just can't go along with the theorists who insist that too much stress is placed in Little League ball on winning and that a permanent emotional scar is left on a youngster when his team loses.

If this were true, competition would have to be eliminated at birth. Aren't children competing for attention almost from the moment they are born? Don't they compete when they make their first trip to the sandbox to see who makes the best mud pie, or in the second- and third-grade spelldowns?

Baseball is a contest. The object is to win and I don't believe it is normal or desirable to accept a defeat with a shrug.

I've seen my teammate, Early Wynn, charge into the clubhouse after losing and literally rip his uniform off and kick over the nearest trash can. I've seen Bob Lemon, after losing, walk off the mound with tears in his eyes. Young Herb Score on our squad tells me he takes long walks after a bitter defeat. These are outstanding pitchers. They wouldn't be if they also were not great competitors. They can "let off steam" after a sharp disappointment and come back to battle their way through the next tough situation.

Understand, I'm not trying to encourage emotional outbursts. But I don't believe that strong desire to succeed is so unhealthy. I remember seeing one Little Leaguer cry last year. But he got over it and by the time we went to the drugstore afterward there were no salty tears diluting his chocolate soda. In fact, he had two. He's learned to live with a setback. I've always felt that persons who jump out of windows when their plans go wrong never really experienced defeat before.

It's not my aim to make professional athletes out of my sons. The boys have other interests—music, scouting, fishing and science—which we foster as much as we do ballplaying. If they should want to try baseball as a career, I won't stop them. But I won't encourage them either unless I become certain they have sufficient talent.

Virginia and I are out to give our youngsters a happy childhood that still will prepare them for the ups and downs of life. The Little League is only one avenue for reaching this goal. But from personal experience we are sold that it's a valuable one. THE END

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Collier's Comment

New York's International Airport: a sharp reduction in tourist fares promises a sharp increase in travel

More Millions Will Fly the Atlantic

MARTIN IGER

EARLY THIS SUMMER a long and stubbornly argued conference of the International Air Transport Association concluded with the agreement by member airlines on a scale of drastically reduced transatlantic air travel rates. On October 1st (subject to final approval of governments involved) a two-week excursion tourist flight between New York and London will be available at $425 for the round trip. Other North Atlantic trips will be comparably priced. On April 1, 1958, a new class of tourist service will be inaugurated on a year-round basis, at still lower rates.

The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board, in presenting its position on establishment of lower fares, spoke for the U.S. government in these words:

"The board is convinced that a large potential exists for travel on the North Atlantic which cannot be reached by the tourist fares which are presently available. The development of this new market is important, not only to the air transportation industry, and the ultimate interests of the carriers, but also to the various countries concerned, for whom the revenue from tourist travel is a major source of dollar income."

The decisions reached are of value for these reasons, and for another. They're a forward step on the road to world peace.

The debate that preceded the agreement was, of course, directed to the question of whether reduced rates were commercially sound, and the agreement represented in this regard the triumph of a peculiarly American principle. Pan American World Airways plugged for establishment of lower-cost, year-round tourist service and Trans World Airlines initiated the proposal for low-cost excursion rates, and the American proposals met vigorous resistance. Its immediate basis was the argument that the European equipment was not equal to the added stress of the stepped-up tourist business. But in the background was the deep-rooted European cartel philosophy—the comfortable custom of walling off competition by edict and proceeding under a leisurely *status quo*.

PAA and TWA were championing the American conviction that when you have a product people want, you can cut the cost to the bone and make up your profits from increased volume. That people want to leap the ocean and explore the land on the other side is borne out by what's happened in the past decade and a half. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1940, approximately 570,000 passengers crossed the ocean by ship, 648 by air. In the year ending June 30, 1947, 400,000 crossed by ship, 150,000 by air. Projections based on the first 4½ months of this year indicate that 1,100,000 will cross the Atlantic by ship, 1,000,000 by air. Next year, with the projected sharp cuts in transatlantic tourist excursion rates, the numbers should slope upward even more steeply.

The meaning and the opportunity implicit in this mighty surge of tourism are clear to Americans familiar with the phenomenon of the mass market. But the Europeans, viewing it from totally different experience, can be forgiven a degree of hesitancy—and a degree of apprehension. For the great upswing of tourism in the past couple of years has already brought its problems to a Europe geared to a more tranquil pace; facilities and temperaments alike are having to be adjusted to take care of the influx.

But we believe the European companies and their governments will not regret their decision. For not only have they opened important new opportunities to increase their dollar intake; they have also opened a wide door to increased understanding among the peoples of the Western world.

The statesmen at the United Nations and in the world capitals can debate until doomsday on the intricacies of world politics, but in the last analysis they are the creatures of the masses of people they represent; even the Russian chieftains are beholden finally to the public opinion they are at such pains to try to shape and mold to their purposes.

This year more than 2,000,000 individuals will cross the Atlantic, west to east and east to west, to look and to listen, to talk with innkeepers and policemen and shopkeepers and taxicab drivers and waiters and people in homes and on streets; next year the door will be open to millions more. Each meeting will be an adventure in discovery, on both parts, of problems and viewpoints and misconceptions-set-right—and of the shared humanness of mankind. Even the Russians, for whatever compulsions, are relaxing restrictions; Russia and her satellites are now talking about international air agreements; Soviet citizens are to be allowed to travel in the free world this year as tourists; a record number of Americans and Western Europeans will be allowed to travel in Soviet Russia in 1956.

Here, in fact and in prospect, is the most massive opportunity for face-to-face communication ever provided in the peacetime world—an opportunity made measurably greater by the agreement reached by the members of the International Air Transport Association.

Not-So-Academic Scholarship

AMONG SOME $3,000,000 worth of donations to Harvard University in the first quarter of 1956 was a sum of $5,000, contributed by alumni Robert and Arnold Hoffman and dedicated to the theory that the average guy, as well as the "brain," can amount to something. The sum was set aside to help the needy student who doesn't stand at, or even near, the top of his class.

Aside from kindling a warm glow among those of us who floundered through school on a jam-cram-and-pray basis, the Brothers Hoffman have made a practical point, supported by much evidence. The world is not run, nor even led, by geniuses of towering IQ.

The geniuses are of great value; when their brain power is channeled into constructive avenues, they are likely to contribute far more than an average share toward mankind's betterment. But the Hoffmans, in declaring that the nonoutstanding student may very likely be successful too, are supported by statistics from the outside world which indicate that success is the product of many factors of personality, character and environment, as well as intelligence. And, for that matter, many an intelligent student succeeds in hiding his light under a bushel during his academic career, and learns to use his brain only in later life.

We'd like to see a few more donors follow the Hoffman lead.

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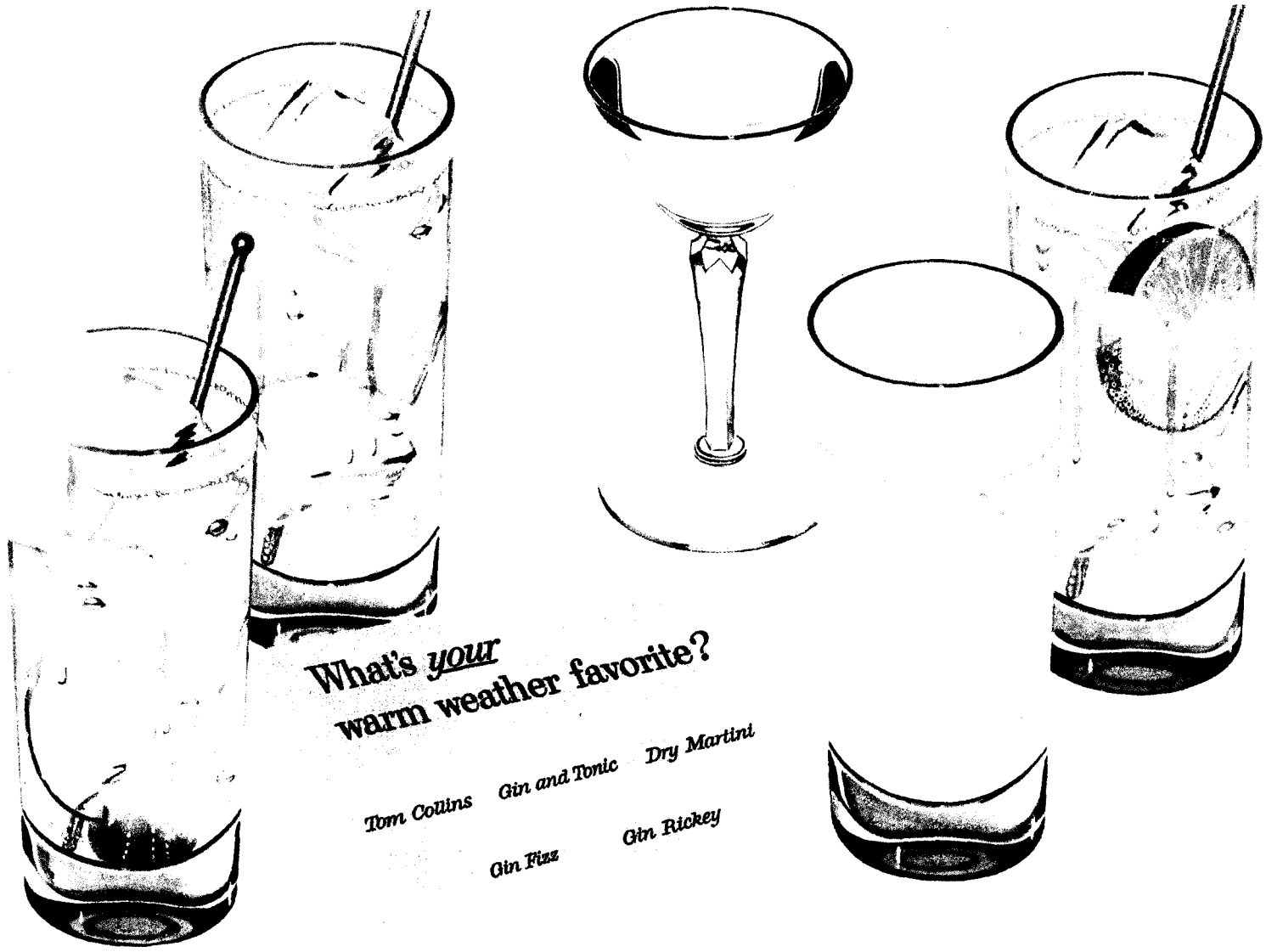

Is the Tom Collins on its way out?

OLD FAVORITE, CHALLENGED BY NEW DRINKS, LOOKS TO ITS LAURELS

Summertime for years meant Tom Collins time. No other thirst-quencher could approach the Tom Collins in popularity.

But studies show that the Gin-and-Tonic and other gin drinks have lately been winning friends away from the old standby.

Whatever your own preference in heat-beaters, you'll readily agree that gin faces quite a test in tall, tinkling drinks.

One gin always meets the test: that gin is Hiram Walker's, the one gin that's famous for Imported Botanicals.

For choice botanicals, Hiram Walker goes to the ends of the earth—to Spain, Morocco, Italy and Indo-China. Imported in vintage years, these botanicals are used in the world's largest beverage distillery to create a gin of rare delicacy.

No matter *which* summer drink you like best, be it Gin-and-Tonic, Tom Collins or any other, you'll like it better if it's made with Hiram Walker's Gin.

HIRAM WALKER'S GIN
Distilled with IMPORTED BOTANICALS
HIRAM WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA
90 PROOF
DISTILLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA - ILLINOIS

Imported Botanicals Make the Important Difference

HIRAM WALKER'S GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

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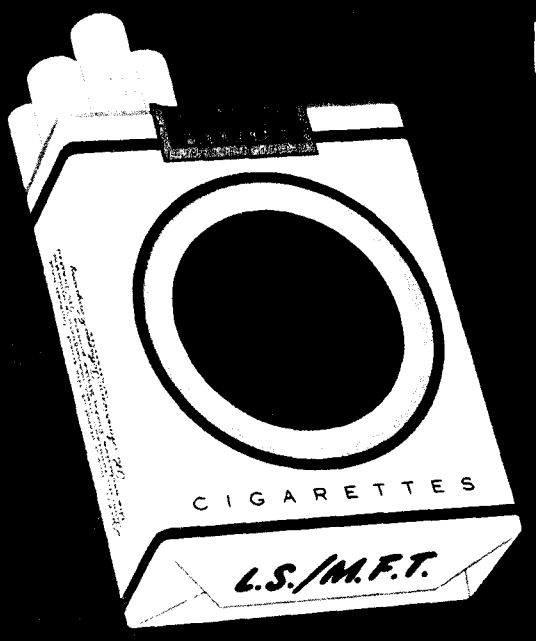
It's an evening you hate to see end. So you stop for a bite to eat, and you talk, and you're still in no hurry . . .



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